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READINGS FROM THE AMERICAN MERCURY

READINGS FROM THE AMERICAN MERCURY

Edited by
GRANT C. KNIGHT
Associate Professor of English, University of Kentucky

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PREFACE

It is no longer believed necessary to intimidate the undergraduate by requiring him to pore over Macaulay and Pater, Hazlitt and Stevenson, and to assume that worthy models of English prose ceased with them and their fellows. Although no enterprising student is to be discouraged from reading any master of any literature, teachers of English have come to see that expecting the average collegian of the first or second year to profit by a *Marius the Epicurean* or a *Modern Painting* before he can accomplish his own writing with evident lack of constraint bears some comparison to ordering dessert before the bouillon has been consumed. It is likely that too much insistence upon the value of the Newmans and Ruskins and Carlyles has in the past worked some mischief, for many, perhaps most novices in composition, overawed by the uses and effects of words in the classics, decided sooner or later that writing well was an occult feat quite beyond their inspiration and powers. They never had occasion during a civil war to dedicate a monument or a battlefield; they had no fervor for introducing a Turner to an unappreciative world; they felt no urge to handle literature in conjunction with dogma. And so they came to look upon writing the essay as an esoteric performance to be left seriously to the few and to be done

actually only at command, and then with reluctance.

It seems, therefore, that if the student practicing advanced composition is to have more range and freedom in his thinking and writing he is to be shown that writing an essay is only expressing an opinion, which opinion need not be obsolete. He is to be shown that good essays are not alone those buried in remoteness of point of view and of time and becoming more embalmed with the passing of years. Today, topics for expression, topics vital to the civilization and amusement of society, are more numerous than ever. Subjects have not failed; they have multiplied. But the manner of discussion has changed. The formality and dignity, the eloquence of rhythm and quotation which marked expositions of the past have been modified; sometimes much, as in the number of citations from foreign languages, sometimes little, as in the important desire to make sentences properly euphonius. The present aim in writing and speech has come to involve clearness rather than turgidity, simple emphasis rather than rhetoric. To make this plain to the student and to encourage him to think more independently and to write with less self-consciousness, this volume of selections from an open-eyed periodical has been prepared. It should demonstrate to him that he may, without a blank sense of consequent loss of material and energy, write upon things in which he has a real concern and in a way which will not suggest slavish imitation. It should persuade him that composition in college is not so much a preparation for the "life out in the world" that he hears mentioned awfully, as it is a part of life itself.

I wish to acknowledge my indebtedness to the following; to the publisher and editor of *The American Mercury* for their permission to print the material herein included; to the writers who generously gave me the right to use their contributions; and to Mr. Joe Lee Davis, a senior at the University of Kentucky, who kindly lent me his complete file of *The American Mercury*. For the arrangement and selection of the papers included in this volume, I am, of course, alone responsible.

GRANT C. KNIGHT.

Lexington, Kentucky

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I

CHALLENGING TO ARGUMENT

WHY GO TO COLLEGE?

By Richard Burton

I

The United States is today the battleground of a gigantic educational struggle, with opposing ideals at the grapple, and the result still unsure. On the one hand is that elder aim which, for convenience' sake, may be called the academic or cultural; on the other, the utilitarian or practical. Must one of these triumph at the expense of the other, or can the two be harmonized?—that is, in our time, the clashing question. Can culture be utile, so that there need be no antagonism? Certainly the dominant impulse, especially in our public system for training the young, is to reply no. No open-eyed observer can fail to perceive that the educational trend is at present prevailingly utilitarian; and the more education is in the hands of the people at large, the truer is the assertion.

As a logical sequence from this situation, a person who goes to college today can hardly be blamed if he finds himself confused in mind and purpose, as never before. Shall he turn to the so-called higher education as a direct road to his craft, profession, business, or shall he see it as preparation not only for wages but for all the multiple opportunities of life? Shall the college train him primarily for a livelihood or for a living? Shall it

make him a competent financier, machinist, dentist, pharmacist or lawyer,—or, as its central aim, fit him for that portion of life when he must become, over and above any occupation whatever, just a human being, a member of the human race?

Here is the crux; it is well, at least, to state it clearly, and recognize that anybody in such a position has come to a crossing of ways. For here is the cause of the vast puzzlement witnessed now as countless thousands of young folk of both sexes come to college and enter upon its advertised privileges. This is the main, though not the only, explanation of the fact, patent to one who like myself has been connected with the educational machine for a generation, that so many of our collegians seem to wander vaguely through our academic halls, and give plain signs of not belonging there. It is a curious query, Whence they come, how they arrive, and why they stay.

Several types of student fall under the indictment. One, still familiar and once dominant, is represented by the students of favored environment, who by birth and breeding take college as a matter of course, because their predecessors did. Their fathers and grandfathers went to Yale, Harvard or Princeton, and so must the sons; it is the gentlemanly thing to do. The college degree is a sort of cachet, a shibboleth between members of the upper class. As an English statesman put it, Latin is a good thing for a gentleman, at least to have forgotten. In elder days, when New England furnished the leading type of college and before the great State institutions, especially in the West, had loomed up as important, this going to college as a matter of family sequence was the rule rather than the exception. Young men (the refer-

ence is to a time prior to coeducation) dawdled through the four years, learned to color their pipes, made agreeable social contacts, acquired a veneer of good manners, took on a certain sophistication in demeanor, accent and style of clothes, and were turned out ready for the grand tour, or, with wild oats sown, to settle into one of the professions naturally following on this select preparation.

Doubtless, earnest students were present then, as always; and plenty of them reaped full benefit from their experience, and overcame the handicap of poverty and lack of social prestige. But the point is, a certain considerable element attended college simply because it was a mark of social standing, based on an inherited conception of social grading. We have changed all that with a vengeance. The type, while still existent, is by no means so large or influential as it once was. The fierce call for a "democratic deal" in education has effected a notable readjustment. Students who still go to college for this aristocratic reason clog the machinery by their presence, since they do not function with those who are eager to grasp their opportunities. However, they are now a minor detail in the picture. And so far as they are concerned, the remedy is plain: a stern insistence on the part of the college authorities that they demonstrate a right to be there, and understand that the college idler is no longer welcome; and that no social consideration shall be an excuse for him to occupy a place better filled by someone who means business.

The terrific strain on the physical capacity of our colleges since the war suggests that there is hardly room now, if there ever was, for the gentleman-loafer. Increasingly there will be a tendency to eliminate him.

Colleges on all sides are tightening their requirements under attendance pressure. Thus, President Hibben of Princeton announces that he does not intend to let the numbers there exceed two thousand; and at Williams Dr. Garfield proposes to admit freshmen only as dormitories are provided for their reception. Harvard and Yale move in the same direction. Various devices will be found as time goes on, for achieving the desired elimination. At my own University, that of Minnesota, all freshmen are given a six weeks' trial to prove their college capacity; getting in does not assure staying in. At the expiration of that period, all who seem below college grade are dropped. Some hundreds thus annually disappear. It is likely that entrance demands will also be sharpened; the new psychological tests may come to exert a mighty rôle in the future. Self-preservation, if nothing else, will drive the colleges toward this attitude. The picturesque butterfly type of student is in for some bad weather.

Another type that misuses the college opportunity, yet is sometimes pointed to as an object of admiration, is that of the student commonly referred to as the dig, grind, or shark,—the word varies, the genus is the same, —the hard-working young man or woman of mediocre or worse calibre who lacks initiative, personality and that creative energy which translates curiosity in learning into genuine performance. This student "gets his lesson," is the willing slave of memory exercises, bows down to the false god of marks, stands high so far as a machine-like assiduity can bring that result, and even, perhaps, attains a Phi Beta key to dangle for life from his watch-chain. He has a specious appearance of be-

ing a real scholar, an ornament of the academic world. But watch him in after life: he will reveal his true quality by his failure to accomplish anything of moment.

After allowing for honorable exceptions, it may be asserted that in innumerable cases the high-stand man is simply a monumental example of misapplied energy. He slogs at his task, true; and one must commend the steady plodder, since any work is better than butterfly dodging. Nevertheless, the sort of student who faithfully takes down notes, commits to memory what it is necessary to reproduce for an A grade, and gives a beautiful exhibition of the parrot-like repetition of phrases, should never be confused with the intellectual in any proper estimate of student values. He has been thus confused time out of mind. The practical business man's frequent sneer at the college student, as such, when he is being considered for a job, roots in the discovery of just this grind who really knows nothing, nor can do anything, when the test is applied.

In the interest of college education he must be and will be weeded out. This will be done by the substitution of better tests for the mechanical written examination, where overnight cramming is so efficacious. These better tests will make a demand on the genuine thinking powers of the student, with the props of text-books and lecture notes kicked from under him. Owing to the limitation of the English language, I use the masculine pronoun; but I must add that the slavish imitation of a professor, the attempt to please him and so, in the current idiom, get by, is commoner among women than among men. In their case, we have a paradox: they are prevailingly better students than men, in the conventional

sense that they more conscientiously do the set work and strive to reproduce what is taught them; but they possess less of independence and initiative, and so they issue from college too often in a half-baked state of culture, and sometimes phenomenally deficient in all that means education in the larger significance of the word. Sensitiveness to the æsthetic and spiritual values, which includes literature and the arts, and religion, and the social questions involving them, is more prevalent today among women than among men, but it is an odd speculation to ask if, as the "higher education" of women progresses, and as they become more "practical" and "intellectual," they will lose this sensibility to the things of the spirit which has been their valuable inheritance from an elder culture, and their equally valuable contribution to modern civilization.

II

Now comes a class of students more baffling to understand, but pervasive, ubiquitous and very destructive in its tendency to choke the education machine, particularly in institutions where students are numbered not by hundreds but by thousands—over thirty thousand at Columbia, and from ten to twenty thousand in various State institutions, such as California, Minnesota, Illinois, Michigan and Wisconsin. It is made up of those who go to college, not because their parents did, but because they did not. All such are obsessed by the notion (sometimes held by their parents more than by themselves), that merely to go and be there four years will do

wonders for them. They conceive of college as a sort of contagion; you get it by being exposed to it.

These people, often of humble origin, work pathetically hard, as likely as not; they are what might be called worthy folk; they are often self-supporting through their college years, thereby diminishing their working power at intellectual pursuits, and they frequently take a respectable or even good stand, especially in the many practical studies to be found in that modern menagerie, the latter-day college curriculum, where it is possible still to take Latin and Greek, but also horse-shoeing, the embalming of corpses, how to make ice cream, or the psychology of advertisement,—while Erasmus turns in his grave, Porson slips an accent, and Gildersleeve is glad to be gathered at ninety to his fathers. In a word, for all academic pursuits these excellent persons, with families behind them making heroic sacrifices to keep them in college, are ill-fitted or entirely unfitted. Their presence helps to explain the democratic tendency to introduce the non-cultural studies that they need. Unquestionably, here and there they make records demonstrating genuinely scholarly attainments. Moreover, it were churlish to deny that their struggle in the face of odds is a thrilling thing to contemplate. But the main contention remains: this type of student is not college material, as a rule; he is trying to lift himself by his bootstraps.

The obvious retort to the argument is to say that it exploits a defunct aristocratic ideal. We aim to train everybody (save the lonesome intellectual "sport" in the biological sense). The answer is, then by all means

supply suitable studies and institutions for everybody. Only, why call them colleges? A college can be defined as a place where scholars collect and function. To call anybody studying horse-shoeing a scholar is a grotesque misuse of words. These sturdy folk, aiming to lift themselves out of their setting, fall between two stools: they aspire to what is beyond them, and do not take up what they might do with credit to themselves, and benefit to the community. Trade-schools are their natural habitat. Meanwhile, the professions are overstocked with mediocre practitioners, or worse.

The late G. Stanley Hall drew attention to a parliamentary report in Great Britain which offered the opinion that "in improving higher education all other good causes are most effectively aided," and then went on:

> Since the first endowment of research in the Greek Academy, Porch, Grove and Garden, from which all our higher institutions have sprung, thousands of spontaneous free-will offerings have borne tangible witness to sentiments so often and vividly taught by Plato, that in all the world there is no more worthy object of reverence, love and service, and none that it pays a civilization better to help to its fullest development, than well-born, well-bred, gifted and trained young men who desire to be masters in an age when experts decide all things, since in them is the hope and the future leadership of the world, and to help them to more of the knowledge that is power is the highest service one generation can render the next.

Emphatically, this is the nobler accent, and it carries an intonation very far away from the sharp cries hawking wares in the educational market!

A final class of students is the most astonishing of all. Frankly, it is made up of morons and nitwits, nonde-

scripts so illiterate, so hopelessly incapable of utilizing the college opportunity that one of the main mysteries of modern life is the fact that they get into, and even stay in the college fold. They are not necessarily idle or vicious. It is simply that the demands of a real college are forever beyond their capacity. Through admission from accredited high-schools where there is kindness that is too kind, or low standards or social pressure to favor them, or an athletic ideal which places brawn above brain, they enter; and, fact still more astounding, they remain a year or so, and sometimes actually achieve a sheepskin!

This is no fanciful picture. Last summer I had to flunk two male students of college grade at the Summer school of a State institution in the South for work so crude, juvenile and every way unlettered and ignorant as to be well-nigh unbelievable. Nor was it at all an uncommon experience, up and down the land, as plenty of others can testify. Where do such people come from, how did they get there, how are they able to remain?—these are questions that baffle the searcher. Surely young men and women who cannot spell, punctuate, paragraph, formulate their thoughts on paper or even orally, nor grasp the essentials of any subject of college grade, do not *belong*,—unless we are to give up entirely the long-held conception of what a college is or should be.

III

Now I want to put my finger on certain of the basic faults that produce these unhappy results, thus crystalizing the considerations already offered. I see three

things operating against the welfare of a rightly conceived organic scheme of popular education; popular, that is, either as controlled by a public system, or else, although in private control, striving to minister to large numbers in the training of a national citizenry,—a mouth-filling phrase, familiar on the political hustings, and obviously intended to reflect the democratic ideal.

The three are: the fevered chase of the "practical" in education, resulting in no less than a revolution within the generation between 1885 and the present time; the abuse of the so-called democratic ideal; and, as a direct consequence of these two in union, the failure,—whether due to an unconscious sailing with the stream, or a canny and conscious reefing of the sails,—the failure honestly and clearly to see and say that two distinct types of training, the scholarly and the practical, are being commonly lumped together.

These three may be commented on. With regard to the utilitarian hang of latter-day education, it is high time to ask if a college is a machine from which any and every kind of information should be handed out as you turn the crank, or has it for its object intellectual attainment and the pursuit of learning for its own sake? To make the inquiry is not to say that both aims are not legitimate, nor is it to forfeit a claim to sound Americanism. It is simply to ask that we clarify our muddy thinking, and substitute a clear perception of what we are about for a mush of vague concessions. The confusion at present is the result of a pathetic attempt to do both things under the common denominator of education.

On every side, we see frenzied attempts to straddle

the educational fence, to be cultural and utilitarian at the same breath. One is reminded of the chameleon which, placed on the Scotch plaid, died in trying to make good. Thus the New Jersey State College of Agriculture announces for the present academic year a short course in poultry husbandry and one is comforted that the descriptive bulletin does not, for once, use the fatal word, Culture, but is satisfied with husbandry. Dr. Rogers at Columbia starts his announcement of a course (Motion Pictures, E 6,) with this Orphic opening sentence: "The course is both cultural and practical." There you have it! Columbia, yielding to the all but irresistible pressure of the time, decides to put in the study of this banal baby art of the theatre. Then, to keep its skirts clean, it must gravely be claimed as "cultural." Education today, like the Colossus of Rhodes, has a wide leg reach. But its stance seems unfirm. Columbia has a tall order: to improve the movies while the massacre of good literature for the screen goes steadily forward to make a people's holiday.

College authorities today, as a rule, look too beamingly and invitingly upon the vast heterogeneous mass of folk who want to run radio shops, or do intensive farming, or become efficient in salesmanship; they have a friendly front towards the practical pasture where such omniferous bovines most do browse. A generation ago the presidents of Harvard and Johns Hopkins proposed, while retaining the time-honored four years' curriculum, to shape the fourth year of study to aim at the later professional degree. What did this mean? It meant holding on to the name of the older cultural ideal, while in reality reducing by a quarter the amount of time hitherto

regarded as proper for a humanistic preparation for life. Ever since then the movement has been in that direction, by leaps and bounds. Amherst, until the recent retirement of Dr. Meiklejohn, stood up more bravely than any other well-known college for the cultural ideal; now, seemingly, it can no longer fight the *Zeitgeist*. When the present writer went to the Johns Hopkins in the eighties to get his graduate degree, it was the one institution in the United States whose parchment was recognized as on a par with Europe's best; its ideal, expressed in the motto, "The truth shall set us free," was the austere acceptance of learning as an end in itself. The undergraduate body was in significance and importance entirely secondary. Today the situation is reversed. You can take a correspondence course there to learn the science of advertising! Shades of Gilman!

Logic demands that we acknowledge that hordes of people in a country like this need all sorts of practical training, and that institutions providing it, and so labelled, should be furnished them, leaving to real colleges (thus clarified by the proper drainage, the business of taking care of those who want truly collegiate work, and are capable of doing it. It all comes back to the matter of college calibre. The spectacle of college women taught to make beds with neatness and dispatch is one calculated to make the angels laugh.

When I used the phrase, "the abuse of the democratic ideal" (my second objection), another paradox was in mind. In the perfervid desire to give everybody anything he wants, or thinks he wants, in pseudo-education, we have fallen into the danger of giving least to the few intellectual aristocrats who refuse to be standardized and

find most difficulty in fitting into the scheme. Hypnotized by the bogey, Everybody, we have hardly been fair to Somebody—and Somebody represents the five per cent which, in after years, contributes more to the college honor and to the nation's welfare than all the other ninety-five per cent put together. As a college teacher for a lifetime, I can offer practical testimony that the students of distinction, personality, and initiative,—in a word, originality,—are those who have seemed to be most uncomfortable in adjusting themselves to the machine—particularly in colleges where students run into the thousands, and the teacher, with his too large classes, finds it difficult to give the individual student the attention he deserves. Such students, when requested to stretch themselves on the Procrustean bed that awaits the rank and file, often refuse, and then there is friction, and they come to be regarded as the Ishmaels of the academic family—wild, hirsute outsiders, kicking against the pricks. The democracy that does not give a show to the best man is, to put it mildly, lop-sided.

Here, subtly pervading the whole conception of education, is the asinine assumption—equally egregious in education and in politics—that all are equal in brains, if only they are given equal chances. The truth is that in education, politics, life at large, brains are exceptional. Making education universal, and all but coercing people to go to college, does not in the least alter that primary fact. It is the business of democracies to remove all artificial and unnecessary bars to personal welfare and progress, but not the bar of nature. The economic aspect of the subject—giving at great expense to countless swarms something they can't use—is too

vast, not to say too sorrowful, to go into here. But let us at least see to it that the exceptional student (never to be confused with the mechanical grind aforesaid) has his democratic opportunity, along with the others.

IV

Along with the twaddle about "democratic equality" goes the solemn assumption that any and all subjects offered under the college ægis are of equal value. "I believe in the equal dignity of all subjects of learning," declared a well-known critic lately. In other words, the making of pea soup and the study of the fourth dimension are on a par. Such nonsense, heard every day, is the denial of all relative values in intellectual exercise and in the life that includes them. Certain subjects, the arts and letters, philosophy, religion, science in its larger sweep, draw upon human powers, and possess a worth in relative grading such as the five hundred materialistic and mercantile ways of study, however good in themselves, can never justly claim. We must not be so timorous in asserting the essential superiority of the higher emotional, mental and spiritual appeals. Let the idealist, who seems to have been scared to death, raise his voice and declare that all subjects for study are *not* alike; that they are vitally and totally different, according to their nature, effect and aim. The superintendent of schools in a large mid-western city said to me recently, with a humorous lift of the eyebrow: "We are overdoing this business of democracy." We

are. It is like trying too hard at golf; it hurts your game.

When the claim is made for recognition of some subject as of higher import, the everlasting, irritating cry, What use is it? is easily met. The nobler studies have a double utility: they give the human mind its highest satisfaction, and they do most for the advancement of the race, of real civilization. That they bear no relation to the pay envelope is their chief merit. Those who define utility in terms of cash can hardly be reckoned with seriously in the argument. To students plaintively inquiring of me, "What good will the study of Browning's poetry do me?" I like to reply: "It will give you a state of mind which you will find the full equivalent of a Rolls-Royce car. Thus it will save you several thousand dollars." They always end by acknowledging it.

We need to listen to some further words of a truly great educator, Stanley Hall,—now a voice from beyond the grave: "It would be sad indeed if we followed the trend, never so strong in the world as now, of mistaking *kultur* for culture and exalting technology above humanism." After commenting on the general tendency to make our colleges business plants, he goes on, in the chapter on "Some Educational Changes," in his autobiography: "Henceforth, as never before, progress is committed to the hands of the intellectuals and they must think harder, realizing to the full the responsibilities of their new leadership." And once again: "We have utterly lost all power of discriminating between the best men, things, books, ideas, and the second or even

the tenth best." . . . This came from the great American who also said: "The true United States, after all, is only found in the investigator's mind."

Clear seeing and honesty alike demand the frank severance of the two aims and ideals: no fumbling, no playing to the gallery, no more fostering of confusion in the minds of the young by offering them, under the specious name of college, a vast, unrelated assortment of bargain-day commodities, until it is small wonder their heads reel with this diversity-in-bogus-unity! Instead, say to them: "Here is a college. If your environment, background, or natural endowment (which we will test for you) fits you to seek a cultural preparation for living—in contrast with gaining a livelihood—here is the place for you. If not, there are excellent shops where you may be taught anything under high heaven. But please don't come here to clutter up our problem, and do yourself no good, and maybe much harm. Those other schools do good service in a humbler way; we approve of them—if only they won't mix in." And it might be well to add: "Don't think of education as something Out There, going to which you are infallibly benefited. Education is an opportunity, plus an individual; it is an equation, not an entity."

What a blessing if our colleges had the backbone to say to inquiring youth, "Almost anybody can go to college, but this doesn't mean that everybody should." How wonderful if some college, by inheritance the beneficiary and guardian of the sound academic ideal, should speak right out and say that its aim was aristocratic: to prepare the saving remnant to rule the rest of us!

But what courage it would take in what we call democratic America!

EDITORIAL

By H. L. Mencken

I

One of the agreeable spiritual phenomena of this great age is the soul-searching now in progress among American journalists. Fifteen years ago, or even ten years ago, there was scarcely a sign of it. The working newspaper men of the Republic were then almost as complacent as so many Federal judges or generals in the army. When they discussed their art and mystery at all, it was only to smack their chests proudly, boasting of their vast power in public matters, of their adamantine resistance to all the less tempting varieties of bribes, and to the fact that a crooked politician, giving them important news confidentially, could rely upon them to mangle it beyond recognition before publishing it. I describe a sort of Golden Age. Salaries had been going up since the dawn of the new century, and so the journalist began to feel his oats. For the first time in history he was paid as well as the Neanderthal men slinging rolls of paper in the cellar. He began to own two hats, two suits of clothes, two pairs of shoes. He was happy. But at the heart of his happiness, alas, there gnawed a canker worm. One enemy remained, unscotched and apparently unscotchable, to wit, the business manager. The business manager, at will, could send up a blue slip and order him fired. In the face of

that menace his literary superiors were helpless, up to and including the editor-in-chief. All of them were under the hoof of the business manager, and all the business manager ever thought of was advertising. Let an advertiser complain, and off went a head.

It was the great war for human freedom, I believe, that brought the journalist deliverance from that old hazard; he was, perhaps, one of its few real beneficiaries. As the slaughter increased on Flanders fields and business grew better and better at home, reporters of any capacity whatever got to be far too scarce to fire loosely. Moreover, the business manager, with copy pouring into the advertising department almost unsolicited, began to lose all his old fear of advertisers, and then even some of his congenital respect for them. It was a seller's market, in journalism as in the pants business. Customers were no longer kissed. The new spirit spread like a benign pestilence, and presently it invaded even editorial rooms. In almost every great American city some flabbergasted advertiser, his money in his hand, sweat pouring from him, as if he had seen a ghost, was kicked out with spectacular ceremonies. All the principal papers, growing rich, began also to grow independent, virtuous, even virginal. So free reading notices disappeared, salaries continued to climb, and the liberated journalist, taking huge sniffs of free air, began to think of himself as a professional man.

Upon that cogitation he is still engaged, and all the weeklies that print the news of his craft are full of its fruits. He elects representatives and they meet in lugubrious conclave to draw up codes of ethics. He begins to read books dealing with professional questions

of other sorts—even books not dealing with professional questions. He changes his old cynical view of schools of journalism, and is lured, now and then, into lecturing in them himself. He no longer thinks of his calling as a business, like the haberdasher's or tallow chandler's, or as a game, like the stockbroker's or faro dealer's, but as a profession, like the jurisconsult's or gynecologist's. His purpose is to set it on its legs as such—to inject plausible theories into its practice, and rid it of its old casualness and opportunism. He ceases to see it as a craft to be mastered in four days, and abandoned at the first sign of a better job. He begins to talk darkly of the long apprenticeship necessary to master its technic, of the wide information and profound sagacity needed to adorn it, of the high rewards that it offers—or may offer later on—to the man of true talent and devotion. Once he thought of himself, whenever he thought at all, as what Beethoven called a free artist—a gay fellow careening down the charming highways of the world, the gutter ahead of him but joy in his heart. Now he thinks of himself as a citizen of weight and responsibility, a beginning publicist and public man, sworn to the service of the born and unborn, heavy with duties to the Republic and to himself. He begins to surround himself with taboos. There are things that he will not do, even to get a piece of news. There are things that are *infra dig.* And there are things that simply must be done, all advertisers save the very largest to the contrary notwithstanding.

II

In all this, I fear, there is some illusion, as there always

is in human thinking. The journalist can no more see himself realistically than a bishop can see himself realistically. He gilds and engauds the picture a bit, unconsciously and irresistibly. For one thing, and a most important one, he is probably somewhat in error about his professional status. He remains, for all his dreams, a hired man—the business manager, though he doesn't do it very often now, is still free to demand his head—and a hired man is not a professional man. The essence of a professional man is that he is answerable, for his professional conduct, only to his professional peers. A physician cannot be fired by anyone, save when he has voluntarily converted himself into a jobholder; he is secure in his livelihood so long as he keeps his health and can render service to his patients. A lawyer is in the same boat. So is a dentist. So, even, is a horse doctor. But the journalist still lingers in a twilight zone, along with the trained nurse, the embalmer, the evangelical clergyman and the great majority of engineers. He cannot sell his services directly to the consumer, but only to entrepreneurs, and so those entrepreneurs have the power of veto over all his soaring fancies. His codes of ethics are all right so long as they do not menace newspaper profits; the moment they do so the business manager, now quiescent, will begin to growl again. Nor has he the same freedom that the lawyer and the physician have when it comes to fixing his own compensation; what he faces is not a client but a boss. Above all, he is unable, as yet, to control admissions to his craft. It is constantly recruited, on its lowest levels, from men who have little professional training or none at all, and some of these men master its chief mysteries very

quickly. Thus even the most competent journalist faces at all times a severe competition, easily expanded at need, and so he cannot afford to be too saucy. When a managing editor is fired there is always another one waiting to take his place, but there is seldom another place waiting for the victim.

All these things diminish the autonomy of the American journalist, and hamper his effort to lift his trade to the professional level. When he talks of codes of ethics, indeed, he sometimes falls into mere tall talk, for he cannot enforce the rules he so solemnly draws up—that is, in the face of dissent from above. Nevertheless his discussion of the subject is still not wholly absurd, for there remain plenty of rules that he *can* enforce, and I incline to think that there are more of them than of the other kind. Most of the evils that continue to beset journalism today, in truth, are not due to the rascality of owners nor even to the Kiwanian bombast of business managers, but simply and solely to the stupidity, cowardice and Philistinism of working newspaper men. The majority of them, in almost every American city, are ignoramuses, and not a few of them are also bounders. All the knowledge that they pack into their brains is, in every reasonable cultural sense, useless; it is the sort of knowledge that belongs, not to a professional man, but to a police captain, a railway mail-clerk or a board boy in a brokerage house. It is a mass of trivialities and puerilities; to recite it would be to make even a barber or a bartender beg for mercy. What is missing from it is everything worth knowing—everything that enters into the common knowledge of educated men. There are managing editors in the

United States, and scores of them, who have never heard of Kant or Johannes Müller and never read the Constitution of the United States; there are city editors who do not know what a symphony is, or a streptococcus, or the Statute of Frauds; there are reporters by the thousand who could not pass the entrance examination for Harvard or Tuskegee, or even Yale. It is this vast ignorance that makes American journalism so pathetically feeble and vulgar, and so generally disreputable no less. A man with so little intellectual enterprise that, dealing with news daily, he goes through life without taking in any news that is worth knowing—such a man, you may be sure, is as lacking in true self-respect as he is in curiosity. Honor does not go with stupidity. If it belongs to professional men, it belongs to them because they constitute a true aristocracy—because they have definitely separated themselves from the great masses of men. The journalists, in seeking to acquire it, put the cart before the horse.

III

Nevertheless, I believe that they can still acquire it. But not by passing idle resolutions, not by drawing up codes of ethics that most of their fellows laugh at, as a Congressman laughs at a gentleman. The job before them—that is, before the civilized minority of them—is to purge their trade before they seek to dignify it—to clean house before they paint the roof and raise the flag. Can the thing be done? It not only can be done; it *has* been done. There are dozens of papers in the United States that already show a determined effort to get out

of the old slough. Any managing editor in the land, if he has the will, can carry his own paper with them. He is under no compulsion, save rarely, to employ this or that hand; it is not often that owners, or even business managers, take any interest in that business, save to watch the pay-roll. Is the paper trifling, ill-informed, petty and unfair? Is its news full of transparent absurdities? Are its editorials ignorant and without sense? Is it written in blowsy, slip-shod English, full of *clichés* and vulgarities—English that would disgrace a manager of prize-fighters or a county superintendent of schools? Then the fault belongs plainly, not to some remote man, but to the proximate man—to the man who lets such drivel slide under his nose. He could better it if he wanted to, you may be sure. There is in all history no record of a newspaper owner who complained because his paper was well edited. And I know of no business manager who objected when the complaints pouring in upon him, of misrepresentations, invasions of privacy, gross inaccuracies and other such nuisances, began to lighten.

Not a few managing editors, as I say, are moving in the right direction. There has been a noticeable improvement, during the past dozen years, in the general tone of American newspapers. They are, I believe, measurably more accurate than they used to be, and many of them are better written. A great number of them are less absurdly partisan, particularly in the smaller cities. Save in the South and in the remoter fastnesses of New England the old-time party organ has gone out of fashion. With it has gone the old-time reporter, and in his place there is appearing a young fel-

low of better education, and generally finer metal. The uplifters of the craft try to make him increase, and to that end encourage schools of journalism. But these seminaries, so far, show two palpable defects. On the one hand, they are seldom manned by men of any genuine professional standing, or by any firm notion of what journalism is about. On the other hand, they are all far too easy in their requirements for admission. Probably half of them, indeed, are simply refuges for students too stupid to tackle the other professions. They offer snap courses, and they promise quick jobs. The result is that the graduates coming out of them are mainly second-raters—that young men and women issuing from the general arts courses make far better material for journalism.

What ails these schools of journalism, in brief, is that they are not yet professional schools, but simply trade schools. Their like is to be found, not in the schools of medicine and law, but in the institutions that teach barbering, bookkeeping and chiropractic. Obviously, the remedy for their general failure is to borrow a leaf from the book of the medical men, and weed out the incompetents, not after they have finished, but before they have begun. Twenty-five years ago any yokel who had got through the three R's was free to study medicine in the United States. In three years, and sometimes in two years, he was turned out to practice upon his fellow hinds, and once he had his license it was a practical impossibility to challenge him. But now there is scarcely a medical school in the United States that does not demand a bachelor's degree or its equivalent as a prerequisite to entrance, and the term of study in all of them is

four years, and it must be followed by at least one year of hospital service. This reform was not achieved by passing laws against the old hedge schools; it was achieved simply by setting up the competition of good schools. The latter gradually elbowed the former out. Their graduates had immense advantages. They had professional prestige from the moment of their entrance into practice. The public quickly detected the difference between them and their competitors from the surviving hedge schools. Soon the latter began to disintegrate, and now all save a few of them have disappeared. The medical men improved their profession by making it more difficult to become a medical man. Today the thing is a practical impossibility to any young man who is not of genuine intelligence.

But at least four-fifths of the so-called schools of journalism still admit any aspirant who can make shift to read and write. The Pedagogues who run them cannot be expected to devote much thought or money to improving them; they are in the position of the quacks who used to run the hedge medical schools. The impulse toward improvement, if it ever comes at all, must come from the profession they presume to serve. Here is a chance for the editorial committees and societies of journalists that now spring up on all sides. Let them abandon their vain effort to frame codes of ethics and devote themselves to the nursery. If they can get together a committee on schools of journalism as wise and as bold as the Council on Medical Education of the American Medical Association they will accomplish more in a few years than they can hope to accomplish with academic codes of ethics in half a century. Journalism

will become a profession the moment it grows difficult to become a journalist.

IV

All the rest will follow. The old fond theory, still surviving in many a newspaper office, that it is somehow discreditable for a reporter to show any sign of education and culture, that he is most competent and laudable when his intellectual baggage most closely approaches that of a police lieutenant or a district leader—this theory will fall before the competition of novices who have been adequately trained, and have more in their heads than their mere training. Journalism, compared to the other trades of educated men, is surely not unattractive, even today. It is more amusing than the army or the cloth, and it offers a better living at the start than either medicine or the law. There is a career in it for the young man of original mind and forceful personality—a career leading to great power and even to a sort of wealth. In point of fact, it has always attracted such young men, else it would be in an even lower state than it is now. It would attract a great many more of them if public opinion within the craft were more favorable to them—if they were less harassed by the commands of superiors of no dignity, and the dislike of fellows of no sense. Every time two of them are drawn in they draw another. The problem is to keep them. That is the central problem of journalism in the United States today.

I seem to be in a mood for constructive criticism. Let me add one more pearl of wisdom before I withdraw. I put it in the form of a question. Suppose the shyster

lawyers of every town organized a third-rate club, called it the Bar Association, took in any bootlegger or precinct politician who could raise the dues, and then announced publicly, from the Courthouse steps, that it represented the whole bar, and that membership in it was an excellent form of insurance—that any member who paid his dues would get very friendly consideration, if he ever got into trouble, from the town's judges and district attorney. And suppose the decent lawyers of the town permitted this preposterous pretension to go unchallenged—and some of them even gave countenance to it by joining the club. How long would the legal profession in that town retain its professional honor and dignity? How many laymen, after two years, would have any respect for *any* lawyer, even a judge?

Yet the journalists of the United States permit that precise thing to go on under their noses. In almost every city of the country there is a so-called Press Club, and at least three-fourths of them are exactly like the hypothetical Bar Association that I have described. They are run by newspaper men of the worst type—many of them so incompetent and disreputable that they cannot even get jobs on newspapers. They take the money of all the town grafters and rascals on the pretense that newspaper favors go with its receipt. They are the resorts of idlers and blackmailers. They are nuisances and disgraces. Yet in how many towns have they been put down? In how many towns do the decent newspaper men take any overt action against them? My proposal is very simple. I propose that they be shut up, East, West, North and South, before anything more is said about codes of newspaper ethics.

II

REVEALING A PERSONALITY

STANLEY HALL: A MEMORY

By A. E. Hamilton

I

After re-reading once more, slowly, carefully, delightedly, the five hundred and ninety-five pages of that amazing romance of intellectual wanderlust which the late G. Stanley Hall called "The Life and Confessions of a Psychologist," I somehow feel that I know less about my guide, philosopher and friend than I knew before. The Stanley Hall that the world was aware of, to be sure, is in it—the strange Yankee who came back from Wundt's lecture-room to found the science of experimental psychology in America—the father of Clark University, now, alas, no more, and for years the main source of its vigorous life—the chief agent, after Eliot and Gilman, in the revolutionizing of the higher education among us. This Hall is in the book, and between its red covers he has unfolded an awe-inspiring panorama of the universe, sketched the evolution of mind from moneron to man, psychoanalyzed the idea of God, surveyed every educational problem of the modern world, and painted, incidentally, some charming pictures of boy-life in New England seventy years ago. But where is his smoky workshop? Where are his cigars? Where is his famous spirometer? Where is his delight in breaking pedantic and idiotic laws—in jay-walking on crowded streets, in swimming where swimming was

forbidden, in forever playing Peck's Bad Boy? The university president is there, and the author of "Adolescence," but not the Stanley Hall that I knew and worked with. Now he is dead, and I shall try to recall him. . . .

It was down in the beautiful old city of Mexico that I discovered "Adolescence"—in a second-hand bookshop. I took the two weighty volumes home, and they precipitated such a bewildering revolution within me that I became possessed instantly by the idea that I must leave my job to study at the feet of a man who, I concluded, must be the very wisest person who ever lived. In his "Life and Confessions," Dr. Hall says that "with, I think, three exceptions, we have never received into the institution [Clark University] any who had not graduated from a reputable college." A timely shipwreck off the coast of Virginia was largely responsible for my becoming one of those fortunate exceptions. My job in Mexico was that of selling stock for a building and loan association, and it gave me much time for reading while my heels cooled in the ante-rooms of offices. I decided to finish Herbert Spencer's "Synthetic Philosophy," re-read "Adolescence," and then take a college course somewhere in America as a preliminary to asking admission to Clark under Hall. But Madero moved southward, Porfirio Diaz evaporated, and my exit from Mexico was endangered before I had completed my self-imposed discipline. So I packed my books, ran the revolutionary gauntlet to Vera Cruz, and embarked for New York on the ill-fated steamship *Merida,* which adventurous divers are still trying to find for its cargo of gold and silver ingots.

The "Synthetic Philosophy," together with "Adolescence" and a boxful of lesser but still precious books, went down with the ship at about midnight, and as I watched the mastlight dip and sway and then disappear, I had almost the feeling of losing a friend, a home, or a beloved dog. Landed in Norfolk with nothing in the world to my name but the bedraggled clothes on my back and a few soaking bills in my pocket, I started immediately for Philadelphia, where I heard there was a college which might take me in. No such luck. Very courteously and even kindly, but with all firmness and finality, I was assured that a high-school diploma or its equivalent was essential for my admission. Columbia, the College of the City of New York, New York University and Boston University were equally kind and sympathetic and equally adamantine. I decided to move on to Worcester. There President Sanford, of Clark College, while doubting my technical preparation for college, unaccountably, astoundingly suggested that I go and have a chat with President Hall himself!

I had dreamed of meeting Hall with a rolled and ribboned bachelor's degree in my hand, and the story of long years of persistent effort in college on my tongue. It was then, and then only, I had decided, that I should ask to be allowed to sit in his lecture-room. Now I must come to him empty handed, and with only a tale of failure on my lips—to ask merely for advice as to what to do with myself. It was with a dismal medley of fear, chagrin, disappointment and awe in my heart that I crossed Woodland street and walked up the narrow concrete path across the lawn to the big brown door of Number 156. But I believe a faint wisp of hope

played flittingly within me, too—an uncertain, bashful little hope that something impossible might happen. It did.

An old Negro let me in, and trotted up stairs to tell Dr. Hall I had come. The Negro asked me to sit down, but I walked about nervously in the hall. I even picked up a soft felt hat from the rack and tried it on. It covered my ears and eyes with enough spare room to allow my finger to run around inside the rim easily. I was sure it was President Hall's. Just the sort of head such a man would carry on his shoulders! My sense of forlorn littleness shrank even smaller as I put the hat back on its peg and wondered how differently God made men and skulls.

But soon I was chatting amicably, freely, comfortably with one of the cheeriest, most sympathetic and at-homey gentlemen I had ever met or will ever meet again. All my fears and discouragements vanished like a puff of cigar smoke in a breeze. My diffidence was changed swiftly, electrically, into a feeling of downright, simple, unaffected human fellowship. An age seemed to pass in a few rapid minutes, and I left the house conscious only of a hearty handshake and a rosy haze of bewilderment and wonder at the possibility of miracles in the life of man today.

II

The rest of the afternoon and all that night I walked the streets of Worcester, gazing abstractedly at store windows; dropping into arm-chair lunch-rooms for a few minutes' rest over a cup of coffee; wondering in the

early morning hours if some suspicious cop would run me in. Dawnlight frightened me with the thought that I must write out my self-made credentials of reading and study to present at Dr. Hall's office at ten o'clock. I hurried to my hotel, asked the clerk for lots of paper and one envelope, then sat me down to write a list of every book I had ever read, and some brief notes about my life. These were to be my diploma and credentials!

I was admitted to the University! On trial, to be sure, but none the less admitted with every privilege and every responsibility. For the University itself I cared but little at first. I had been admitted to President Hall, to a personality, to an ideal, a demi-god. The institution, the students, the professors were mere necessary adjuncts, cloudy fringes on the penumbra of one supreme individual. I accepted them, however, with all due deference, assumed the right academic demeanor, filled out cards and blanks, and began to follow the prescribed routine assiduously.

At the close of my second visit to Dr. Hall at his home, he picked up that great hat of his, seized a cane and asked me to come out for a walk.

"Let's stop at the library a minute," he said as we crossed the campus, "I want to introduce you to Freud. You don't know Freud, do you?"

I did not know Freud; I had never heard of him. He sounded German, and I hoped that I should be introduced to him in translation, and not in the original. Fortunately the first volume we found on the shelf was an English version of the studies in hysteria. This was good enough, said Dr. Hall, to give me an introductory insight into psychoanalysis.

Psychoanalysis! Wonderful word! It buzzed in my head like a strange and colorful beetle as we ran down the steps, two at a time, and out into the street. What was it? How did it work? Who invented the term? Was it practical or theoretical? These questions, and a flock of others struggled to get out into words, but I was still partly under the semi-paralyzing fear that one feels in the presence of the chieftain, the general, the king. However, I did not need to reveal my ignorance in order to obtain the enlightenment I was so eager for. Dr. Hall talked. He talked simply, humanly, effervescently, and by the time we had returned to his house I believe I knew more about the history of psychoanalysis, its possibilities, applications, shortcomings and importance to psychology, than I could have discovered by weeks of reading or note-taking in lecture rooms. That first walk of ours revealed to me the fascinating possibilities of intellectual parasitism!

Next day a patronizing student told me not to bother the professors. He said they were hard pressed for time, did not like to be disturbed except by appointment, and were willing to talk only on the most important of academic subjects. It was well, this student said, to make notes beforehand of questions one wanted to ask, and to take them up, one by one, at an appointed conference, saving time and professorial patience. I listened agreeably enough, and thanked him, but I had already taken a walk with Dr. Hall,—and almost the first thing I did under that admonition was to walk up to Professor Chamberlain as he started for home and ask him if I might come along for a way. I learned, on that walk, all that it was essential for a student to know about

the measurement of the cephalic index in man, its origin in anthropometry, its usefulness and its technique. I had asked no idiotic questions, I had simply tapped an interest with no premeditation, and the rest was a matter of walking rapidly along the sidewalk and listening to a man's spontaneous eloquence.

So it was with the other professors. President Hall had gathered about him men in his own image and likeness, at least as to fundamentally human and friendly characteristics, whatever their intellectual differences might be. I got more intellectual growth, more viewpoints on life, and even more actual cut and dried lumber of knowledge from my walks and informal chats with him and his colleagues than I did from all the lecture work, seminars and reading that I put myself through while at the University. I believe this was also true of all the others who had the courage or the impudence to step in where orthodoxly academic students feared to tread.

III

A large mill-pond near Worcester was posted here and there along its shore with signs declaring that no swimming was allowed. We passed by these warnings often, our pockets bulging with swimming trunks and our lips perhaps smacking a bit in anticipation of forbidden fruit.

"Can you read the language on this sign-board?" asked Dr. Hall one day. "It seems dimly familiar to me, as though I might have known it in my boyhood days. I wonder what those words mean? Perhaps

my ancestors, in ages long ago, used that tongue. It seems to call up vague, rudimentary memories from down inside me somewhere. Let us take a swim!''

Thus, so often, his philosophy of psychogenesis, which I believe will crown him as the Darwin of psychology, mixed itself with his bubbling humor and sparkled forth in boyish fun. In our surreptitious swims off the beach of a little island in the forbidden pond, he would catch ''atavistic echoes of our pelagic days''; he would declare himself to be positively littorotropic, like some of Jacques Loeb's snails, when he grew tired of swimming and lay basking in the sunshine on the pebbly sand. His most abstruse lectures, and the least comprehensive polysyllables of his printed works would suddenly become luminously clear and almost comically simple through some chance spontaneity thrown off in the sheer gusto of living a few natural minutes in the open air. In that inspiringly optimistic book, ''Senescence,'' he declares: ''Old age is called second childhood. That is all wrong, for there is nothing rejuvenative about it. Childhood is the most active, healthful, buoyant, and intuitive stage of life; age, the least so.'' Perhaps true enough for most men, but he, at least, carried the child with him through all his long and useful years.

''Let's catty,'' he would say when we were to cross a street. Then we jay-walked, as triangularly as possible, taking the shortest distance between two points and as forgetful of traffic mores as we had been of *verboten* signs. ''There, that's a new experience!'' he would laugh when we walked a railroad track, or ducked under some culvert or bridge on our rambles. He was ever seeking new trails, down side-streets and sometimes over

fences and across back lots. One day, on Newton Hill, his favorite climb, he suddenly sat down upon a boulder and took off his shoes and stockings. "Let's feel the green grass and the real earth under our feet! I've been lecturing about getting back to nature today. Let's go back as far as we can. The police might object if we went any farther than feet and ankles, they'll hardly arrest us for that much. I'll bet Antæus never wore shoes!" At the White City, a diminutive Coney Island, near Worcester, we were boys again. We rode the grotesque little horses, threw rings over canes, punched slot-machine bags, stamped out aluminum nameplates, pounded pegs with hammers, ate popcorn and peanuts, and sometimes won horrible cigars.

In his "Confessions," Dr. Hall has shown us how much of his delightful New England boyhood he carried with him into the midst of his presidential perplexities and responsibilities and his other herculean labors, but he has not mentioned that little sled of his which, after dark and most folks' bedtime, he would haul out of the red brick barn behind his house. Then he would go sledding down Worcester hills. He has confessed to taking secret lessons in dancing in his last late years, but he has left no account of those horrific rag-time records for his Victrola to which he would clog and jig in the solitude of his workshop.

The famous spirometer stood for a long time on the book-piled table of his study and almost every visitor was commanded to blow his hardest and record his score. President Eliot, of Harvard, blew the arrow up to the line of 210 one day, and Dr. Hall, whose record was then somewhere between 170 and 200, began to breathe more

deeply on his walks, hoping to reach, at least, his colleague's achievement. We tried the spirometer almost daily, watching for possible developments of vital capacity. We blew before our walks and after, just as we weighed before starting and upon our return, to see how many ounces of our bodies we must give in return for the fun of a walk. The lung machine was a toy, a jolly toy. Dr. Hall, indeed, did more than study childhood; he kept living some of its happiest and best moments, so that we sophisticated students sometimes felt old and fossilized in his buoyant presence.

But, his work, of course, was his favorite play. People said that he overdid, that he attempted too much, that he never relaxed, that he burned his candle, not only at both ends, but in the middle beside. Yet it was glorious to watch him at his work—glorious and yet a bit dispiriting, for I used to compare my own sputtering efforts with his great swinging strides, and felt ever so small and sluggish. It was my privilege to work with him, for a time, in his den. I wrote out his dictation on a typewriter. The only salvation for me was the fact that he wrote his own notes so hurriedly that he had to stop now and then to decipher a word, and I had time to catch up. Every evening he fairly plunged from supper into his beloved work. Always he ate hurriedly, and many a time after an evening meal he asked me what it was we had had to eat! His bottle of tonic, left him by a friendly physician, remained almost always untouched. "There," he would exclaim, "what will the doctor think of me? I've forgotten that medicine again, but I can't take time for it now." And he would pick up a scribbled sheet and set me to hammering the keys

for an hour at a stretch. "Thank the Lord there's mail," he would exclaim, and away we would go.

Yet he gave himself generously, inexhaustibly, to students, visitors and friends, whenever they chanced to call. Perhaps this was his relaxation, and yet for every minute thus given he seemed to feel that he must work harder and longer on his own job to make up for it. Of his mornings he was particularly jealous. "Best fellow in the world, that, but it does hurt a lot to have him take such a grab out of my morning work-time!" I do not believe, however, that anyone was ever turned away from his door, and his welcome to everyone was like Spring sunshine, or an open flower.

IV

Nor did his relations with students end with their sojourn at the University. He says in his autobiography that he was not a great writer of letters, but if my own sheaf is a sample his letter-writing must have been actually prodigious. His pupils and friends were scattered far and wide in the world. If each one of them was stirred to feeling and moved to action as I was by even some of his briefest of notes, then his influence was colossal indeed. He wrote freely, spontaneously, just as he would talk if we were out for a tramp, or sitting on the sand after a swim. In reply to a note about my days at Clark he wrote:

Your recollections show that you not only have a wonderful memory, because a few of these things I cannot possibly recall, but, I must believe, a very vivid and sprightly imagination. . . . I don't know what the dickens it was that so

delightfully led me to draw aside a reserve which is always an obsession (though it ought not to be) with professors, and a perfect curse to college presidents. . . . I had no idea, however, that I was being subjected to such observation, and when you see me hereafter (which I hope will be often) you will probably find me very reserved, self-conscious, etc., realizing that I am being noted . . . I have always preached euphoria, but you incarnate it.

One of these recollections, which Hall declared he had no memory of, was of a day when he visited me in my attic-room in May street and lunched over a newspaper table-cloth on my writing desk. I fed him an orange, some shredded-wheat with butter, a few figs, some raisins and a glass of milk. These he said he enjoyed immensely, but I would not be surprised if he visited his own ice-box as soon as he got home. The thing he had forgotten, however, was his dance. My landlady had prohibited my inviting undergraduates to my room. Only graduate students were to be allowed. Undergraduates were too noisy and too destructive of furniture and curtains. On the day I speak of, President Hall, after his vegetarian lunch, proceeded to demonstrate to me a phase of his motor mindedness. He said that, in order to learn the names of Shadrach, Meshach and Abednego, he had evolved a little dance to the rhythm of the words. He not only said this; he danced it out on my floor. His dancing shook the ceiling of the room below, rattled the chandelier, and brought my landlady scurrying up the stairs with the fire of accusation in her eye. Why had I broken my promise regarding college boys? When I

introduced her to the president of the University, she was naturally much abashed and profoundly apologetic; but I feel quite sure that she still believes I had hidden a collegian in my closet before she opened my door.

In his autobiography Dr. Hall said: "I do believe that I have encouraged many, especially young writers and investigators, and possibly sometimes shown undue appreciation of really rather crude productions, especially if I thought they gave promise of better things." His appreciation, in truth, was sometimes a trifle exaggerant, and altogether too complimentary, but it remained none the less encouraging. It was exceedingly cheering to receive such cordial good words as the following from so tonic and energetic a source:

> But don't you know you should not write this way to a stogy old grind as I have to be? For it fills me with a kind of wild Spring fever, makes me infinitely discontented with my own life and everything about me, and makes me feel that I, too, ought to get off in the woods and rusticate for a season. . . . This note gives me a new sense of inferiority, a sort of looking up to you.

Such chords in his letters show, in their undoubted frankness, and spontaneity, something of the exquisite modesty and self effacement of the man. He seemed to take a warm delight in the possibility that some of his own pupils might some day see farther than he did himself because he had helped them to stand on his shoulders.

As a lecturer he was much less his truly human self, save on those rare occasions when he spoke without manuscript, and from the heart. Lecturing, he read

clearly and not too fast; but he poured forth such tremendous avalanches of facts, figures, citations, technicalities and bewildering neologisms that only an identical twin brother could possibly have kept pace with his speed and distance of travel. Those of us were fortunate who carried away even a few assimilable fragments from the whole, and did not succumb to the temptation to try and get down everything in our notes. Personally, I made very few notes, and these only of things which I at least partly understood. I would then carry them to my room and elaborate them into long letters to my fiancée, who, poor soul, had to take them as they came in cold type, without background of time or space! No wonder she returned all my letters later on with the assurance that I might have within me the makings of a professor, but hardly the elements of a good husband!

The boiling down and sugaring off (a favorite phrase of his) of lecture material into big, red-bound books was Dr. Hall's major job in life. Had he not been so much the artist, as well as the scientist and philosopher, those vast companies, regiments, corps and divisions of facts and figures would be hardly more than reservoirs from which to draw knowledge, as from an almanac or an encyclopedia. But I think no one who has read it will deny that his "Life and Confessions" is a great work of art, rough hewn, perhaps, like "Leaves of Grass," but none the less the product of a true artist's soul.

The daring courage of the man in attempting an artistic synthesis of the multitudinous and apparently utterly kaleidoscopic material gathered in by his omnivorous hunger for truth remains a marvel to me, and

a wonder. But the greater miracle, to me, is the fact that his epochal books reflect not only the struggle of a great intellect with the world of fact; but that they also paint a strikingly beautiful picture of a successful experiment in the art of living a strenuously happy life!

DEVIL ANSE

By R. F. Dibble

I

The homely hog has often conferred benefits upon his owner—now an ample paunch, now great riches, and now materials for theological controversy—but he has rarely brought undying fame. Yet it was two lazy, long-snouted razorbacks, foraging years ago in Pike county, Kentucky, that put and kept the Hatfield and McCoy clans in the national limelight for two decades, and made Anderson Hatfield a man of immortal renown.

Devil Anse, as his relatives called him, was a typical Southern mountaineer: a huge, raw-boned, shaggy-haired troglodyte, "six feet of devil and 180 pounds of hell." He had a face like a panther, with enormously strong jaws and teeth, pointed ears, and a low, retreating forehead splotched with knotty protuberances. He knew nothing about, and cared less for, the soft luxuries of the modern Babylons. Coming from a long line of sturdy pioneers who had lived their whole lives in the wilderness of Logan county, West Virginia, he believed that it was his solemn duty to maintain their traditions —that the only victuals fit for heroes were hog meat and

hominy, black coffee and molasses; that women should stand and serve while their lords and masters ate at ease; and that the God of the Bible was first of all a God of vengeance.

In that remote and lonely place—a vast, untamed region of towering mountains, whose inhabitants got their meager livings chiefly with the rod and the gun—the elementary passions were not toned down by civilization. From the days when the first nomadic squatters invaded the wilds, succeeding generations had wooed, won, hated, killed and prayed with impartial ferocity. The Hatfields and McCoys had fought on the same side in the Civil War; when it was over, the dull monotony of their lives became unbearable. Untouched by the refinements that charmed the rest of the American people during the decade following the war—the Ku Klux orgies, railroad building, the flowering of New England literature, the invention of the telephone and the submarine cable, shaving cream and chewing gum—the two clans were compelled to entertain themselves. Instinctively they realized that the most satisfactory of all forms of entertainment was a fight—a real fight, in which plenty of blood was spilled. And so when, in 1880, Devil Anse's brother, Hog Floyd Hatfield, stole two pigs from Randolph McCoy, chief of the McCoy clan that dwelt across the Little Tug river in Pike county, every Hatfield and McCoy gave a cheer of relief, for from that instant a whooping fray was certain.

As for Devil Anse, he was ready to fight for his brother's cause to the death, for in his view Ol' Rand'l, and indeed all the other McCoys, were simply barbarians and hence without human rights. Thus Hog Floyd had

'really committed no crime at all in purloining property from those uncircumcised Philistines across the river; nay, he had actually performed a virtuous deed. When the case came to trial in Logan county the members of both tribes, fully armed, crowded the court-house. The justice who presided was Deacon Ellison Hatfield, and Hog Floyd had a majority of the armed witnesses; he therefore won the decision hands down. Righteousness had prevailed and the God of Israel had cared for His own. But there were mutterings on Sinai and it was clear that a storm was impending.

II

It broke in 1882. In that year a dapper Hatfield youth worked his wicked will upon a fair McCoy maid. The youth was Devil Anse's son, Jonse; the maid was Rose Ann McCoy, daughter of Ol' Rand'l. A gifted recorder of this tragedy, in later years, told the mournful tale thus: "Rose Ann was old enough to know better, but she allowed Jonse to persuade her that a marriage tie was in no way necessary to the consummation of love." Under cover of night, Jonse snatched his Sabine bride away to Logan county, and busied himself in the equally illegitimate operations of becoming a moonshiner and a father. Toward the end of the year the McCoys got wind of the location of his love-nest, and at once proceeded to march upon it. But Rose Ann—who was by now so steeped in sin that she considered herself a full-fledged Hatfield—fortunately heard that they were coming, and so raced to Devil Anse's house and told him. Anse and his cohorts went whizzing to the rescue in-

stantly, and in the battle that followed two members of each clan were killed. Next day the two funeral processions happened to pass each other. The bearers and mourners, rifles in hand, glanced stealthily at one another and made ready for any eventuality. If it was a day of grief, might it not be well to make the obsequies really worth while? When one gun was accidentally discharged, every other gun leaped to its owner's shoulder. But this incident, fortunately, relieved the tension on both sides, and so there was no further gore.

But the wages of Rose Ann's sin were not yet paid in full, for the McCoys, doubly armed, were still on the warpath. One day three of them, Farmer, Talbot and Randolph Jr., came upon Deacon Ellison Hatfield alone. A heated debate arose over the undoing of Rose Ann, and Deacon Ellison, who had hitherto led what seemed to his relatives a disgracefully peaceful life, called Talbot a coward and words immediately gave way to blows. Talbot succeeded in stabbing the deacon twenty-seven times with a clasp-knife, while Randolph Jr. kept whacking a jack-knife against his legs. Nevertheless, the deacon threw Talbot and was about to crush his head with a heavy stone, when Farmer bravely upheld tradition by shooting the heroic servant of God in the back.

Shortly afterward, the three McCoys were arrested by Kentucky constables. At this point Devil Anse intervened, for he had little faith in jails, and Kentucky jails in particular. As chief spokesman of his tribe, he expressed himself thus: "When it looked as if the McCoys was to be let off clean 'thout so much as snuffin' the gallus, the Hatfields got their mad up for sure." As the three culprits were being led to the Pike county jail,

Devil Anse, heading a band of his underlings, met and over-powered the constables, tied the McCoys hand and foot, and put them in a schoolhouse. The prisoners, suffering tortures on account of the tightness of their bonds, were told that if Deacon Ellison died they were to be put to death. Some days later the deacon was duly gathered to his fathers. On the same night the prisoners were marched to a place selected by Devil Anse, and, as Farmer and Talbot were being roped to two trees, he growled, "Boys, if you've got any peace to make with your Maker, you'd better make it." But when the trembling victims began to stutter some feeble prayers, Devil Anse was struck by an awful thought. Might not an eleventh hour repentance enable these scoundrels to meet him some day in heaven? In order to avert such a contingency, he unceremoniously shot both at once. It was then decided that Randolph Jr. should be freed, but one of the Hatfields, a more humane man than the rest, suggested that it would be rather dangerous to leave the boy alone in the night—there were wolves about. "Go back, then," said Devil Anse, and the humanitarian returned and blew off the lad's head with a shotgun.

When the news of the triple murder was noised abroad, the Governor of Kentucky at once requested the Governor of West Virginia to grant extradition papers permitting the criminals to be tried in Kentucky, but the Governor of West Virginia refused to do so. The West Virginia authorities, in fact, had lived for years in mortal fear of the Hatfields and were therefore unwilling to annoy them. When a coroner's jury sat on the case in Kentucky, the defense maintained that there was

no cause for action for this reason: Devil Anse had tied the two McCoys to trees that grew close to the State line, and he had stepped back in order to shoot them from the West Virginia side. The Interstate Commerce Commission was as yet unborn; besides, the coroner in charge was Joseph Hatfield, and a multitude of other Hatfields, artilleried as usual, were on hand to see that justice was done. The coroner's jury accordingly rendered a verdict that the deceased had come to their death "at the hands of persons unknown."

III

For some years after this there was relatively little hostility between the two clans. Occasionally, to be sure, in order to vary the tiresome state of peace, a Hatfield or a McCoy would be shot from ambush. But attempts were made by both parties to end the feud. On three occasions out of four, however, moonshine whiskey caused bloodshed before the negotiations were even begun, and the fourth attempt also ended in failure.

Finally, in 1887, a Kentucky official named Phillips—who, it is written, "was as quick as lightning, and would have made an ideal quarterback for any college football team"—was lured by the heavy rewards offered for Hatfield scalps to lead the McCoys in a raid against Devil Anse's gang. Little damage was done, but the foray fanned the quiescent feud into another great blaze. In the following January, Devil Anse and his minions went to the house of Ol' Rand'l', shot his wife, his daughter Alphare and his son Calvin, and set fire to the house. Ol' Rand'l' himself extinguished the flames with a churn

full of buttermilk, shot four fingers from the hand of one of the Hatfields and then ran into the bushes and escaped.

A great outcry arose. Newspapers all over the country shrieked for law and order, and the residents of Pike county petitioned the Governor for arms and ammunition to defend themselves against the Hatfields. Kentucky passed a law which provided that "to point a loaded or unloaded gun at another person" was a felony, and which imposed a special penalty for "shooting at a person from ambush." And Ellison Mount Hatfield, who had shot Alphare McCoy, brought everlasting disgrace upon the family escutcheon by perishing on the scaffold.

For some time, however, the law's delays postponed Ellison's disgraceful exitus. He remained in jail for a year and a half while the legal battle raged, and made good use of his time by learning to read and write. He finally attained such literary proficiency that, during his last months, he bombarded the local newspapers with plaintive protests against his fate, for which he particularly reproached his own tribe. "They drove me to do it," he said. "God knows they made me do it. They said they'd kill me if I didn't do it. Now I've got to be hanged because I done it. I've got to die for a crime, and them devils made me do it." But when the Hatfields tried to smuggle some poison to him in order that he might die a more honorable death, he began to feel better about it, and when a Methodist circuit-rider took him in hand he readily forgave all wrongdoers everywhere, including even his relatives. When the noose was slipped around his neck, he piously remarked

that "he hoped all his men and women would lead good lives and meet him in heaven where he was going."

Another period of comparative peace followed, for, while the Hatfields acted upon the principle that the open season for McCoys lasted twelve months a year, the game was unfortunately growing very scarce. At this time, in fact, the few McCoys who were yet alive on the border were so timid that they dared not light candles at night. By 1890 conditions had become so bad that Devil Anse was forced to offer a reward of $500 apiece for McCoy scalps, though he stipulated that Ol' Rand'l's must head the list. Accordingly, some of the Hatfields who were especially hard up went to Ol' Rand'l's house, determined to dispatch him. When they were informed that he was not at home they clipped off the tails of the McCoy cows, and used them to beat the women.

This generally lethargic state continued until, in 1892, a rumor was circulated to the effect that Devil Anse had been killed by his relatives in a game of poker. This story infuriated the Hatfields, and they at once collaborated, with inconceivable toil, in the production of this document: "We strongly deny that Devil Anse is dead. Instead of that, he has got religion and no poker game ain't been played in his house for some while. We believe it is unfair to such men as him to say such stories about them." This same year, indeed, did furnish proof that Devil Anse had more or less reformed, for, in the Autumn, aided by the only Hatfield who had completed grammar-school, he wrote this letter: "To the editor: the war spirit in me has abated and I sincerely rejoice at the prospects of peace. I have devoted my life to fearful loss of noble lives and valuable prop-

erty in the struggle. We, being like Adam, are not the first sinners."

Yet it appears that some of the old Adam still clung to Devil Anse, for when he discovered to his sorrow that it was impossible to spend all of his time in religious exercises, he occupied himself in training his sons to slay the McCoys who were just growing into manhood and womanhood. Cap Hatfield, "Devil Anse's right-hand man," was, next to his father, the most powerful and crafty member of the tribe. He showed an all-round ability, but he specialized in slaughtering the McCoy women and children, and in his lighter moments he sought domestic entertainment by trying to hit both of his wife's eyes with one squirt of tobacco-juice. On election day, in 1896, Cap, who numbered an ardent public spirit among his other virtues, filled himself with whiskey, went to the polls and voted for Bryan, and then, in order to perfect a good day's work, shot one McCoy dead and severely wounded two others. Barely had he returned to receive the encomiums of his relatives when he was arrested. Some months later he was convicted of manslaughter and sentenced to three months in jail.

The jury that convicted him charged him specifically with "involuntary" manslaughter. When the meaning of the adjective was finally made clear to Devil Anse, he wept long and loud. If this was true, it was evident that he had failed in the first duty of a father—to train his sons to follow gallantly in his own footsteps. He furthermore believed that Cap's imprisonment was an added disgrace; he would have preferred, he said, to have seen his son found guilty of murder in the first

degree, for then the case would have been carried to the State court, where acquittal would have followed as a matter of course. The worst blow of all, however, was Cap's closing speech to the judge: "I am innocent; I hope I may not never see my God if I done these things."

But Cap soon redeemed himself in his father's eyes. Aided by his tobacco-stained but still ardently affectionate wife, he sawed his way out of jail in the summer of 1897, and fled to a mountain retreat known as the Devil's Backbone. Militiamen followed him to his stronghold and destroyed it with dynamite, but Cap escaped and fled farther into the wilderness, where he engaged in the only moderately peaceful occupation that was considered to be dignified enough for a Hatfield—moonshining. Devil Anse, rejoicing in the prodigal's return, labored to keep his place of refuge unknown and paid him frequent visits. On one of these trips he had a hand-to-hand fight with a bear, which ended when both rolled over a precipice. This fall nearly killed Bruin, but Devil Anse, almost unhurt, rose and stabbed the suffering animal to the heart.

In 1906 Cap went on another jamboree. This time, since no McCoys were handy, he tried to shoot his own brother Elias. Unfortunately for Cap, Elias—who, as the second son, had an eye on the family inheritance—was not only on his guard against a possible fratricidal attempt, but even eager for it. So Cap, instead of killing, was himself almost killed. When Anse heard this, he was at a loss to know whether to blame or praise his sons.

IV

During these years, the old feud had occasionally flickered up. But by 1910 most of the active participants on both sides were either dead or crippled, while the younger generation had become—such is the softening effect of Christian civilization!—too proud to fight. One of the Hatfields had actually been weak enough to marry a McCoy gun-widow with bell and book, and not a member of either family had protested. So it came about that the struggle was ended by a formal handshaking party, closely followed by a moonshine spree. Devil Anse, now growing old and feeble, was the chief leader in the reconciliation. But when he tried to shake hands with his old foes he found himself quite unable to do so.

With peace come, the Hatfields, when they craved excitement, were now forced to engage in the labor union struggles around the coal mines, or to pop over an occasional revenue officer. In 1911 Devil Anse suffered his first real tragedy: two of his sons, the gifted Elias and the less famous Troy, were killed in a running fight with a miserable official who was engaged in the doubly remunerative business of capturing illicit liquors and selling them afterward. Friends came rushing up at the sound of battle, only to find that Elias was already dead. But Troy still had enough strength to gasp out the dying injunction: "Don't look for the man who done this. He's dead too." At the funeral of the two their ten living brothers wept by the side of the double grave and swore henceforth to

lead peaceful Christian lives. It should be recorded, however, that, in the following year, Willie Hatfield, the pampered youngest son, rightfully shot down a doctor who had refused to give him a pint of whiskey.

Devil Anse was so powerfully affected by the deaths of his sons that, in less than two weeks, he joined the Baptist church—though it is not known whether he aligned himself with the Free Will, the Hardshell, the Missionary, or the United Baptists, for all four denominations flourished in Logan county, loathing each other with a virulence that far exceeded their hatred of sin. The sincerity of his faith, whatever it was, is attested by an incident that occurred in 1912. Devil Anse, carrying a handbag, happened to meet a neighbor. Opening the bag, he remarked that he wished to show a "new we'pon he had just got." The neighbor, seized with mortal fear, started to run, but Devil Anse called him back, thrust a battered Bible under his nose, and said, "This is the only we'pon I ever carry now, and I get along good and live close to the foot of the Lord by using it often." In 1913, alas, Anse backslid so far that he agreed to go into vaudeville, but after he had appeared only a few times it was discovered that an old court order forbade ex-criminals to leave the State, and he was therefore saved from continuing in sin.

This same year witnessed a touching event that showed how deeply the feud had been buried. Dr. H. D. Hatfield, Devil Anse's nephew, won the Republican nomination for Governor of West Virginia—for the Hatfields, once bloodthirsty Democrats, were now peaceful Republicans. Among the telegrams sent to him was

this. "Greetings to a Hatfield from a McCoy. Congratulations. That you may win in November is my desire." During the heat of the campaign, Dr. Hatfield had applied for a large life insurance policy, but the company's officials balked when they saw his name. Now the doctor showed the McCoy telegram to the company's investigator, and he immediately wired this message to his home office, "An excellent risk. Get him for all you can." They got him for $50,000.

Devil Anse spent his closing years in raising horses and hogs, in feasting on corn bread, sow-belly pork, black coffee and molasses, in dozing by the fireplace over which was written in gaudy letters "There is no place like our home"—to which a wag once appended the comment, "Leastways, not this side of hell"—, and in entertaining his innumerable grandchildren with hair-raising stories of his heroic deeds in the old days. His thoughts often turned with particular joy to his descendants, now respectable and even eminent. There was Governor Hatfield, and there was one infinitely greater—Jack Dempsey. In an interview in Detroit in October, 1919, Jack spoke thus: "I have never told this story before. . . . I am a descendant of the McCoys and Hatfields, [whose famous feud] cost close to twenty lives among my immediate relatives. My father is a relative of the Hatfields and a second cousin of ex-Governor Hatfield of West Virginia, while my mother, Cecilia Smoot, was related to the McCoys."

Wearing a tattered coonskin cap and still lugging a rifle as of old, Devil Anse frequently strolled through the nearby towns, where, as the most eminent living citizen of West Virginia, he always attracted polite at-

tention. After years of scornful unbelief, he had come to the point of admitting that there might actually be such things as automobiles and phonographs, but he resolutely drew the line at airplanes and submarines. He was even persuaded to sit with his family for a photograph, but next day, having repented, he hobbled down to the photographer's house and smashed the camera.

Finally, in January, 1921, pneumonia laid him low at the age of eighty-six. Death came upon him softly, for he was thinking pleasant thoughts. One of Cap's daughters had become librarian in the office of Governor James Cox of Ohio; the oldest surviving McCoy had recently been slain in a fight with knives; only two of his own sons had met with violent deaths. Surely his lines had fallen in pleasant places! Only two phantoms disturbed his dying hours: young Peter McCoy had been decorated for heroic slaughters during the World War, and Ol' Rand'l' had peacefully expired in bed at the age of a hundred and three.

Devil Anse was buried beside his murdered sons, and every living Hatfield, from the toddlers to the trotters, attended the funeral. Two of his surviving sons, who had been estranged for years, clasped reconciled hands over his coffin, and, as a pleasant epilogue to the obsequies, Cap made a speech that consisted of a series of moral declarations. He was done with fighting; he had no more malice in his heart; if any man tried to kill him, he would not resist. He finished by telling the officiating ecclesiastic that he had made his peace with God and was ready to be baptized. The delighted pastor replied, "I'll baptize you, boy, in the very same hole

where I baptized your pappy." Everybody agreed that no other funeral had ever been blessed with such a beautiful climax.

But a greater and even more fitting one was to come. On April 12, 1922, a life-sized statue of Devil Anse, carved by an Italian sculptor out of Carrara marble, was placed on a hill overlooking the cemetery where the old hero lies buried. There he stands today: erect, dressed in his native garb, gazing across his native hills. On the pedestal at his feet are cut the names of himself, his wife and their thirteen children.

MR. MOORE AND MR. CHEW

By Samuel C. Chew

Dramatis Personæ
George Moore
Samuel C. Chew, An American
A Maid-Servant

Scene: The dining-room at 121, Ebury Street, London, S. W.

The Maid. Mr. Chew.

Moore. Oh, my dear Mr. Chew, I am so happy that you received my message and could come. I rather reproached myself for not asking you to dinner, for a friend sent me some grouse from the country; but afterwards I was glad you were not here, for the birds were dreadfully tough and doubtless you had a better dinner at your hotel. Come, sit here by the fireside; it is more comfortable than upstairs in the drawing-room;

and Molly shall bring you a glass of port. Or would you prefer coffee?

Chew. Port, please.

Moore. But why haven't you brought Mrs. Chew with you?

Chew. She was very tired. We've been at South Kensington all the afternoon, and nothing is more exhausting than a museum, if one tries to observe the collections intelligently.

Moore. And still more exhausting if one observes them unintelligently. I am distressed that your wife isn't with you. I fear you keep her too constantly in the galleries and museums. She seemed a bit weary when I met you the other day at the Tate.

Chew. Perhaps it was the sight of the forlorn portraits of yourself and Mr. Hardy that wearied her there.

Moore. Perhaps. The artist has a very genuine feeling for color, but the likeness is poor. The portrait by Mark Fisher hanging over there by the side-board is a better likeness. I do not remember the picture of Hardy. But really this visit is not complete without Mrs. Chew. She is a charming woman.

Chew. She will be pleased when I tell her you have said so.

Moore. There is one advantage in her absence, however. I have been reading the Conversation, the dialogue between you and me, which you brought me the other day. She might be hurt by what I feel I must say about it.

Chew. I don't think so, for the fact is she didn't like the Conversation herself. She thought the descriptions

of you which I introduced were not in the best taste.

Moore. Well, to tell the truth, I was somewhat puzzled by your comparison of me to somebody's picture of the White Knight; and I suppose no man would really relish the remark that he was "just a little pathetic, here in his prim little house by himself." But never mind the question of taste; I have not always spared the self-esteem of my own subject. But in a Conversation it is better to leave out description altogether or else to put your descriptions in the form of dialogue.

Chew. You departed from that strict form in the dialogue with Mr. Husband which you have just published.

Moore. True; but I think I was wrong.

Chew. I think my Conversation would be considerably less interesting if I omitted the descriptions of how your "gently waving hand traces unelaborate patterns in the air" as you talk, and of how when silence falls here by your fireside your expression becomes languid and your eyes, which, when you are talking, are so full of wit, become for the moment dull and overcast. And I should hate to cancel the passage about "the pleasant turn and fall of the silken snow-white hair."

Moore. Yes, of course your readers will like such impressions of me, and I do not advise you to omit them altogether. But I feel strongly that it would be better to work them into your dialogue.

Chew. Perhaps it would be better; at any rate I can try.

Moore. However, there are far graver faults with your Conversation than the mere introduction of descriptive passages. You do not distinguish between art

and reality. In life we talk of a dozen different things, but in art we talk of one thing, especially in a Conversation. In other words, we choose a subject.

Chew. The old problem of unity of action, unity of impression! My intention was that beneath the diversity of subjects, as the talk flitted from one theme to another, there should be a unity. You were to provide the unity, for the Conversation was a portrait in miniature of you.

Moore. That is not the function of a literary Conversation, except incidentally. You must choose a theme and then develop it.

Chew. But why? It seems to me that you are setting up *a priori* rules as strict as those of the old French drama. Why can't there be a variety of forms of the literary Conversation?

Moore. Possibly there can be; but at all events that is how I have composed my Conversations.

Chew. You wouldn't have me write mere pastiche?

Moore. I don't know that you could do anything better, to begin with.

Chew. But——

Moore. If you will listen I'll try to show you what I have in mind. If you had chosen the art of painting as your subject, you would have done well to talk to me about my experiences in the French studios, why I gave up painting, if I ever dabbled in it still. Modern painting would lead up to modern sculpture, and I should tell you stories of Rodin and should explain why I consider sculpture so inferior to painting.

Chew. But——

Moore. After this we should pass—but I need not

develop that train of thought further. Let us take another theme. If, for example, you wished to write a Conversation with me about literature, you would have done well to contrive some carefully selected remarks that would fill a couple of pages and lead up gracefully to—shall we say Balzac? And then we would proceed to contrast Balzac with the Russian novelists.

Chew. But——

Moore. And that would lead naturally to English novels, and I should tell you what I thought of my prose narratives, and we would contrast them with other books. We would speak of your article on "Héloïse," and I should tell you more about "The Brook Kerith," and so forth.

Chew. But, Mr. Moore——

Moore. Just a moment. If you had chosen my relation to painting as your subject, you would, of course, have had to leave out Balzac and the Russian novelists, "Héloïse" and all the rest; and if you had chosen literature, you would have had to leave out Siegfried Wagner and a half dozen other matters that have no connection with the art of prose narrative.

Chew. But why may not one follow actuality closely enough to branch off at least occasionally, as in real life, from the chosen topic? That incident of Siegfried Wagner recognizing the piece of music as by Grandpapa Liszt is certainly amusing.

Moore. Amusing, yes; but out of keeping, unless indeed you had chosen as a theme the influence that music has had upon my life.

Chew. I can't help thinking that your rules are more rigid than your own practice. Take, for instance, the

long account of "Les Arcanes de l'Amour" in "Avowal..." What on earth has a description of that disreputable book to do with a Conversation on the English novel?

Moore. That is episodic.

Chew. I intended some of my incidents to be episodic. But where, by the way, did you come across "Les Arcanes de l'Amour." An extraordinary book!

Moore. I did not come across it; I invented it myself. There is no such book. What fun I had composing the French verses! I thought of several of the lines while riding on top of omnibuses. I chuckled so loudly over some of them that my fellow-passengers were alarmed for my sanity. There are some very clever elisions in those verses, and the cæsura is managed very nicely. The best of the joke is that I selected Gosse as my auditor for them—the prudish Gosse! Some people affect to be shocked at the introduction of such anecdotes into a serious criticism of literature. Fudge, my dear Mr. Chew, fudge! They give a relish to a book. I have no objection to your introducing some such episode into your dialogue—that story I told you about the death of Watts-Dunton, for example. Why don't you bring that into the Conversation?

Chew. I could hardly do that.

Moore. Perhaps not. But to return to the dialogue you have written——

Chew. It is good of you to take so much interest in it. Aren't you tired of talking of it?

Moore. No; I am able to illustrate your faults by reference to my own success. You will have to take your Conversation to pieces and do it again. You will

have to rely upon your imagination for the dialogue, supplying me with words and yourself with words, and you'll have to develop your subjects. As it is, you do nothing, for example, with Mr. Hardy. You just make me shake my shoulders and say he is a very bad writer. There is nothing interesting in that. What I probably said was that Mr. Hardy's novels were merely melodramatic stories, ill-constructed and ill-written. But even if you had quoted my very words, they would have been insufficient; you would have had to develop the subject for yourself, and then develop an answer to it. You might make me outline to you the story of Lord Uplandtowers—an absurd name, an impossible name for a nobleman—in Hardy's "Group of Noble Dames." You remember: the husband defaces the bust of his wife's former lover so that it becomes the likeness of her lover after, instead of before, the accident that disfigured him for life. The wife finds the defaced portrait and shrieks and faints, and is a dutiful and loving wife to Lord Uplandtowers ever after. Sheer melodrama! And written in a style that is bog-water! Now, if you admire that story, which I hope you don't (though you have thought it worth your while to write a book about Mr. Hardy), you should put my outline into your Conversation and then, in reply, attempt to show me where I am wrong. When I was writing "Esther Waters" somebody told me that Hardy had just published a book on somewhat the same theme. I at once bought a copy of "Tess" and read it, and failed to find any reason why I should not continue my work on "Esther Waters." You might bring in that remark and develop a comparison between the two books. But I think it

would be a mistake to devote much of the Conversation to Mr. Hardy. And remember: you must not rely too much upon your memory; you must create; memory plays us false. Let me cite a specific instance from the dialogue you gave me to read. Zola never said to me that he could tell by my eyes that I was a story-teller; there's no sense in such a remark. I was saying that I wrote with difficulty, and he said "Your eyes tell me that you write with difficulty." There's nothing in the remark; it isn't worth quoting; but if it has to be quoted it had better be quoted correctly.

Chew. Well, evidently, as the caterpillar said, it's all wrong from beginning to end.

Moore. I don't understand the reference to the caterpillar—but don't trouble to explain. Let me epitomize: you've not only not attempted to create, but you have not even selected; and as your very sincere friend I advise you to begin again, select a definite subject, and remain within it. To be still more frank: my own impression is that your talents lie in another direction. Why don't you write a book about your wanderings in Italy?

Chew. There have been so many books written about wanderings in Italy. I could not hope to do anything that would compare with Symonds's "Sketches."

Moore. Symonds—Oh yes, the consumptive literary critic. I do not know the "Sketches" you speak of.

Chew. Well, you should read his essays on, say, Orvieto, or Girgenti.

Moore. I have, as I've frequently remarked, lost the art of reading; and even if I had not, I do not think I should turn to Addington Symonds again. He is as-

sociated in my mind with despots and assassinations and Jesuits and Tasso; and what I remember of him struck me as being rather rococco in taste, like the plaster ceilings of some of his late Renaissance palaces.

Chew. Then how about Vernon Lee? Certainly her "Genius Loci" is an extraordinary book—don't you think so? Its title is not empty of meaning nor a mere boast, for she conveys to her reader the very spirit of a place, its bygone traditions and bygone grandeur.

Moore. I've really read very little of Vernon Lee. I've always understood that she was a sort of she-Pater of inferior taste and greatly reduced mentality.

Chew. Em! A follower of Pater? You ought not to object to that.

Moore. We cannot all follow Pater successfully.

Chew. Then—to return to Italy—you think I have a free field? For I won't venture to ask your opinion of Grant Allen and Augustus Hare and Maurice Hewlett and Mr. Lucas.

Moore. No, we need not speak of them. Yes, I think there is an opportunity to write about Italy.

Chew. But would such a book meet with any success?

Moore. You must not worry about that; if you are at all inclined to write about Italy you must go ahead and do so. Whether your book is successful or not is a very unimportant matter. Surely you have not been eight months in Italy without gathering impressions that you'd like to preserve. Were you ever there before?

Chew. Yes, twice—long ago and again a few years before the War.

Moore. Then you have an opportunity to compare the impressions received as a boy with those received

as a young man and again with those of the last few months.

Chew. But my memories of those earlier visits are very dim and vague.

Moore. That is not a disadvantage, for memory should soften contours and blur outlines. The touch of sentiment is imparted by the very indistinctness, as in my——

Chew. Then you would have me write a sort of new "Sentimental Journey" through Italy? Your remark about sentiment suggests an opening to me. What do you say to this opening?—"They order these things better in Italy, I thought, sipping Frascati as I sat in the *loggia* of the Cesare Restaurant and looked out towards the Palatine."

Moore. I don't say anything to it, Mr. Chew, for I do not understand. Your opening seems to be a sort of parody of Sterne.

Chew. So it is, and by "these things" I of course mean wines, and I should go on to compare those unfortunate fellow-countrymen of mine who stay at home and drink furtively the wretched substitutes that Prohibition has forced upon them with those other Americans who, like myself, are beyond the reach of the enforcement acts. There is no wine in the world more delicious than *Orvieto bianco* unless it be the divine *Mavrodaphne* one gets in Greece.

Moore. Let us talk of the comparative merits of Greek and Italian wines some other evening. I'd like to hear more about them, for I've always understood that the Greeks put resin in their wines.

Chew. Not in *Mavrodaphne*——

Moore. Never mind the Greek wines. We were talking of the opening of your book.

Chew. You don't approve of it?

Moore. No; it will not do to bring the question of Prohibition into your book. If the Americans find themselves mentioned on the first page they will expect to be discussed throughout the book and won't be content to read about Italy.

Chew. I had not thought of that. The idea of the opening sentence came to me on the spur of the moment.

Moore. It was obvious that you had not thought it out thoroughly. But you have not been married long. You must begin your book with the suggestion that you were tired of your old way of life, and marriage offered the opportunity for a change, and you said to your wife, "Come, let's see something of the world together." What a fortunate fellow you are to have a companion! Why, your travels in Italy and Greece have been a sort of honeymoon.

Chew. Pray don't call it a honeymoon! The word has disagreeable associations, for only three days after we were married my wife fell desperately ill with influenza—it was in the winter of 1918—and nearly died. We had a dreadful time, for nurses were not to be had and doctors were terribly busy, and we were in a big New York Hotel.

Moore. Why, my dear Mr. Chew, what better beginning could you possibly find? It's a far better one than I could invent for you. You simply must begin with that illness. Three days after marriage, you say?

And you nearly lost her? That charming woman! To think you nearly lost her! What an admirable opening for a book.

Chew. It has possibilities for the literature of autobiographic reminiscence, hasn't it?

Moore. I'm afraid you are a little sly, Mr. Chew. But you are certainly lucky to have kept your delightful companion. Sometimes, when I go to visit friends out beyond the West End, where the air has a little of the freshness of the country, I almost come to think that I may have made a mistake, that marriage is best. I can even contemplate myself pushing a perambulator. No; I had no companion, and so I never visited Italy. To my mind Italy, companionless, would not be Italy.

Chew. But how strange, Mr. Moore—you who have ventured alone so much farther, all the way to Palestine!

Moore. Ah, but that was absolutely necessary in order that I might write "The Brook Kerith." I did not want to go; in fact I tried to write the book without going. But it simply would not do. I could not depend on other people's descriptions. People never describe the things one wants to know. In one chapter I found myself wondering whether a line of hills bounded the horizon when viewed from a certain point, and I could not discover if the hills were in sight from that point or no. Why, composition absolutely stopped. Again, I wanted to know the exact position of a particular well, and no book told me, and composition stopped. The whole thing was quite impossible. So I packed my bag and went to Palestine. No one was with me except my dragoman, and he was insufferable. I was horribly

bored. But I attended strictly to business and made a quantity of notes and sketches, and came home. I hate travelling, especially by water. I am a good sailor, but I have had miserable experiences crossing the Channel. Oh, miserable experiences! Only last May I crossed in a terrible storm. I stayed on deck; below it was indescribable. All the stewards were busy, and a woman next to me was sick, Oh, very sick! I had to help her; in common decency I had to do what I could for her. The wind blew her skirts about, and she kept moaning "My legs! Cover my legs! Pull my dress down around my legs!" and I said "Never mind your legs, Madame; nobody is looking at your legs." It was a dreadful scene.

Chew. It must have been.—But tell me: did you have as much anxiety about the background of "Héloïse and Abélard" as you did in the case of "The Brook Kerith"?

Moore. No; for I know France, and I did not know Syria. The mere fact that I had to deal with the France of eight hundred years ago did not present any great difficulty, for the contours of a country remain from age to age the same, just as human nature does not change. Woodlands vanish, and the beauty of the countryside may be marred by modern buildings, and small holdings may take the place of the vast old common lands and great estates; but the essential features of undulating fields and winding rivers and enfolded hills do not change. Nor does human nature. It is with these essentials of character and environment that I have to do as a story-teller. Great harm was done to the art of prose narrative when writers began to concern themselves with what is called local color. I think it was

Scott who first began to try to achieve what the critics call an "atmosphere" by delving into ancient documents and by inquiring into the mere ephemeral details of the past. You may expend infinite pains upon the exact pattern of a helmet or the precise fashion in which a lute was constructed, only to have some archæologist confront you with documents proving that that particular kind of helmet had been discarded fifty years before your period, or that that sort of lute was not used till the following century. Human nature is such that the writer of the book flies into a rage and attempts to defend his antiquarian accuracy and his story is judged and pronounced a failure on quite other grounds than those on which it should be judged. Yes, Scott was much to blame.

Chew. The quest for local color begins in France, I think, rather than in England. Certainly it can be traced considerably farther back than Scott—to Fénelon, for example, or to the oriental tales which Galland's translation of "The Arabian Nights" brought into vogue, or some of Voltaire's remarks about Shakespeare. As for Scott, his antiquarianism is neither very profound nor very accurate except when he depicts Scotland. There are glaring faults in "Ivanhoe," especially with regard to the relations between Normans and Saxons, a matter of great moment since the action of the story depends upon it. But "Quentin Durward" is an astonishing recreation of the past, for Scott had never visited the scenes which he describes and for the history and biography of the period was mainly dependent upon Philippe de Comines.

Moore. Indeed! I had imagined that he delved very deeply into old records.

Chew. Not so deeply as is often thought. But in any case the problem of local color came much to the fore about a century ago. You remember, no doubt, the wise remark of Stendhal on the subject.

Moore. No, I do not. What is it?

Chew. Let me see if I can quote it; let me see: "A serf's dress and brass collar"—yes. *"L'habit et le collier de cuivre d'un cerf du moyen age sont plus faciles à décrire que les mouvements d'un cœur humain."*

Moore. That is admirably said. It exactly sums up my own view of the matter.

Chew. Nevertheless it was an achievement to describe such externalities so accurately and so vividly that they seemed to embody and symbolize the spirit of an epoch. Scott was especially successful in his descriptions of great edifices, and it was from him that Victor Hugo learned how to crystalize, as it were, an age in his picture of Notre Dame de Paris.

Moore. Perhaps so. The inordinate emphasis upon local color was not reached till Flaubert.

Chew. Yes; Flaubert certainly occupies a large chapter in the history of *couleur locale.*

Moore. He read, I believe, two thousand books in preparation for "Salammbô." And the result—a stark magnificence, quite dead.

Chew. Not quite. There are magnificent things in "Salammbô": the crucified lions and the Mercenaries starving in the valley and the scene on the Aqueduct.

Moore. Such things count for very little. Flaubert

was more interested in archæological details than in human nature. He could describe a Carthaginian weapon, but he could not make Hamilcar and Salammbô live before us. You may remember that in "Avowals" (I think it is) I have said something about his inability to imagine conversation, an inability that grew more and more pronounced in his later years. It is especially evident in "Bouvard et Pécuchet." The ability to write natural dialogue is a test of a novelist. Jane Austen was as wonderful in this respect as in her knowledge of the heart. She had a complete mastery of patter. After her I know of no such mastery until you come to my own books.

Chew. How curious it is, Mr. Moore, that Flaubert should have prided himself upon the least essential part of his work. You remember, I suppose, the letter to Sainte-Beuve and to some other critic whose name I have forgotten who had taken him to task about inaccuracies in his reconstruction of ancient Carthage—the water-supply, for example, and the ritual of Moloch. His letters triumphantly prove the accuracy of his knowledge.

Moore. No, I do not remember the letters. Perhaps Flaubert would not have triumphed in a controversy which turned upon the truth of the characterization of his heroine. But I do not think I want to talk about Flaubert. Let us turn to other examples for the use of local color.

Chew. I suppose you do not object to it in novelists of what is called the regionalist type—Miss Edgeworth, for instance, or John Galt, or Mrs. Gaskell.

Moore. I have not looked into their books for years; Mrs. Gaskell is the most commonplace of writers.

Chew. Well, how about Mr. Hardy? I know you do not admire his books; but surely you must admit the beauty of his Dorsetshire settings: the cider-makers and the heath-dwellers and the harvesters and the burning rick and shepherds returning at evening with——

Moore. Yes; the shepherds returning at evening with crooks on their shoulders and their flocks following them and a full moon, three times too large, rising over their left shoulder! Barbizon school! A mere exaggeration of Troyon and Rousseau. That's a very good comparison; I must keep it in mind and make use of it in a Conversation some day.

Chew. Really, you are scarcely fair to Mr. Hardy.

Moore. Perhaps not. But I noticed that you yourself used the phrase "the beauty of his Dorsetshire settings." The explanation of Hardy's failures lies in that word "settings." He sets his stage. He is theatrical, melodramatic. And even if his local color be accurate, his pessimism is out of place in such surroundings. If we must have pessimism, let it be offered us in the golden vase of Ecclesiastes or Shakespeare, not served up in a pie-pot.

Chew. Surely you can't call "The Dynasts" a pie-pot.

Moore. I have not read "The Dynasts." "Jude the Obscure" is certainly a pie-pot. Have I ever told you what Henry James said about that book? But I won't tell you now. I don't want to talk about Mr. Hardy. I want to point out to you that the little discovery I

made in "The Brook Kerith" and in "Héloïse and Abélard" was anticipated by Shakespeare, who took it for granted that ancient stories were just as good as modern, as interesting in every way, on condition that the writer did not trouble the reader with archæology, dress, furniture, and, above all, ancient modes of speech. But Shakespeare's admirable example was not followed and the lust for archæology spoilt many good novels. I think I was the first since Shakespeare to discard archæology, for in writing "Héloïse and Abélard" I thought only of a woman and a man, and became passionately interested in the story when I discovered that Abélard wrote songs in the popular idiom, was, in fact, a *trouvère*. This discovery provided me with a most entertaining means of escape from the tedium of theological controversy. If you ever expand your article on "Héloïse and Abélard," in order to include it in the volume of criticisms which I hope you are going to publish, I wish you would insist on this matter of archæology. Pray wheedle my remarks into your text, if you care to do so.

Chew. I shall certainly bear them in mind. What you have just been saying about the tedium of theological controversy suggests another phase of the interest aroused by "Héloïse and Abélard." You were concerned primarily with the love-story, and yet you have managed to give a vivid portrait of Abélard as a philosopher and theologian.

Moore. True; but you must note how all that side of Abélard's character is pictured early in the book. I was keenly aware that when once the love-story was paramount it would be impossible to return to mere

disputation. Even at the risk of wearying the reader I had to show Abélard in the lecture-room at once. Then that part of his character could be taken for granted later on, and when for long years he disappears from my story my readers would be able to picture to themselves his controversies with the church and his manner of conducting them.

Chew. The parting of the lovers is of course the parting of the ways in your narrative. I have sometimes wondered how you faced the problem of conducting the latter part of your story. You could not return to the old clumsy method of Scott, telling a bit about Héloïse and then turning to her husband with a "Meanwhile Abélard was doing such and such a thing."

Moore. No, I certainly could not. I had to choose between them. And the temptation was strong to place Héloïse in the convent at Argenteuil and leave her there while I followed the fortunes of Abélard. There were great allurements in the prospect of Abélard's adventurous life, his wanderings, his conflict with the church, culminating in a scene of terror and atrocity which presented a wonderful opportunity for a story-teller. But all the while that I meditated upon Abélard's years of separation from Héloïse the thought pressed in upon me that my tale was of Héloïse. You will recall that in one of my imaginary conversations with Gosse I spoke of Miss Austen's great achievement: that it was she who first introduced "the burning human heart" into English prose narrative. That was my theme in "Héloïse and Abélard," and though Abélard's wandering life in the pleasant French country offered so many attractions, I all the while knew that I must fol-

low the woman into the convent, where the only adventures were those which the changing seasons brought and where she waited for her husband. All that it was possible to do with Abélard's life during these years was to have him account it briefly to Héloïse when they met again.

Chew. And the beautiful conclusion of your story—tell me whether it was always in your mind or whether the idea of it came suddenly.

Moore. It came suddenly. My original intention was to carry the tale on to the death of Héloïse; but as I was composing the narrative of their last ride together, to the convent of the Paraclete, there came to me the thought: Here I must leave them, for the rest of their lives is known from the Letters; and what better place is there for me to break off than this?

Chew. Certainly there was very genuine inspiration in that thought, Mr. Moore, for you could not have more movingly brought your story to a close. But it is late; I must be going.

Moore. Don't go yet awhile, Mr. Chew. I never go to bed early. Sit for half an hour longer. You have led me astray from what I really wished to talk about—your book on Italy.

Chew. "Héloïse and Abélard" is a better subject for conversation than a book on Italy which will probably never get written.

Moore. Keep your book in mind nevertheless; and keep in mind what I said about the literary conversation. You must select; you must have a unified theme. Our pleasant chat to-night, for example, would not do

for a literary conversation. It is ranged too widely; it lacks unity.

Chew. Yes, it lacks unity; but I believe that if it were recorded it might give an impression of actuality and truth to life, and hence might be not uninteresting. But I must really be going. It is a long way to my hotel.

Moore. I am selfish in keeping you from Mrs. Chew. Be sure to bring her with you the next time you come. But wait a moment; I'll get my hat and walk with you as far as Victoria.

III

COMMUNICATING THE SPIRIT OF A PLACE

NANTUCKET

By Walter Prichard Eaton

I

I have been to Nantucket. Not that there is anything unusual in that. A great many people go to Nantucket. It is one of the troubles with Nantucket. But their going has resulted only in making more strikingly visible than anywhere else a paradox of our national life, the paradox of the Puritan artist. Old Nantucket town is, of course, always described as quaint by the condescending summer visitors to whom quaint is merely synonymous with different. Its streets and lanes were, and are, narrow and crooked, and many of its houses small, or at least seemingly small. But quaint was never the adjective anyone truly sensitive to beauty would apply to the town. Individually, and in the mass, the architecture of old Nantucket was and is extraordinarily dignified, in its quiet simplicity and nice proportions, beautifully adapted to the lay of the land—the swelling hills above the harbor, the crooked streets, the rolling moors beyond—and often really exquisite in its restrained use of ornamental detail. One thinks of the wrought iron fence in front of the middle Starbuck house in Main Street, in that row of three brick mansions, a fence curiously suggestive of some delicate Adam converted into metal, or one thinks of any one of a hundred Georgian door-frames, painted white, and

forming the only ornamentation on a gray-shingled front beside the winding street—on the door a brass latch and knocker, above it a delicate fan-light, or a green fan-blind. Nearly every other American town, once rich in Eighteenth or early Nineteenth Century architecture, has been injured by the intermingling of later buildings, but by a curious set of economic chances, old Nantucket has almost entirely escaped, and remains today architecturally much as it was when the crest of the whaling prosperity enabled the islanders to build it more than a century ago. It is as near a perfect record of what our Yankee forefathers considered a seemly town, what they regarded as desirable in their dwellings, as can be found anywhere.

So much for that. The whaling industry died. Nantucket fell on evil times. The population shrank. Nobody built any new houses. They even abandoned some of the old ones, and migrated to the mainland. Then the summer folk discovered the island, and today, just outside the old town, along the bluffs, a new town has sprung up, a town of summer cottages. Similarly, across the island, at 'Sconset, quite surrounding the tiny fishing hamlet which used to be there, has sprung up a seaside and summer city of houses and hotels. Patches of the moors have been ironed out into golf-courses. Tar roads have been laid for automobiles. Cheek by jowl, the new and the old may be seen and compared. And the work of our forefathers emerges quite triumphant. Indeed, its victory is so complete, so ridiculously easy, that I, for one, felt a kind of shame as I wandered over the island.

For be it noted—and here is the paradox—old Nantucket was built by the Puritans, by a God-fearing, hard-working, close-fisted and none too literate people, who knew a vast deal more about whales than they did about art, who read their Bibles and little else, and who openly flouted the pomps and vanities of the mainland towns, not to mention those of the Old World. Yet, when they built a town of their own, they achieved an artistic unity of effect unknown today, they wrought every detail not only fittingly but beautifully, and, though they were undoubtedly working in a style common to the times, they achieved a definite individuality within that style, so that you could never mistake a Nantucket house for a Salem house, so that they expressed themselves, their island, their way of life, though doing it in the current American adaptation of the Georgian mode. Then came the sophisticated moderns, laughing at the Puritans, scorning the Puritan attitude toward art, blaming on the Puritans, in fact, most of the childishness or crudity of American artistic expression—and the best these moderns could do were hideous casinos, sprawling cottages with verandas stuck all over them helter-skelter, houses with broken and meaningless roof lines, windows badly spaced and without style, ornamentation without dignity, ginger-bread trimmings, and nothing, anywhere, that had repose, unity, beauty of outline or detail, or even adaptability to its site. The Nantucket Puritans, knowing nothing about art, created it. The moderns, who must know a lot about art since they talk about it so much, created something which is its utter negation. The matter calls for explanation.

II

While I was at Nantucket it chanced that several exponents of the New Psychology were there, too, giving lectures on how to bring up children to express themselves, how to conquer adult inhibitions, and otherwise how to overcome the terrible curse which Puritanism has laid upon the American people. There was a great deal of talk about competing with the East wind. But these new psychologists seemed oddly contented with the new architecture. Give them a bath, a golf course, a filling station, and a chance to talk about art and self-expression, and they appeared quite happy in houses which were the last word in ugliness. To worship art and create ugliness, or to scorn art and create beauty—which is the more useful procedure? I looked, and listened, and formed certain conclusions.

In an old history of the island I found an illuminating sentence. The early settlers, back in the Seventeenth Century, according to this writer (himself a descendant of the original islanders) "encouraged the immigration of mechanics and other artists." Mechanics *and other artists!* An artist, then, wasn't a fellow who wrote books, which many of the islanders in those days couldn't read, or plays, which all of the islanders would have regarded as wicked, or who expressed himself in painting pictures—except crude portraits or pictures of ships. He was a mechanic who made necessary and useful things, and expressed himself by making them strong and fine and seemly. Go to the oldest house on the island, built in 1686, and examine the wrought-iron hardware, such as the batten shutter

hinges. These little strap hinges, with arrow or round points, have a certain sturdy grace and individuality which is captivating. Much of the later brass hardware was probably brought from England, but the houses were not. They were built by "mechanics and other artists," built to endure, and built beautifully. These artist-mechanics also built, no doubt, the whaling ships which were towed out across the bar and sent round the Seven Seas. Trust a seafaring folk to know beautiful lines in a ship when they behold them! And beautiful lines in a ship mean lines adapted to the purpose of that ship. The men who built our wooden ships a century ago were perhaps the best carpenters we have ever produced, and they had few equals anywhere. In the appreciative seaport towns, they worked with similar skill on dwellings and public buildings, with unfailing resourcefulness in meeting individual problems of construction and detail, and an unfailing sense of balance and proportion. They did not collect proportion and detail from architects' plans; they had them in their heads, the result of long and loving practice of adapting their material to the requirements of use, and long familiarity with a tried style.

I stayed, on the island, in an old house dating from before the Revolutionary War. It looked deceptively small from the street, so well did its simple lines, its plain block front, merge into the general scheme of the neighborhood. Actually, it was commodious and comfortable. The paneling over the fireplaces was early Georgian, without a shelf, the mouldings heavy and the horizontal panels twenty-four inches wide. So well had

they been joined, and so firm were the foundations of the house, that not a crack or seam showed after almost two centuries. Save for this paneling and a nicely turned newel-post in the hall, the house had no interior decoration beyond the simple cornices and the moulding around the door and window frames. Yet it did not in the least suggest austerity or bareness. It suggested quiet comfort, ease, a sense of beauty without ostentation. The turned brass andirons, brightly polished, the brass topped shovel and tongs to match, the gaily painted bellows, the gay picture of a clipper ship under full sail on the wall, the chairs of a warm mahogany or painted and decorated, each one a shapely and charming object in itself, were not "collected" for this house. The owners had them. They had always been there. The house was practically unchanged, comely and comfortable, a work of art because it was so eminently a dwelling and so obviously beautiful as well. It wasn't created by people who talked about art, or who had theories of architecture and decoration, or, for that matter, self-expression. It was created by people who had taste, who wanted a ship to look shipshape and a house to look home-ly, and all the objects of daily use to please the eye—and knew instinctively, from long practice with tools, how to achieve their desires.

The Puritans of Nantucket left behind no poems and plays, but to say they left behind no art is ridiculous. They left behind an entire town which is a work of art, in its way as charming, and as nearly perfect, as anything in the Old World, and utterly different from anything in the Old World,—a unique expression. They were able to do this because, to them, art was expressed

through the crafts, and every man who used a tool (which meant almost every man) was an artist. None of them wrote sonnets, but I for one am not at all sure that the three red brick Starbuck houses are inferior to most of the productions in *Contemporary Verse* or even in Miss Monroe's *Poetry*. At any rate, if we today can write better poems than they wrote, what is the gain if we build hideous houses to write them in, and surround ourselves, while we babble about art, with objects of horrendous shape? One emphasis is at least as good as another, as much entitled to respect. To say the Puritans repressed the creative side of man, banished art from life, is to speak falsely. As even their very earliest craftsmanship showed, they found their channel of artistic expression in the creation of dwellings, ships, furniture, all the objects of daily use. They developed an instinctive respect for sound workmanship and a sense of fitness which made use and beauty one. It would harm nobody if there were more of such taste in America today.

III

What actually destroyed Puritan art was Jeffersonian democracy plus the machine. Go through a Nantucket house, not one of the Starbuck mansions, but an ordinary house, examining the old furniture and trim, then go through the pages of a Sears-Roebuck catalogue devoted to furniture and woodwork—and weep! The modern man has had no experience in building a house or in making a chair, or in using any sort of tool, for that matter. Behind him are three generations for

whom everything has been machine-made, and made not in accordance with a fine and accepted style, either, but according to fads and fashions and in the cheapest way. He has no tradition of craftsmanship, no tradition of an aristocratic and beautiful style, no understandings of such things. None of his surroundings expresses him, because he has had nothing to do with creating them. Therefore he doesn't comprehend what artistic expression is. Yet perhaps there is one exception. Almost any American man today is a judge of beauty in a motor-car, he instinctively *feels* beauty in a car which expresses with its long wheel base, its streamline body, its close contact with the road, that sense of boring power he wants it to express. This may not make him a good judge of literature and the drama, but it is a genuinely æsthetic reaction—often the only one he has. It is something to work from. He is asking of a machine-made product that it combine beauty with utility by fitly expressing its purpose in its shape. If, beyond that, his only drama is a movie, his only music the wailings of the radio, his only domestic art a *Ladies' Home Journal* suburban bungalow and a set of Sears-Roebuck golden oak, why blame the Puritans for it? Blame, rather, a century of machine products made for profit only, a century when every man believed he could be a Calvin Coolidge or a J. P. Morgan—and wanted to be, a century when art was looked down upon not because it was wicked but because it was trivial and unworthy of the attention of business men divinely ordained to get on in the world.

The Puritan concern with salvation, admittedly, left little room for intellectual concern with worldly litera-

ture. The Puritan suppression of the natural man no doubt persisted as a national trait and helped to keep much of our literature namby-pamby. But our homogeneous Puritan civilization nevertheless did produce art, and a very beautiful, original and enduring art, which we of today are going back to more and more. It was an art based on craftmanship, the art of making pots and pans, chairs and tables, houses and whole towns, dignified and beautiful, the art of adapting beauty to daily service. That art we have almost entirely lost ourselves, and our plaintive efforts to recover some of it are evidenced by all the *House Beautiful* magazines, and the craze for collecting antiques. Instead of expending so much breath blaming the Puritans because "The Adventures of Anatol" wasn't written by a citizen of Utica, New York, or because John S. Sumner tries to pass a Clean Books law, or because a movie kiss in Pennsylvania is limited to thirteen feet of film (or is it three?), it might be useful to point out that the Puritans didn't invent billboards, that they built beautiful houses, and built them honestly, that in all their ways of daily life they sought to express as finely as they could what they considered worthy of expression.

We think a great many things should be expressed which they didn't. All right then; for Heaven's sake let us express them! Nobody is really going to stop us if we do it well. But to blame the Puritans for our lack of "creative literature," when all round us lie evidences of our own complete lack of any art sense at all in the basic utilities of life, utilities which the Puritans made beautiful for sheer love of a good job well done, is a shiftless man's excuse for his own inefficiency. Certain

it is that until the common man knows when his house is beautiful, he will not know when a statue is, and until a false and ugly house hurts him, a false and ugly book will not. Until we can build a modern town as gracious and as beautiful as old Nantucket, we are scarcely in a position either to crow over our æsthetic superiority to the Puritans, or to blame them for all the shortcomings of our art. They left us a heritage of taste which could have been expanded to all branches of artistic creation—and we threw it away.

IV

ASSESSING LITERARY FIGURES

STEPHEN CRANE

By Carl Van Doren

Modern American literature may be said, accurately enough, to have begun with Stephen Crane thirty years ago. Its beginnings were far from clamorous and were at first very little noted. The nation in 1893 had the tariff, the panic, and the Columbian Exposition to think about. Among men of letters the elder classics were all dead but Holmes, who was chirping his valedictories in Boston: Mark Twain, Howells, Henry James, past middle age, had established their reputations on safe ground; the monthly magazines set the prevailing tone in literature—picturesque, kindly, and discreet. It is true that the sardonic Adams brothers were already at their work, but they, like the sons of Noah, concerned themselves with ancestral peccadilloes. It is true, too, that the poems of Emily Dickinson, posthumously issued, glittered like fireflies in the poetic twilight, but they were to have no heirs except Crane's ironic verses in their own century. Crane, breaking sharply with current literary modes, took the most contemporary life for his material and made himself heard before the decade ended.

Though "Maggie: A Girl of the Streets," appeared almost surreptitiously and by the public was altogether overlooked, it proved to Howells, at least, that Crane

was a writer who had sprung into life fully armed. He had indeed gone through no formal training either as writer or as reader. So far as he had a profession, it was reporting for the newspapers; so far as he had literary models, they were odd volumes of Tolstoy and Flaubert which he had picked up. What was at once original and mature in Crane was his habit of thinking. He called himself a man of sense, and deserved his title. For him the orthodox, the respectable, or the classical did not exist, or at any rate had no binding authority. He imagined the world as a ship which some god had fashioned carefully and then had heedlessly allowed to escape his jurisdiction,

> So that, forever rudderless, it went upon the seas
> Going ridiculous voyages,
> Making quaint progress,
> Turning as with serious purpose
> Before stupid winds.
> And there were many in the sky
> Who laughed at this thing.

The state of mankind in such a world could not seem to Crane entirely glorious. Its orthodoxies and respectabilities were, he felt, only so much cotton in which it liked to pack itself; and its classical—that is, traditional —ways of representing itself in art, often mere frozen gestures. Too unschooled and too impatient to look for the reality behind accepted forms of manners or of art, Crane was too honest to pretend that he saw it there. If he could not see life face to face, he did not particularly care to see it at all. He had, therefore, to study it below or above the conventional levels; in the slums,

on the battle-field, along the routes of difficult adventure. Reality for him, to be reality at all, had to be immediate and intense.

Both "Maggie" and its companion novel "George's Mother" illustrate this attitude. In the one a girl of the old Bowery neighborhood, driven from home by the drunken brutality of her mother, seeks refuge with a lover, loses him to a more practised woman, and drowns herself. In the other a young working-man of the same neighborhood, the last of five sons, falls in with a gang of toughs, loses his job, and breaks his mother's heart. For either of these stories the earlier nineties could have furnished Crane a formula by which he might have exhibited Maggie's career as edifying and George's as sentimental, taming the narrative by genteel expurgation and rounding them out with moral disquisition. When Crane went into the slums he did not go slumming. He would not condescend to his material. He reproduced the speech of his characters as exactly as his ability and the regulations of the Postoffice permitted him. He did not in the least mind that the savagery of some of his incidents would be sure to shock some of his readers. His method was as direct as his attitude. Without any parade of structure, without any of the pedantry of the well-made novel, he arranged his episodes on the simplest thread. Detail by detail, he caught hold of actuality as firmly as he could, and set it forth without regard to any possible censure except that which his own conscience would bring against him if he were less than honest. Then he left the rest to the ironical perception of any man of sense who might chance upon his books.

By a paradox which is a rule of art, Crane thus achieved, in his way, the effects which he had appeared to be neglecting, and wrote novels which are, in their way, classics, though minor classics. Certainly the moral tendency is indisputable. No girl ever ran away from home as a result of reading "Maggie"; no son ever forgot his parents as a result of reading "George's Mother." The fact that it seems ridiculous to point out the moral tendency of such stories shows how far Crane lifted them, as he has helped teach later novelists to lift their stories, out of the low plane of domestic sentimentalism, with its emphasis on petty virtues and vices, to the plane of the classics, with their emphasis on the major vices of meanness and cruelty and the major virtues of justice and magnanimity. In something of the same fashion he lifted his stories from the plane of art on which the guide-post is important or necessary to the plane on which wisdom is communicated immediately, by example not by precept, and the reader, having lived something and not merely learned it, is less likely to forget. To his contemporaries Crane seemed heartless when he plunged into forbidden depths and brought up dreadful things which he showed the world without apology or comment. A less conventional taste perceives that it would have been more heartless, as it would have been less artful, for him to intrude his doctrines into the presence of Maggie's or of George's mother's tragedy. Here are certain veritable happenings, the books insist. What is to be thought, the books tacitly inquire, about the world in which such horrors happen?

Crane's procedure was not essentially different with his masterpiece, "The Red Badge of Courage." Less

by Tolstoy or by Zola, a recent biographer points out, than by something more native, Crane was led to his handling of war. Ever since Appomattox there had of course been going on a literary attempt to make the Civil War out an epic conflict, with all the appurtenances of pomp and heroism. But side by side with that had run a popular memory of it, not enshrined in books, which former soldiers exchanged in the vernacular and repeated, no doubt often tediously, to any others who would listen. In this popular memory Crane found his material. For his protagonist he chose an ordinary recruit, fresh from an inland farm, and carried him through his first experience of actual fighting. As the recruit naturally has no notion of the general plan of battle, he has to obey commands that he does not understand, that he resents, that he hates. His excited senses color the occasion, even the landscape. He suffers agonies of fatigue and almost a catastrophe of fear before he becomes acclimated to his adventure. Perhaps he seems unusually imaginative, but he is presented without too much subtlety. He speaks a convincing boyish dialect. His sensations are limited to something like his spiritual capacity. Though he is a pawn of war, he is also a microcosm. When Crane later saw a battle he found that he had been accurate in his account, not because he had studied military strategy but because he had placed the centre of the affair where it belongs, in the experience of the individual soldier.

If "The Red Badge" afforded Crane a happy opportunity to bring his ideas to bear upon a matter which he thought had long been swaddled in heroic nonsense, so did it afford him a happy opportunity to exercise his art.

The soldier is a lens through which a whole battle may be seen, a sensorium upon which all its details may be registered. But, being in the fear of death, he is not a mere transparent lens, a mere passive sensorium. The battle takes a kind of mad shape within his consciousness as the tangled items of it stream through him. Since the action of the narrative is all laid in his excited mind, it has no excuse for ever being perfunctory or languid. All is immediate, all is intense. This gives the excuse for an occasional heightening of the language nearly to the pitch of poetry, as here: "As he listened to the din from the hillside, to a deep pulsating thunder that came from afar to the left, and to the lesser clamors which came from many directions, it occurred to him that they were fighting, too, over there, and over there, and over there. Heretofore he had supposed that all the battle was directly under his nose. As he gazed around him the youth felt a flash of astonishment at the pure, blue sky and the sun gleaming on the trees and fields. It was surprising that Nature had gone tranquilly on with her golden process in the midst of so much devilment." And yet the thrill of the narrative does not arise from the language, so rarely and so delicately is it elevated. It arises from a certain air of integrity which the whole novel owes to the closeness with which the action is imagined and the candor with which it is represented. Once more Crane, disregarding the heroic and throwing the grand style overboard, had been justified, and had taken a long step in the direction which American literature was to travel for a generation.

Not merely American literature. In England where, says H. G. Wells, "The Red Badge" came as "a record

of an intensity beyond all precedent," Crane seemed "the first expression of the opening mind of a new period." By comparison Henry James looked a little tenuous, Kipling a little metallic, Stevenson a little soft. Joseph Conrad, significantly, was among Crane's particular admirations and admirers. Without Conrad's brooding vision and his ground swells of rhythm, the younger man had something of the same concentration upon vivid moments. But the influence of Crane in England, as in America, was toward brilliance, toward impressionism. After the success which "The Red Badge" brought him he flashed brightly across many scenes. He went as a journalist to the Southwest and to Mexico; he tried to go filibustering to Cuba. He who had never witnessed a battle was asked, on the strength of his book, to be a war correspondent in Greece and in the Caribbean. He moved back and forth between New York and London, always in the cleverest company. Scandal endowed him with a legendary eminence in wild oats which he would have been too busy to sow even if he had been disposed. In these circumstances, he tended to have better fortune with short stories than with novels. By some queer turn of irony the author of "The Open Boat," "The Monster," "The Blue Hotel" has been left out of the canon which the queer experts in the short story have gradually evolved, but of late his mastery of the form is coming to be more and more admitted. He could, as in "The Open Boat," tell a straight story of adventure with breathless ferocity. He could, as in "The Monster," expose the stupidity of public opinion in a cramped province. He could, as in "The Blue Hotel," show fate working blindly and causelessly

in the muddled lives of men. At other times he was full of comedy. And always he was spare, pungent, intense.

He had Melville's bold combination of largeness and humor, with a pungency of phrase which is Crane's alone. Thus, for example, he gives an episode of the perilous voyage in "The Open Boat": "Canton flannel gulls flew near and far. Sometimes they sat down on the sea, near patches of brown seaweed that rolled on the waves with a movement like carpets on a line in a gale. The birds sat comfortably in groups, and they were envied by some in the dingey, for the wrath of the sea was no more to them than it was to a covey of prairie chickens a thousand miles inland. Often they came very close and stared at the men with bead-like eyes. At these times they were uncanny and sinister in their unblinking scrutiny, and the men hooted angrily at them, telling them to be gone. One came, and evidently decided to alight on the top of the captain's head. The bird flew parallel to the boat and did not circle, but made short sidelong jumps in the air in chicken-fashion. His black eyes were wistfully fixed on the captain's head. 'Ugly brute,' said the oiler to the bird, 'You look as if you were made with a jack-knife.' The cook and the correspondent swore darkly at the creature. The captain naturally wished to knock it away with the end of the heavy painter; but he did not dare do it because anything resembling an emphatic gesture would have capsized this freighted boat, and so with his open hand, the captain gently and carefully waved the gull away. After it had been discouraged from the pursuit the captain breathed easier on account of his hair." Without a touch of heroic language Crane here

immensely heightens the scene by making it, though death crowds upon it, somehow droll. At such passages the drama grows breathless.

The demand for intensity in fiction, of course, goes in and out of fashion. Some other, calmer age may regard Crane as hectic. He occupies, however, a temperate position between the writers who seem flat and the writers who seem to have carried impressionism to a dizzy verge. Crane is never obscure. The first of the imagists, he never becomes jagged in his manner, nor sacrifices movement to the elaboration of striking detail. To call him a journalist of genius helps to define him, but there still remains the problem of his haunting charm. That charm springs, in large measure, from his free, courageous mind. Lucidity like his is poetry. Even when he is journalistically crude and incorrect, as he often is, he reveals an intelligence working acutely upon its observations. He has therefore the smallest possible burden of nonsense to carry with him. He does not worry himself with insoluble mysteries, such as the duties of the cosmic whole to the finite individual.

> A man said to the universe:
> "Sir, I exist!"
> "However," replied the universe,
> "The fact had not created in me
> A sense of obligation."

Thus jauntily Crane can dismiss the larger metaphysics. He works within a tangible area. And when his intelligence has brought him close to his material he feels for it the desire of a lover. That he sees life under the light of irony does not diminish his passion but increases

it. Are these characters, these situations, these comic or tragic consequences, after all, only the brief concerns of fate? Doubtless. But they have importance for the ephemeral creatures who are involved in them. And they have pattern and color for the unduped yet affectionate spectator.

POE AS A CRITIC

By George E. Demille

I

In 1845 the editor of *Graham's Magazine* asked James Russell Lowell, the brilliant young critic from Boston, to write a review of some prose tales recently published by a young Virginian, Edgar Allan Poe. That editor deserves the thanks of posterity, for by his act he brought into contact the two greatest American critics of his day —perhaps, indeed of any day; the two fathers of American criticism.

There is a singular contrast between the two men. Lowell, the favorite son of the New England literary aristocracy, professor at Harvard, literary ambassador, lived on to be the nearest to a literary dictator America has ever seen, dying in 1891 as one of the grand old men of American letters. Poe, outcast and erratic, after struggling for a few years to make a bare living, died in the gutter, and was buried beneath a heap of Pharisaic censure. Like the fates of the two men have been the fates of their critical writings. Lowell has been the most widely accepted and quoted of American critics,

but no two men seem able to agree as to the merits of Poe's criticism. Opinions have been published ranging all the way from the supercilious sneer of Henry James —"probably the most complete and exquisite specimen of provincialism ever prepared for the edification of men"—to Robertson's sweeping statement that it "will better stand critical examination today than any similar work produced in America or England in his time." Until twenty years ago, James's view was rather generally received, but now, with the coming of another Younger Generation, it has become the fashion to sneer at Lowell and to laud Poe. Amid this welter of opinions one fact stands out clearly: Lowell is read. His phrases have passed into our histories of literature. His criticism is still on sale in the bookshops—or perhaps I should say used to be on sale, for the last few years have made considerable havoc in his reputation and influence. As for Poe, two essays, "The Poetic Principle" and "The Rationale of Verse," are fairly well known, but save when disturbed by the occasional prowlings of the special student, the rest of his criticism gathers dust on the library shelves.

Reading Poe's criticism has convinced me of two things: that he has something to say that is genuinely worth saying, and that he is never likely to gain an opportunity of saying it to the general reader. It is with the purpose of explaining these two opinions that I have undertaken this study. I wish here to examine Poe's criticism in a more detailed and analytical fashion than has yet been done. In the course of this examination I think I can make it clear why his criticism, in spite of its great and peculiar merits, never has been read,

and probably never will be read by any large number of people.

II

For convenience, I shall divide Poe's criticism into two parts, according to whether he deals with a particular writer or is discussing a matter of general literary theory. A mere glance at the titles of his articles on individual authors reveals at once one of the main reasons why he is unread. By far the larger and more important part of Lowell's criticism deals with classical authors—Spenser, Chaucer, Pope, Dryden, Gray,—but Poe offers nothing of the kind. Again, when Lowell undertakes to review contemporaries, he has an uncanny instinct for picking out the one man in a group of twenty contemporaries who is destined to survive. Practically every man on whom he has written at any length is still a living writer. Poe, on the contrary, treats every author who comes his way. As a result, Lowell is doubly sure of an audience. His essay on Chaucer is likely to be read both by those who are interested in Lowell and by those who are interested in Chaucer. The ordinary reader, to whom literature is a diversion, wants to know what Lowell has to say about "The Færie Queene." But he cares very little what Poe has to say about Moore's "Alciphron" or Seba Smith's "Powhatan." It is exasperating that so much critical intelligence should have been wasted in the consideration of men not worth bothering with. One ought not to use a sixteen-inch gun to shoot sparrows.

Turning, then, to Poe's reviews—they are in the fullest sense reviews—let us look first at his critical method.

In spite of his pronounced Romantic leanings, his criticism is in at least two important respects in the full Eighteenth Century tradition. It is invariably judicial. Poe has very definite opinions as to the merits of the authors he reads, and no hesitancy whatsoever about expressing these opinions flatly. And they always appear, not as the result of pure inspiration or of innate taste, but as reasoned conclusions from general principles. Does he wish to deny high poetic rank to Drake? He first sets up a distinction between fancy and the imagination. (All respectable critics from the time of Coleridge on had to make this distinction; it was a necessary part of their business. Poe is the only man I know who makes sense of it.) From it he proceeds to show that Drake's poetry possesses only the lesser quality. Does he wish to form a judgment on Hawthorne's tales? He preludes his essay by a definition of the prose tale. Does he wish to condemn the didacticism of Longfellow? He must first limit the respective provinces of truth and beauty in poetry.

No one could say of Poe, as has been so often said of modern reviewers, that he was not in the habit of reading the books he reviewed. Once he had made his definition, stated his general law, established his major premise, he proceeded in logical fashion to prove his case, not by vague generalizations, but by a most minute examination of the book under review. Nothing was too small to escape his critical eye, no detail too minute, no analysis too technical. Here, for instance, is his article on Longfellow's "Spanish Student." He begins by discussing the general theme of the play, endeavoring to find out how far Longfellow's conception

is original. From the theme, he proceeds logically to the plot. His first move is to give a synopsis of the whole story. Then follows a discussion of the irrelevancy of certain scenes, Poe taking pains in each case to show just why the incident in question adds nothing to the advance of the plot. After this, he points out half a dozen inconsistencies in the conduct of the story. Finally, he shoots the whole plot full of holes by naming incident after incident that is as old as the hills and as stageworn as the familiar missing will. The plot thus disposed of, Poe attacks Longfellow's attempts at humor—mainly by the simple yet effective device of quotation without comment. Finally, the facts being all presented, he arrives with the utmost logic at the conclusion that the whole piece, while containing here and there a line of passable poetry, is a play quite unworthy of any critical respect.

This attention to detail is highly characteristic of all his criticism. He never discusses poetry without delving into scansion, without noting bad rhymes, misplaced accents. He spends two pages in a review of "Horseshoe Robinson," calling attention to mistakes in punctuation. He is forever assailing authors for their errors in grammar. Here is a bit from an article on Bryant:

> The five concluding lines of the stanza are not equally effective:
>
> "When o'er the buds of youth the dead-wind blows,
> And blights the fairest; when our bitterest tears
> Stream, as the eyes of those that love us close,
> We think on what they were, with many fears
> Lest goodness die with them, and leave the coming years."

The defects, here, are all of a metrical and of course minor nature, but are still defects. The line

"When o'er the buds of youth the death-wind blows"

is impeded in its flow by the final *th* in *youth,* and especially in *death* where *w* follows. The word *tears* cannot readily be pronounced after the final *st* in *bitterest;* and its own final consonant, *rs,* in like manner renders an effort necessary in the utterance of *stream,* which commences the next line.

Now all this makes Poe a good critic, but devilish hard reading. He is, and rightly, technical, but that is not all of criticism. It is not even the most pleasant part. It is, however, a necessary part. The foundation of judicial criticism, if the judgment is to be worth anything, must be an examination of technicalities. Unfortunately the ordinary intelligent reader, to whom literature is an amusement, is not interested in technicalities. A few pages of the sort of thing I have quoted put him to sleep. And so Poe stays on the shelf.

III

I am sometimes inclined to divide critics into two classes—those who think and those who don't. To the latter group—to return to the original antithesis—Lowell belongs. So long as he deals with questions of pure taste, so long as he remains in the region of feeling, he is safe. But when he tries to prove his case, to give reasons for his instinctive conclusions, the reader is in for a bit of high comedy. The man simply couldn't think, and his attempts to do so are often downright funny. Poe is his exact opposite. At first glance, one would unhesitatingly class the author of "The Fall of

the House of Usher'' and ''Annabel Lee'' as an emotionalist—and correctly. But when the emotionalist—or even the sensualist—can reason in any sort, he is likely to reason with unequalled power and clearness. Poe himself noted and commented on this frequent and yet surprising combination of faculties. ''The reasoning powers,'' he said, ''never exist in perfection unless when allied with a high degree of the imaginative faculty.'' In his tales, his poems, his life, Poe appears at first glance as the incarnation of the popular notion of the literary man—a creature of pure feeling, of sensitive, tingling nerves, unordered by reason. And yet this is the same man who offered to solve any cipher the readers of his magazine might devise—and succeeded.

In criticism it is his reasoning side that is always uppermost. Not that he makes the Eighteenth Century mistake of applying the test of common sense to everything in literature. He is too good a reasoner for that. He always allows—witness his theory of poetry—for the function of emotion. But he also sticks to this logical method, which has one defect—a very grave defect, indeed. He has in perfection the art of putting two and two together—but in criticism, unfortunately, two and two do not make four. They must be stretched to make five, or seven, or sometimes seventeen. A poem may be composed of four lines, but an examination of those four lines with respect to scansion, rhyme scheme, diction, and ideas, no matter how keenly and searchingly carried out, does not quite bring us to a complete and final judgment. After all the syllables have been counted, after all the ideas have been evaluated, we are still far from having reached our destination. To bridge the

gap, the critic has nothing on which he can rely save his inborn literary instinct. And it is just at this point that Poe most often fails.

I believe that there has never been a critic of equal rank with Poe who has been equally unreliable in his literary judgments. His processes are admirable, but when it comes to the final step, his taste is subject to frequent and ridiculous aberrations. Speaking of contemporary English novelists, he asserts that he knows of "none that possess the power of Bulwer." He goes even further. "Viewing Bulwer as a novelist," he grandly declares, "he is unsurpassed by any writer living or dead." Southey is "great in every department of literature he has attempted." And how it must gladden the heart of Henry van Dyke to hear this demi-god of the younger generation say of Tennyson, "In perfect sincerity I regard him as the noblest poet that ever lived." But best of all his wild-cat admirations is his idolatry of Moore. Moore, he says, "is the most skilful literary artist of his day—perhaps of any day." Of Moore's "Alciphron" he remarks, in his sweeping fashion, "We could not point out a poem in any language which, as a whole, greatly excels it." All this worries me. I am a professional student of literature; I am supposed to have a bowing acquaintance with most of the classics. And yet I had never before heard the name of this stupendous work!

Fortunately, Poe was not always like that. Most of his specific judgments were correct. He was one of the first critics in America to appreciate Dickens. He saw clearly that Bryant stood far above all the other American poets of his day. He hailed Longstreet's "Georgia

Scenes'' as a ''sure omen of better days for the literature of the South.'' Four years after it was made, he retracted his first judgment of Bulwer, and placed that flashy gentleman among second-raters. With exceeding critical tact, he separated the mountain of chaff in Longfellow from the small but precious half-bushel of poetry. And one of the keenest bits of critical analysis I remember having seen anywhere is his review of Macaulay's ''Essays.'' In two pages, he gives us Macaulay in a nutshell—his clarity, his closeness of logic, his practical sagacity and fatal lack of depth, his dazzling luminousness that prevents our seeing the casuistry behind it—all set forth with a keenness and clearness unexcelled by Macaulay himself.

But, since Poe is always systematically judicial, his likes—whether right or wrong—are of less importance than his dislikes. Systematic judicial criticism is primarily a means, not of discovering truth, but of exposing error. The particular function of the judicial critic, the thing that he can do and that no one else can do, is the flagellation of bad authors. It is impossible to comprehend Poe's position as a critic unless one understands clearly that he was a literary reformer. At about the same time Lowell was also setting out with the definite idea of raising the literary standards of America. In this work, Lowell was the evangelist, whose function it was to preach to the cultural heathen of America the gospel according to Chaucer and Spenser. Poe was rather the prophet, denouncing literary vice, and pointing the moral of his sermons by dealing out resounding thwacks on the heads of literary sinners. His text, as he himself stated it, was plain enough: ''As a literary

people, we are one vast perambulating humbug. . . . We should have no trouble in pointing out today some twenty or thirty so-called literary personages, who, if not idiots, as we half think them, or if not hardened to all shame by a long course of disingenuousness, will now blush, in the perusal of these words, through consciousness of the shadowy nature of that purchased pedestal upon which they stand. With the help of a hearty good will, even *we* may yet tumble them down." Against humbuggery, quackery, puffing, against bad books and bad authors, Poe waged unceasing and bitter war. No one can accuse him of any slowness in bidding quacks go to the devil. Here are some of the critical bricks he hurled:

"The simple truth is, Mr. Downing never committed a greater mistake in his life than when he fancied himself a poet, even in the ninety-ninth degree." [That for the illustrious author of "Powhatan, an Epic."]

"There are twenty young men of our acquaintance who make no pretence to literary ability, yet who would produce a better book in a week." [And that for the still-remembered Captain Marryat.]

"As a history this work is invaluable; as a novel, it is well-nigh worthless." [Oh, heresy! He is speaking of James Fenimore Cooper, the American Scott, the first great American novelist!]

"Without design, without shape, without beginning, middle, or end, what earthly object has this book accomplished?" ["Hyperion," by the sainted Henry Wadsworth Longfellow.]

"What is 'The Vision of Rubeta' more than a vast gilded swill-trough, overflowing with 'Dunciad' and water?"

"We readily forgive a man for being a fool if he only be a perfect fool—and this is a particular in which we can-

not put our hands upon our hearts and say that Mr. Headley is deficient."

Drake's "American Flag," which still survives in school readers, "owes its high and undeserved reputation to our patriotism—and not to our judgment." But most charming of all are his verdicts on that gloomy bore, William Harrison Ainsworth. "The Tower of London" is "a somewhat ingenious admixture of pedantry, bombast and rigmarole. . . . The writer keeps us in a perpetual state of preparation for something magnificent, but the something magnificent never arrives. . . . If ever, indeed, a novel were less than nothing, that novel is 'Guy Fawkes'." I like that: I once read "Guy Fawkes"!

One might go on indefinitely with such quotations. For nearly eleven years this warfare against literary idiocy was the main business of Poe's life. The Brook Farm colony, the novels of G. P. R. James, the Boston literary clique, even such consecrated objects as "Pilgrim's Progress" and "Paradise Lost" receive attention from his critical flail.

IV

So much for Poe the reviewer. But I have not touched on the best side of his criticism. His particular excellence lies in his almost unique ability to apply a keen and marvellously logical thinking machine to the problem of literature. As I have tried to show, when it is a question of pronouncing on the merits of an author, intelligence is not enough. There Poe often fails. But criticism does not consist merely of bringing

authors before a court of review and there passing judgment on their evil deeds. It has also its scientific side. Here Poe excels. Looking over as much of the field of literature as he knows, he constantly exercises his powers of analysis to induce from literary phenomena the general laws that govern them.

Before I go on to examine his contributions to literary theory, I must note one weakness that injured much of his work in that field. The task of the literary generalizer is analogous to that of the natural scientist. Gathering as many facts as he can amass, he must endeavor to discover in them some common denominator, some guiding principle. Obviously, the value of his generalization must depend considerably on the completeness of his collection of facts. Just here Poe is undoubtedly weak. He was in no sense of the word a scholar. In the English and American literature of his day he was quite thoroughly read, but of English literature previous to the Nineteenth Century he knew very little. His occasional dissertations on Latin prosody are highly revealing—of his ignorance of Latin literature. His knowledge of foreign literatures was almost a blank. I doubt whether there is a practicing critic of any standing today whose ignorance of many of the subjects essential to the proper carrying on of the trade is as profound as was Poe's. That, with his incomplete knowledge, his theories were so generally sound, is the best evidence I know of the extraordinary power of his mind.

Let us look, first, at his theory of criticism. I believe I can best explain it by standing aside for an instant, and letting Poe speak for himself:

Of one who instructs we demand, in the first instance, a certain knowledge of the principles which regulate the instruction. . . .

When we attend less to authority and more to principles, when we look less at merit and more at demerit, we shall be better critics than we are. . . .

Criticism is not an essay, nor a sermon, nor an oration, nor a chapter in history, nor a philosophical speculation, nor a prose-poem, nor an art-novel, nor a dialogue. We would wish to limit literary criticism to comment on Art. A book is written, and it is only as the book that we subject it to review. With the opinions of the author the critic really has nothing to do. It is his part simply to decide upon the mode in which these opinions are brought to bear. And this art now no more than in the days of the "Dunciad" can, without neglect of its duty, dismiss errors of grammar, or hand over an imperfect rhyme or a false quantity to the proof-reader. . . .

In general, we should not be overscrupulous about niceties of phrase, when the matter in hand is a dunce to be gibbeted. Speak out—or the person may not understand you. He is to be hung? Then hang him by all means; but make no bow where you mean no obeisance, and eschew the droll delicacy of the Clown in the play—"Be so good, sir, as to rise and be put to death."

Unless I am very much mistaken, there is a complete theory of criticism contained in these brief passages. Furthermore, I think I have demonstrated that Poe, unlike the vast majority of critics, actually stuck to his system. I don't believe that his system is all there is of criticism; but at least it is coherent and he consistently and constantly followed it.

Underlying all his theories there is an implicit division of literature into two classes—one appealing mainly to the intelligence, the other directed purely at the emotions. In the first class we find the novel and the drama, in the second the short story and the lyric. The longer forms of poetry, it will be noted, have no place here; Poe does not recognize the long poem as a literary form at all.

Although a good half of his reviews deal with novels, his theory of the novel is less complete than his theory of any other form. But one can still reconstruct the outlines of it from his random observations. Of plot, he has a very high notion, as his definition shows; it is "that in which no part can be displayed without ruin to the whole." Plot is to him not merely a vehicle for carrying along a number of characters, but an end in itself. He is interested in it as a manifestation of the author's skill; the pleasure he gets from it is the purely intellectual delight of contemplating good workmanship. But he realizes, nevertheless, that plot is not essential to the novel. If it lacks such a complex and carefully constructed framework, it should be "a work of genuine realism." Unfortunately, he did not define what he meant by realism. I should like to hazard a guess that he vaguely anticipated the modern distinction between realism and naturalism. Such a statement as the following, taken in conjunction with his frequent remarks about truth and nature in the novel, seems to point that way: "In my view, if an artist must paint decayed cheeses, his merit will lie in their looking as little like decayed cheeses as possible." However that may be,

we find Poe invariably criticising novels for one of two faults—inconsistency of plot, or unnaturalness of characterization.

V

Akin to his theory of the novel is his theory of the drama. I have experienced a good many surprises in reading his criticism, but I think the greatest came when I ran across his dramatic reviews. No one, as far as I am aware, has ever mentioned Poe as a theorist of the drama. Quantitatively, he had very little to do with the drama; there are only eight dramatic reviews, totaling some fifty pages, in the whole six volumes of his collected criticism. Yet these bits of articles contain the elements of a complete theory of the theatre. They are easily seventy-five years in advance of their time.

Alone in his day, Poe realized that the drama is, of all literary forms, the one that calls loudest for realistic treatment. He is continually demanding greater reality on the stage, continually attacking theatricality in all its forms—the hackneyed plot, the standard tricks of melodrama, the artificial expository device, the set type of character, all of which belonged to the stock in trade of the professional dramatist of his day. Although a lover of plot for plot's sake, or, better, plot for construction's sake, he declares that the complicated intrigue is a mistake. "It is not an essential. In its intense artificiality it may even be conceived injurious in a certain degree (unless constructed with consummate skill) to that real *life-likeness* which is the soul of the drama of character." Thus in a sentence he antici-

pates the realistic and naturalistic movements of 1880 and 1890.

Still more remarkable, he has the courage to apply the test of reality to the classic of the theatre. It is a fairly well-known fact in literary history that during the first half of the Nineteenth Century the drama in England and America was stunted, almost killed, by that exaggerated worship of the Elizabethans introduced by Charles Lamb, and carried to its *reductio ad absurdum* by Swinburne. In 1844 Lowell brought this doctrine of Elizabethan perfection to America in his excessively laudatory chapters on Ford and Chapman in "Conversations on Some of the Old Poets." But in 1845, when this religion was at its undisputed height, Poe remarked, casually, in the course of a two-page notice of Hazlitt: "The drama has not declined as many suppose: it has only been left out of sight by everything else. We must discard all models. The Elizabethan theatre must be abandoned. We need thought of our own—principles of dramatic action drawn not from the old dramatists but from the fountain of a nature that can never grow old." Thus by seventy-five years he anticipated William Archer. Not only did he attack in this fashion the demi-gods of early Romanticism; he even strolled into the temple and disrespectfully thumbed his nose at the deity itself—he dared to question the celestial perfection of Shakespeare. "We talk of Hamlet the man," he said, "instead of Hamlet the *dramatis persona*—of Hamlet that God, in place of Hamlet that Shakespeare created. It is not then the inconsistencies of the acting man which we have as a subject of discussion (although we proceed as if it were, and thus inevitably err) but

the whims and vacillations, the conflicting energies and indolences of the poet." That sort of common sense is common enough now, but it was shocking heresy in 1845.

In one other respect Poe showed himself, as a dramatic critic, far ahead of his time. Paying no attention to the horrible distinction, common in his day and throughout the greater part of his century, between the literary drama, written only to be read, and the acted drama, a thing not to be considered seriously by true critics, he treated all drama as something devised for actual performance on a stage. On one occasion, he received for review a copy of a forgotten play by a forgotten authoress—Mrs. Mowatt's "Fashion." He read it, and wrote his review. On the next night he went to see the play performed, found that many of his impressions received from reading were wrong, and wrote a second review, correcting his first judgments in the light of the stage performance. Carrying the same principle to its logical conclusion, he condemned on the one hand revivals of Greek tragedy, and declared, on the other, that the so-called "dramatic poem," the pet of Byron, Tennyson, and Browning, was a bastard form.

VI

Poe has been called the inventor of the short story, but the ascription is highly doubtful. Certainly, however, he was the first critic to discuss the short story as an independent literary form. His half-dozen pages of theorizing on the subject are as important to the theory of the short story as is Aristotle's "Poetics" to the theory of the drama. Every work that has been

written on the same subject since his time has either amplified or contradicted his notion. This notion is, in brief, that the short story should be constructed with the single aim of producing one single effect, evoking one single mood. Its particular characteristic, its particular virtue is in its unity, its air of totality. Everything in the story should contribute to this effect. The result should be, what the novel because of its length cannot be, a perfect and complete work of art. On this tiny foundation of theory has been built the enormous structure of the modern short story.

Now, all the literary doctrines I have so far noted have one characteristic in common. They are all purely incidental or casual in their nature. That, I think, is the main reason why they have been so generally overlooked. They are buried away in the most inaccessible places; one plods through page after page of plot summary and grammatical fault-finding to come suddenly upon one brief, flashing sentence that kills, once and for all, some senile literary fallacy, or states, with as near finality as is possible in such matters, a lasting law of literature.

I have left untouched Poe's most important body of literary theory—his principles of poetry. I intend to leave it untouched. As I remarked at the beginning of this study, two of his critical essays are fairly well known—"The Poetic Principle," and "The Rationale of Verse." They constitute together the only fully developed body of literary theory left to us. In the first of these essays, he lays down his general ideas as to the aims and ends of poetry. In the second he works out a system of poetic mechanics. The two can be found

in almost any anthology of American prose, in almost any collection of critical essays. Whoever is interested may hunt them out for himself. As examples of literary theorizing they are almost without equal—tantalizing samples of what Poe could do when he tried. The man really had something to say. Given leisure, given twenty years more in which to remedy his ignorance, given even a decent home and a "living wage," there were no limits to what he might have done.

Even as he was, he remains a great critic. He raised bumps on the heads of more literary idiots than any other man of his time. He was the first critic of the Nineteenth Century to formulate a consistent and comprehensible theory of criticism. He laid down principles of the drama that we are just now beginning to have sense enough to follow. He made the short story a respectable form of literature. Finally, he worked out in its entirety the most complete and logical theory of poetry that has yet been written down, topping it with a prosody that knocks the syllable-counting system of Latinizing pedants into a cocked hat. Not a bad life's work, after all.

V

WRITING THE BRIEF CRITICISM

WHAT IS STYLE?[1]

By H. L. Mencken

I

Dr. Brownell labors his subject to the extent of 217 pages, but his principal thesis may be put, as he puts it himself, into one sentence: Style is ". . . that factor of a work of art which preserves in every part some sense of the form of the whole." It is an admirable definition, and gets much further than those he quotes from other sages. The essence of a good style, in brief, is that it should be *fitting*—that every element entering into it, from the intellectual dignity of the words chosen to their color and cadence, should reflect, as closely as possible, the tone and tenor of the composition as a whole, and of the subject it discusses. Bad writing almost always consists of a quarrel between the parts and the whole. A United States Senator, rising to pronounce a eulogy upon a colleague dead of drink, employs terms fit for a panegyric upon Washington, Bismarck or Coolidge: the result is bathos. A cornfed critic, reviewing a book by Cabell or Dreiser, employs the rhetorical devices of a Baptist evangelist: the result is humor. Dr. Brownell himself, discussing as an artist

[1] *The Genius of Style.* By W. C. Brownell. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

the great and lovely art of prose, falls anon into a pastiche of quotations: the effect, I fear, is not as charming as it should be. The proper man to do a book on style is a stylist. What a good one William James could have done! Or Cabell could do today! Or George Moore! Dr. Brownell, it appears, has not carried his studies of style far enough to have heard of these gentlemen. He believes that Mrs. Wharton is "the writer most distinguished among our contemporary fictionists (*sic!*) for achieving beauty through style." Nor does he mention Thomas Henry Huxley.

Huxley, I daresay, would not seem much of a stylist to Dr. Brownell, for there were few adornments in his writing, and it is always the adornments that rhetoricians think of when they discuss style. In Dr. Brownell's book, indeed, at least two-thirds of the space is given over to them. But Huxley had a talent a great deal more useful and important than that for staining glass: he had a talent for making it brilliantly transparent. His English remains, perhaps, the clearest ever written, and, by a necessary consequence, the most persuasive. No subject, however obscure, was beyond his skill at lucid statement. He thus had a style that was fundamentally of the first rank, whatever its lack of ornament, for anything that is simply and clearly written is well written, and anything that is murkily written is badly written. In other words, the cake must be there before the frosting goes on. No gift for juicy and astounding words, however gorgeously displayed, is sufficient to compensate for muddled thinking. This fact brings many ambitious stylists to grief. More than once it brought even the mighty Pater to grief.

The true master of style in prose, like the true master of style in architecture, knows when to stay his hand. The most lovely metaphors ever heard of would not have improved Lincoln's Gettysburg speech. An austere diffidence and restraint, even a sort of awe, had to be got into it—and Lincoln knew how to achieve such things. When a more fluid decoration is called for the business remains quite as difficult. Where a lily is the thing, a red rose is as shocking as an onion. Here is the essential art of speech, and it cannot be taught, even by Dr. Brownell. The good stylist hears with an inner and secret ear. Words, to that ear, have delicate rhythms and almost invisible shades of colors. He selects and arranges them by a sort of instinct. His meaning must be in them, clearly and unmistakably, but above that meaning there must be overtones—an ebb and flow of purely æsthetic appeal. Every part, as Dr. Brownell so well says, must spring inevitably out of the whole, and be an essential part of it. There must be, in all good writing, fitness, coherence, form, organization.

ARROWSMITH [1]

By H. L. Mencken

Of Sinclair Lewis' technical skill it is unnecessary to speak. The fellow, indeed, has a vast cunning at the art he adorns and staggers—far more than any of the high-toned English novelists who swarm across the ocean to

1 *Arrowsmith,* by Sinclair Lewis. New York: Harcourt, Brace & Company.

instruct and patronize Yankee blighters. If he would pull himself together, translate his very sure instincts into plain propositions, and put them on paper, the result would be the best treatise on novel-writing ever heard of. His "Babbitt" is not only an extremely engaging story, full of grotesque and devastating humors; it is also, in structure, the very model of a modern novel. It hangs together admirably. It moves, breathes, lives. From the first page to the last there is not the slightest faltering in direction or purpose. If you think that planning a novel so adeptly is an easy job, then try to do it yourself. Try, indeed, to write *any* book—that is, of more than a hundred pages. What you will inevitably discover, to your dismay, is that the author's worst peril is that of getting lost in his own manuscript—of standing blinded and gasping in the middle, unable to discern either one end or the other. Lewis never falls into that difficulty, or, if he does, he always surmounts it with great aplomb. Even in "Main Street," vast in area, crowded with people and flabby in design, he never got lost for an instant. And even in "Arrowsmith," treading unfamiliar and arduous ground and constantly confronted by technical problems of a complicated and onerous sort, he never wabbles. Once the thing gets under way—and it gets under way toward the bottom of the first page—it thunders on in a straight line to an inescapable conclusion. There are episodes, true enough. There is what the musicians call passage work. There are moments of voluptuous lingering, as over stuff too sweet to be left behind. But there is never any uncertainty in design. There is never any wavering in theme or purpose.

The theme, in brief, is the burden which lies upon any man, in our highly materialistic society, who gives over his life to the pursuit of truth—not only the indifference and contempt which he must face, but also the positive opposition which he must face. The public theory, of course, is that the tide runs the other way. Haven't we two or three hundred universities, more than all Europe and all Asia, and don't all of them devote at least a part of their funds to keeping scholars? Aren't there scores of great foundations for research, maintained gloriously by Baptists in the oil business, Rotarians in the chewing tobacco business, Harvard graduates in the bond business? Doesn't the government itself provide three thousand jobs for scientists? Are not thousands more employed by the States, the cities, the correspondence schools, the rolling mills, the manufacturers of vaccines, tooth-pastes, oleomargarine, sheep washes, wall-papers, ready-mixed paints? All true, and yet the tragic fact remains. What ails every one of these undertakings for the fostering of science is that, whatever its pretensions on the label, it is utilitarian in the bottle—that its primary aim is to back the scientist into a comfortable stall and milk him like a cow. This is true even of the most pretentious of the scientific foundations: the glorified Babbitts who sit on their boards are all hot for "practical" results, and judge every aspiring Virchow or Rayleigh by the ease and rapidity with which he reaches them. It is true especially of the universities, which have been converted of late into mere breeding pens for industrial laboratory slaves and "research" workers, *i. e.*, kept scientists, *i. e.*, anti-scientists. The State universities in the Middle West have gone

the whole hog; they frankly put the professor of swine husbandry and his colleague of ice-cream making above the forlorn fellows who presume to inquire into such useless subjects as philology and archæology. Even in the East the thing has rolled a long way. Harvard, like Kansas and Michigan, now trains bookkeepers, pig-iron salesmen, and liars to write bond circulars; the Johns Hopkins was but lately offering courses in choir leading and motor troubles. Do the medical schools remain? Alas, no. Their old aim of breeding competent doctors is now abandoned, and they devote themselves to teaching brisk young fellows how to invent new sure cures for chilblains and psoriasis, and so provide the "director of public relations" with something to hand out to the newspaper boys, and so attract the favorable notice of illiterates with millions for endowments. It used to be football; now it is quackery.

Yet scientists remain among us. They are hatched every year, sometimes in low life. The passion which animated Johannes Müller and Karl Ludwig penetrates, curiously, to the remotest reaches of the land. Of our two native-born Nobel prize-winners—both workers in pure science—one was born in an Illinois village and the other in a suburb of Philadelphia. But what is the national machinery for rescuing such fellows from their surroundings, and helping them to develop their powers? Is it effective? Does it work? The thesis of "Arrowsmith" is that it doesn't—that, on the contrary, it opposes and hobbles them—that most of its help goes to quacks. Nearly five hundred pages are devoted to that thesis—five hundred pages of riotous and often barbarous humor, yet always with a sharp

undertone of irony in it, always with a bitter flavor. Lewis, in brief, preaches. Well, if this be preaching let us have more of it! For it has the strange aim, for preaching, of combating fraud and obscurantism, of getting at and hymning the truth. It has a moral, but there is in it no snuffling moralizing. Arrowsmith is no peerless Florestan, standing against the Philistines. He shares all their weaknesses. He is almost as bad as they are—but not quite. In the end, after long and dreadful battles, some ending with his defeat outright and some with his surrender, he escapes by flight. So "science" goes marching on, its banners flying, Babbitts clearing the way, a mule-load of gold every ten paces. And Martin, saved at last, woos science-without-the-quotation-marks in his austere retreat, rid at last of all urging to get "practical" results.

The book has interested me immensely. It is well thought out and executed with great skill. Whether or not there is a popular success in it I don't know: perhaps the passages which set forth a bacteriologist's problems will balk more readers than one. Neither do I know who should get the credit for the highly skillful management of detail—Lewis or his collaborator, Dr. Paul H. De Kruif, himself a bacteriologist. Perhaps De Kruif deserves most of it. Did he invent Dr. Almus Pickerbaugh, the forward-looking health commissioner? If so, then he is a reporter of the highest imaginative type. Pickerbaugh exists everywhere, in almost every American town. He is a quack who flings himself melodramatically upon measles, chicken pox, whooping cough—the organizer of Health Weeks and author of prophylactic, Kiwanian slogans—the hero of clean-up

campaigns—the scientific beau ideal of newspaper reporters, Y.M.C.A. secretaries, and pastors of suburban churches. He has been leering at the novelists of America for years, and yet Lewis and De Kruif were the first to see and hail him. They have made an almost epic figure of him. He is the Babbitt of this book—far more charming than Arrowsmith himself, and far more real. Arrowsmith fails in one important particular: he is not typical, he is not a good American. I daresay that many a reader, following his struggles with the seekers for "practical" results, will sympathize frankly with the latter. After all, it is not American to prefer honor to honors; no man, pursuing that folly, could ever hope to be President of the United States. Pickerbaugh will cause no such lifting of eyebrows. Like Babbitt, he will be recognized instantly and enjoyed innocently. Within six weeks, I suspect, every health officer in America will be receiving letters denouncing him as a Pickerbaugh. Thus nature imitates art.

HOW TO WRITE SHORT STORIES[1]

By H. L. Mencken

Some time ago a young college professor brought out a "critical" edition of "Sam Slick," by Judge Thomas C. Haliburton, eighty-seven years after its first publication. It turned out to be quite unreadable—a dreadful series of archaic jocosities about varieties of *Homo*

[1] *How To Write Short Stories* [*with samples*], by Ring Lardner. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

americanus long perished and forgotten, in a dialect now intelligible only to paleophilologists. Sometimes I have a fear that the same fate awaits Ring Lardner. The professors of his own day, of course, are quite unaware of him, save perhaps as a low zany to be enjoyed behind the door. They would no more venture to whoop him up publicly and officially than their predecessors of 1880 would have ventured to whoop up Mark Twain, or their remoter predecessors of 1837 would have dared to say anything for Haliburton. In such matters the academic mind, being chiefly animated by a fear of sneers, works very slowly. So slowly, indeed, does it work that it usually works too late. By the time Mark Twain got into the text-books for sophomores, two-thirds of his compositions, as the Young Intellectuals say, had already begun to date; by the time Haliburton was served up as a sandwich between introduction and notes he was already dead. As I say, I suspect sadly that Lardner is doomed to go the same route. His stories, it seems to me, are superbly adroit and amusing; no other contemporary American, sober or gay, writes better. But I doubt that they last: our grandchildren will wonder what they are about. It is not only, or even mainly, that the dialect that fills them will pass, though that fact is obviously a serious handicap in itself. It is principally that the people they depict will pass—that Lardner's incomparable baseball players, pugs, song-writers, Elks, Rotarians and golf caddies are flitting figures of a transient civilization—that they will be almost as puzzling and soporific, in the year 2000, as Haliburton's Yankee clock pedlar is today.

The fact—if I may assume it to be a fact—is certainly

not to be set against Lardner's account; on the contrary, it is, in its way, highly complimentary to him. For he had deliberately applied himself, not to the anatomizing of the general human soul, but to the meticulous histological study of a few salient individuals of his time and nation, and he has done it with such subtle and penetrating skill that one must belong to his time and nation to follow him. I doubt that anyone who is not familiar with professional ball players, intimately and at first hand, will ever comprehend the full merit of the amazing sketches in "You Know Me, Al"; I doubt that anyone who has not given close and deliberate attention to the American vulgate will ever realize how magnificently Lardner handles it. He has had more imitators, I suppose, than any other living American writer, but has he any actual rivals? If so, I have yet to hear of them. They all try to write the vulgar speech as adeptly and as amusingly as he writes it, and they all fall short of him; the next best is miles and miles behind him. And they are all equally inferior in observation, in sense of character, in shrewdness and insight. His studies, to be sure, are never very profound; he makes no attempt to get at the primary springs of passion and motive; all his people share the same amiable stupidity, the same transparent vanity, the same shallow inconsequentiality; they are all human Fords, and absolutely alike at bottom. But if he thus confines himself to the surface, it yet remains a fact that his investigations on that surface are extraordinarily alert, ingenious and brilliant—that the character he finally sets before us, however roughly articulated as to bones, is so astoundingly realistic as to hide the fact that the effect is indis-

tinguishable from that of life itself. The old man in "The Golden Honeymoon" is not merely well done; he is perfect. And so is the girl in "Some Like Them Cold." And so, even, is the idiotic Frank X. Farrell in "Alibi Ike"—an extravagant grotesque and yet quite real from glabella to calcaneus.

The present collection has a buffoonish preface on the art of writing short stories—a devastating *reductio ad absurdum* of the sort of bilge ladled out annually by Prof. Dr. Blanche Colton Williams and other such self-constituted experts. Lardner actually knows more about the management of the short story than nine-tenths of its most eminent practitioners. His stories are always built very carefully, and yet they always seem to be wholly spontaneous, and even formless. He has grasped the primary fact that no conceivable ingenuity can save a story that fails to show a recognizable and interesting character; he knows that a good character sketch is always a good story, no matter what its structure. He gets less critical attention than he ought to get, mainly, I believe, because his people are all lowly ignoramuses, presented without any sociological eye rolling. The reviewers of books, with few exceptions, seems to be easily impressed by lofty and fashionable pretensions. They praise F. Scott Fitzgerald's stories of country club flappers eloquently, and overlook his other stories, some of which are much better. They can't rid themselves of the superstition that Edith Wharton, whose people have butlers, is a better novelist than Willa Cather, whose people, in the main, dine in their kitchens. They linger under the spell of Henry James, whose most lowly character, at all events in his late years, was at least an Eng-

lishman, and hence superior. Lardner, so to speak, hits these critics below the belt. He not only fills his stories with people who read the New York *Evening Journal,* say "Shake hands with my friend," and wear diamond rings; he also shows them having a good time in the world, and quite devoid of inferiority complexes. They amuse him intensely, but he does not pity them. A fatal error! The moron has a place in fiction, as in life, but he is not to be treated too easily and casually. It must be shown that he suffers tragically because he cannot abandon the plow to write poetry, or the sample-case to study for opera. Lardner is more realistic. If his typical hero has a secret sorrow it is that he is too old to take up osteopathy and too much in dread of his wife to venture into bootlegging.

On the slip-cover of "How to Write Short Stories" I find the following gem: "One can say of Ring Lardner what can be said of few writers, that he never wrote an insincere word." I smack my lips over this singular blurb: can it be that the Scribners are trying to make good Ring respectable? If so, the effort will fail. The professors will shy at him until he is dead at least fifty years. He is doomed to stay outside where the gang is.

WHAT PRICE GLORY?

By George Jean Nathan

Hot from a view of it, I observed briefly last month that the Anderson-Stallings play of war, "What Price Glory?" was the finest thing of its kind I had seen.

Become normally cool in the intervening four weeks, I find myself still of the same opinion. Not only is this, in plan and execution, a remarkably excellent piece of dramatic writing, not only is it the most suggestive play of its species that the theatre of our time has disclosed, but it is, in addition, one of the few really first-rate plays that stand to the credit of American hands. The more I think of it, in point of fact, the better it seems. In the matter of sound quality it is infinitely the superior of every other play born of the late war, in whatever language.

The plays inspired by the recent democracy crusade have been, in the main, either stereotyped love stories in military uniforms sternly acted in front of canvases painted to represent French villages and interlarded with comic relief in the form of Anglo-Saxon grapplings with the French language, or symbolical philosophic treatises in which the forces of righteousness were represented by an old English squire and the Teutonic marauders by a strangely bewhiskered glue manufacturer from a neighboring town who coveted the squire's virtuous daughter, Gwynne, and also the old manor house. The plays that have not fallen immediately under these two headings have been equally unrecognizable. There has been the play, for instance, in which a Bataille plot of fifteen years ago has been moved from the drawing-room downstairs into the cellar and played quiveringly in a dim light the while the stagehands have worked up a terrible sweat pounding a carpet with rattan sticks, and the play in which a second-story man and hophead has been miraculously converted into an upright, noble and religious citizen by having lived in a

mudhole for four years and having come out of it minus one leg, one eye and both arms and plus a dose of syphilis. These plays have been either sentimental wallawalla or tragic nonsense. They have been war in the terms of the theatre rather than the theatre in terms of war, which is quite another thing. They have portrayed a war in which the commander of the Allied armies was Jack Barrymore and the *Hauptoffizier* of the Germans Robert B. Mantell. They have been, the most of them, for all an occasional good piece of craftmanship, critiques of war written by George Henry Lewes.

"What Price Glory?" brings to its subject matter a winning combination of talents. What we get here is no pseudo-poetic imagination that rhapsodizes wistfully over the spiritual *ceintures de chasteté* of Red Cross nurses and the regeneration of sinners by cooties, or, on the other hand, no pseudo-realistic conscience that, confronted by a harsh and unideal theme, translates even the most beautiful flowerbed in terms of its covering of manure. We get, instead, a joint poetic imagination of considerable authenticity working in terms of an authentic realism: what may, in a phrase, be dubbed poetic realism. The result is the vivid and thrilling fluid of mean life filtered through the tubes of vivid and thrilling dramatic art.

The immediate technic of the authors is immensely ingenious and fertile. They have selected a theme that is essentially tragic and have projected it almost entirely in the voice of Rabelaisian humor. They laugh their audience into grim conviction and belief. And this laughter, more remarkably still, has in it for all its lowness a sweeping understanding, a sweeping sympathy,

and an enveloping ironic pity. It is laughter drunk and bawdy, yet in it are comprehension and tenderness. For these two young Americans have caught tragedy, so to speak, the moment after and have detected its refractory grimace. Their play is less a play of war than of warriors, as any fine war play must, by the demands of the drama, inevitably be. It shows us the great panorama of war through a reducing glass. And not in the customary terms of bewalloped bass drums, talcum-powder-covered dispatch messengers with bandages around their foreheads, ruined French ingénues, spy hide-and-seeks, exalted curtain speeches and papier-mâché naval battles, but in phrases that ring clear and beautifully true for all their startling homeliness. The war that these men translate for us is not much different from an Asbury Park street-walker's room, yet the stretch of blue sea is ever visible through the dirty little window. They have taken lust and filth and obscenity and terror and hopelessness and have wrought them into a sardonic tapestry that is at once as richly entertaining as a burlesque show and as profoundly moving as a great piece of music. Hopkins has staged the play superbly well. And the company headed by Wolheim and Boyd meets the manuscript at every syllable. Only one regrettable incident has marred this proud and exceptional contribution to the American theatre and that, doubtless as thoroughly distasteful to the talented gentleman in question as to the rest of us, is the friendly insistence upon the merit and accuracy of the play because the aforesaid co-author lost a leg in the war. I feel that I shall not be too guilty of bad taste when I assume that the gentleman in point will agree with me

that those who thus gratuitously detract from his skill as a dramatic writer are of the kind who would maintain that the trouble with "L'Aiglon" and "Chantecler" is that Rostand was neither a consumptive nor a rooster.

VI

AROUSING OPINION

THE INVASION OF AMERICA

By Elbridge Colby

I

Every nation is in danger of invasion. This is true in spite of the fact that no nation is ever an invader. No nation, indeed, ever attacks another nowadays; everyone is always the innocent party. No nation ever declares war; everyone waits for an assault to be made upon it and then recognizes reluctantly that a state of war exists. No army is ever maintained for offensive purposes; the object of every government is simply to provide for the national defense. Such is the state of international thought in the world today. But the fact remains that some nations are stronger than others, that some have bigger armed forces than others—forces better provided with rapidly available reserves, well-trained and ready to march to the sound of the drums. Whatever the theory, such facts survive. A nation with a large army may be pacific; nevertheless, it may *possibly* become the aggressor. A nation with a small army will certainly be on the defensive, at least in the opening days of hostilities. Thus each nation in the world today tries to maintain armed forces for its national defense, in proportion to its wealth, resources, population, and the degree of exposure of its frontiers. There is the question: the question of the frontiers! The whole problem of national defense in the United

States depends initially upon the protection of our seacoasts.

The first defender on whom we count to protect them is the sailor lad in his wide-bottomed trousers swaggering along the deck of his dreadnought. The Navy has a set strength, defined and established by the Disarmament Treaties. We are even on a parity with Great Britain, so-called "mistress of the seas," as to our paper strength—which, by the way, is not at present maintained. But our Navy, alas, is divided. An enemy navy, or group of navies, would not have to go to the trouble of trying to obey the first portion of the time honored precept: "divide and conquer!" We have already done that for them, putting half our fleet in Pacific waters and half in Atlantic waters, and so making it easy to defeat the whole piecemeal. The Panama Canal is essential to the union of the two halves—and the Panama Canal is certainly not invulnerable. With that short-cut waterway out of service, the Navy might as well not exist. We could not concentrate our ships on the eve of a possible war, any more than we could start mobilizing reserve officers and training new drafts. Such conduct, when war threatens, becomes a precipitant of war; and no government can afford to countenance it. So with a weak fleet, and whatever helter-skelter army we could muster, we would have to meet our enemy.

Under these conditions the burden of the first big clash would fall upon the coast defenses. After the frantic days of the Spanish War, when every little seaport feared it might be bombarded by the ranging cruisers of Cervera, the Coast Artillery Corps came into

its own. Every shore-line congressional district shouted loudly for its share of the appropriations. New forts were laid out. Newer and bigger guns were mounted. Increases in personnel were authorized, enough to make votes and provide a few contractors with work, yet scarcely enough to last for twenty-odd years. Down in Panama, during the recent maneuvers, we heard that even with the assistance of infantry,—infantry unaccustomed to the manipulation of big weapons,—Fort Sherman was able to operate only four of its disappearing guns. Doughboys, cavalry, ordnance experts, food dispensers, military lawyers, and pill rollers rushed to cover the threatened coast. A single battalion had to be spread out to protect forty-five miles of shore. Naturally, the enemy landed. He simply could not be stopped. Army beans and rolls of bandage could not do the work of rifles and of big guns adequately manned.

According to the War Department, "of the twenty-five harbor defenses which have at great expense been installed and equipped for the protection of our coasts, fifteen have been turned over to caretaking detachments sufficient only to keep these valuable installations from becoming useless through deterioration." These include such important posts as Philadelphia, Wilmington (Delaware), Charleston, Savannah, Key West, Mobile, and San Diego. "It has not been possible to assign to even the most important harbors more than sufficient coast artillery personnel to operate approximately twenty-five per cent of the major armament." We have a nice new railroad artillery developed during the late war, big guns mounted on railway trucks ready to run up and down the coast with the same ease that a

wheeled-chair glides from end to end of Atlantic City—but not so fast! We have a few guns in actual steel and we have the rest in India ink on drafting paper. Have you ever, going up and down the coast, seen any railway tracks or any concrete emplacements where the guns might be stopped to do their firing? You have not. They do not exist. Even the bottle-ships of the bootleggers penetrate our territorial waters with impunity. The Chief of Ordnance in his last annual report tells of one project after another for new and up-to-date defenses—all at a standstill for lack of funds, lack of material, and lack of personnel.

II

But are the coast defenses really undermanned? Don't the picture papers show us, every now and then, a nice concrete emplacement and a large weapon belching smoke, with heroic troops standing by? Well, let us look at the coast defenses of Boston, seven forts in all. They have fewer than two hundred coast artillery troops to man them! Here are the coast defenses of Delaware with fewer than forty at four forts. Here are the important defenses of Narragansett with about two hundred and fifty and the defenses of Southern New York with fifty. At one of the coast forts not long ago a visiting inspector was highly pleased to see a handful of fewer than two hundred artillerymen first operate the guns at one of the forts and then sail across the harbor and operate entirely different guns at another fort! Very nice for peacetime inspection; in due course a letter of commendation came down from higher author-

ity. But could this be done in war? The batteries, alas, would have to fire simultaneously in war; an enemy would not wait until the troops went from one fort to another; shell and shrapnel would come down instead of letters of commendation.

There are other troops at some of these forts. But these other troops are chiefly infantry, infantry belonging to tactical divisions which, in the event of war, would have to be withdrawn and concentrated wherever the main enemy attack might develop. They are even today carried on the lists as part of the projected covering force for the imaginary "national position in readiness." The famous Sixteenth Infantry, for example, is in New York harbor. The efficient Eighth Infantry is occupying Fort Screven outside of Savannah. But these troops are merely housed there to keep the rains of summer and the storms of winter off their heads in time of peace. They would be urgently needed elsewhere in time of war, to meet the invading enemy and prevent him interrupting and shattering our plans for mobilizing men and munitions. A year ago General Pershing made a formal report to the Secretary of War in which he outlined what he called "the national position in readiness." If a war came, he explained, the regulars and the National Guard would be rushed to the frontiers, to the danger points. They would be placed at appropriate places along the coast, and behind them would be the reserve divisions, gradually filling up with men, materials, weapons and clothing, and slowly approaching an efficient condition of training. A good plan. A clear plan. Yet only a plan nevertheless. Suppose that the guardsmen and the

regulars were not sufficient to hold the line? Suppose the "enemy" of the Panama maneuvers became an active enemy instead of merely a simulated one? Suppose he landed on the coast? He would disrupt the entire scheme—and we'd have a problem of National Defense indeed!

To what extent can the regulars be counted upon? With a third of their regiments on the inactive list, with but a single regiment at all fully trained and equipped for war, and that one a demonstration regiment down in Southwestern Georgia, our regular army would be in a difficult position from the start. Could we depend upon the World War veterans to fill the ranks quickly and take up the combat they dropped in 1918? The World War veterans are gradually approaching the age where they will no longer be of use for military service. In 1925 there will not be 40 per cent available. Could we depend upon the generality of loyal American patriots to resist the foe? We could not so depend upon them in any effective sense at Bladensburg. Could we depend upon the Air Service to bomb an enemy away from our coasts? Our planes deteriorate rapidly and are not being replaced.

Let us resign ourselves, then, to the conclusion that an enemy *could* approach our coasts and attack our ports, our important concentration points, and our industrial centers. The fleet appears off New York with its big calibre, long range guns—and its airplane carriers. Our aviators are swept from the sky in tangled masses of flaming wreckage. Our coast defense guns are outranged and outshot, and many do not even get an op-

portunity to fire at all, for lack of men to operate them. Over the tops of the skyscrapers comes a fleet of hostile planes. Peering over the fuselage and down through the broken clouds the enemy aerial leader picks his targets. There are the Grand Central Station and the Pennsylvania Station. A few bombs will disrupt transportation and the bringing in of re-enforcements. There are the Post Office building, the telephone exchanges, the *Times* Building above a network of subways. A few bombs there will confuse the communications and transportation system of the whole city. The bridges may as well go too. The railway tracks down the Hudson shore, across the Jersey meadows, and above Hell Gate are essential to the assembling of more troops. They go too.

Don't say that all this is hypothetical and imaginary. I am not trying to follow in the wake of H. G. Wells. Taking into account our actual strength and the known actual strength of a possible enemy, a group of officers down in Washington played a war game last year. They figured that we would have so many planes in the air, and that the enemy would have so many. The number of enemy planes was so much superior to ours that, even with allowance made for American superiority in courage, for American desperation in defense of the homeland,—even then, our planes would have been dashed to the ground, the Capitol would have been destroyed, the Treasury demolished, the White House bombed, the State, War and Navy Building smashed. The government would have been so disrupted that an infinite military advantage would have been

gained. Because such an attack would result in that vast military advantage, such an attack may be expected.

III

This war game was not played as a piece of big-army propaganda. It was an exercise given to high officers of our army as a serious part of their training. Another similar problem was set not very long since out at Fort Leavenworth. It also was hypothetical, and yet it was surely not fanciful. The procedure was in accordance with the so-called applicatory method, whereby general principles of war are applied to specific, concrete, probable situations. Such problems must hold fast to facts; they must include only possible contingencies. The topic this time was "a group of armies in defense." The general region to be defended was the mid-Atlantic area. And with the primary object of study, indeed with the sole object of study, and not at all with any alarmist motives, not with any purpose of impressing the people of the country, this is the analysis that preceded the problem:

> The plans for the national defense had originally contemplated a covering force composed of nine divisions of the regular army and eighteen divisions of the National Guard. The scheme contemplated that behind this covering force there would be moblized and concentrated the units necessary to complete the first three field armies of twenty-seven divisions.
>
> Since this policy had been inaugurated, however, legislation had materially reduced the size of the regular army until it

was so small that only two incomplete divisions could be hurriedly extemporized in an emergency. Because of lack of popular interest in matters connected with national defense, and consequent lack of legislative aid, it had been impossible to recruit the ranks of the National Guard even to "reduced" (65 per cent) strength, or to bring the cadres of the organized reserves up to the required 10 per cent of peace strength.

From the moment war was declared, the enemy was able to land an average of 300,000 men per month. From the moment of the enemy appearance at the entrances of Chesapeake and Delaware Bays, considerable confusion existed in the executive departments of the government. It was not known where the enemy would strike, and such small forces as could be gotten together were divided.

Events succeeded each other rapidly. Our weak air forces took the field, but being practically unprovided with pursuit aviation, they were obliged to relinquish control of the air. The enemy overpowered the coast defenses and landed near Wilmington and Baltimore. There was fighting in which the enemy was victorious. The capital was hurriedly moved from Washington to St. Louis. Public clamor demanded that the enemy be driven out of the country at once. Recruiting offices for the regular army, National Guard, and organized reserves were swamped, but many applicants were physically deficient, and practically all were untrained.

Public sentiment would not countenance delay, but ran so high that it was necessary to combine all available forces into the existing regular and guard units. Some officials desired to preserve the existing cadres of the organized reserves as moulds into which the raw man-power, obtained by voluntary enlistment, and by a draft law hurriedly passed, could be incorporated. But the government could not withstand the popular demand that the enemy be stopped, and almost all men of the organized reserves were amalgamated with regular and National Guard units in order to bring them up to a

reasonable strength. These forces opposed the enemy. In a series of engagements they were badly defeated. They withdrew; the bulk of their forces concentrating in Northern New Jersey to prevent an advance from the Delaware on New York; the remainder concentrating and observing the enemy in Northern Ohio.

Weak cordons were formed around the regions occupied, and we carried on at the same time a harrying warfare with small forces against isolated enemy detachments, and conducted raids against enemy communications. In the meantime the government launched a diplomatic drive on neutral countries to secure allies.

All this is not fanciful. Every government with a modern, organized army has what is called a General Staff, a group of officers devoting themselves to the careful study of what might probably happen in time of war. These gentlemen know the male population of every country in the world, the number enrolled in the standing armies of the world, the number listed as reservists, the number of reservists that have adequate military training and not mere paper obligations, the facilities for assembling those reservists and fitting them out as military forces, and the ability of each country to supply immediately shells for its guns and food for its men. Potential power and powerful resources are not enough; there must be organization, and organization that can go into action immediately. We have an organization in this country, but it is a paper organization. We have a regular Army, but it is too small even for the work it is called upon to do in peace time, and could not furnish a force adequate to oppose an enemy in war. We have, the Secretary of War's annual re-

'port says, over five hundred thousand men in this country taking military training or holding reserve commissions, but most of these are of officer calibre; they are the training elements only, and after the war started we would have to do the training. In 1917 we had been through the throes of a Mexican border mobilization, which should have attracted attention to the state of affairs; nevertheless in 1917 we went to war unprepared. The war lasted, for us, something over one year and seven months; and the year was a year of preparation. During that year we were training.

IV

We have plans now for something better, but plans merely, untried plans subject to test and revision, yet plans that might conceivably eventuate in the smooth mobilization of which a young army captain has just written in a book. He has said that units will assemble locally, and then move off to join their higher headquarters in succession along military channels, until finally an imaginary adjutant general addresses an imaginary commander-in-chief with "Sir, the Army is formed!" This officer has a lively imagination and looks far into the future. There may now be sixty-odd thousand reserve officers with reserve divisions—but there are only two thousand enlisted reservists for them to command! Imagine a regiment of a hundred officers and three soldiers! With an army like that of Mexico we could fight no better than does Mexico. The rest of the soldiers would have to be gathered from the highways and by-ways. The rest of the soldiers would be green.

They might think their light mortar a glorified umbrella rack, their one-pounder a saluting gun from a private yacht, and their automatic rifle a new type of dentist's drill. The cadres provided for the organized reserves are weak enough, but even those cadres are not complete. A skeleton army is frail and fragile enough, and yet there are bones missing even from the skeleton army!

The Leavenworth description of the general situation is true to fact, as can be seen by anyone who will go over the reports of the chiefs of the various branches of the army for the last fiscal year. Examine the comparative strength of our air force, the weakness of our coast defenses. Remember the scattered regulars now engaged in caretaking, the reduced strength of units upon which we would have to depend to hold the first line of defense. All of these things are not set forth by the chiefs of bureaux in characteristic army growl. They are plainly stated, but the definite achievements of the troops are likewise stated, to show how well things are being done under adverse conditions. No one, however, seems to have noticed these things save perhaps the President of the United States, who, in a message to Congress, remarked that army reductions must stop and that the air service must not be weakened. But within a week the budget cut in half the funds the air service requested—so much, indeed, that the increase over the previous year amounted to only about $9,000—perhaps enough to buy a new nose for the *Shenandoah,* if the *Shenandoah* were an army instead of a navy airship.

We do not notice these things in time of peace. We do not think of war until we want to go to war. But

'if a war should suddenly come to us these things would be brought home to what Bacon called "the business and bosoms of men." "There is a rank among nations," remarked our greatest President, and our first, "that is due the United States, that will be lost by the reputation of weakness." With that weakness, we try to arrogate to ourselves that rank.

THE INQUIRING MIND

By Zechariah Chafee, Jr.

I

Knowledge is not a series of propositions to be absorbed, but a series of problems to be solved. Or rather I should say, to be partly solved, for all the answers are incomplete and tentative. This view of life is in no way original, but it is frequently ignored. From the fact that reading, writing, and arithmetic are the bases of education and were long the only education for most persons, we have unfortunately been led to regard them as typical of *all* education. We feel that knowledge is something which has been settled by others and given us to learn, just as we learned the multiplication table.

Nevertheless, outside the field of such established facts as the three R's there lies a much vaster area, and with it citizens must acquaint themselves if democratic government is to manage our modern industrial civilization successfully. Knowledge of this vaster area cannot be obtained merely from what others tell us; it must come from what we find out ourselves by asking and

answering questions. Therefore, the true type of education is not the certainty of the multiplication table, but the incomplete approximation of the square root of two, or better yet, the undiscoverable ratio between the circumference and the diameter of a circle. (How strange that such a common fact should be so complex!) Indeed, we may eventually come to take as our typical fact the square root of minus one, which, although we call it an imaginary quantity, forms a necessary element of many of the electrical calculations that make possible the ordinary operations of our daily lives. In school geometries the propositions are printed in large type and the originals are tucked away in the back in small print. Some day we shall realize that the propositions are far less important than the originals.

II

The fruitfulness of this method of constant inquiry is demonstrated by the experience of Darwin. His voyage around the world brought him into contact with many interesting facts which he recorded faithfully, but he was not content to rest with the acquisition of facts. He began to ask himself a question that he could not answer. Soon after his return to England he opened his notebook on the Origin of Species, in which he preserved all the information he could find for the sake of answering that one question. His method of using books he learned from Buckle, who used to jot down on the fly-leaf of every book he read references to passages in it which he thought might prove serviceable to him. "How do you know," Dar-

win asked, "which passages to select?" Buckle replied that he did not know, that a sort of instinct guided him. When the thinker has formulated his problem, the facts he meets are bound to shape themselves with regard to it, just as a magnet throws all the iron filings brought near it into one pattern.

Darwin asked himself one question, and spent the rest of his life answering it. Pasteur propounded a succession of riddles, and his earlier problems offered little prospect that their solution would aid mankind. What relation to human happiness was in his first riddle, the difference in the deflection of light through the crystals formed by tartaric and paratartaric acids, a difference which apparently concerns nobody? From this he passed to the even more useless problem of the possibility of spontaneous generation. Yet this led to the question of fermentation, and from the diseases of beverages he turned to explain those of animals and men. The possession of theoretical knowledge, indeed, seems almost sure to create opportunities for its practical use.

This progress from the theoretical to the practical was reversed in the riddles that beset Kepler, the forerunner of Newton. Finding himself financially prosperous, he decided to place some well-filled casks in his cellar. They must be made of wood, and wood was expensive. Hence a problem, quite independent of the pleasures of theory, but all-important to the economical head of a household: how to get the greatest cubical content of wine into the minimum amount of wood. Should the cask be apple-shaped, pear-shaped or lemon-shaped? We can imagine him out in his orchard laying

boards in various positions on temporary frames and then generalizing his results in mathematical formulæ. They developed into his book on the measurement of casks, and became the foundation of infinitesimal calculus, the basis of all our pure and applied science today.

Einstein at five years old was, as he lay in his cot, given a compass by his father. The remembrance of the swinging needle remained with him, suggesting invisible forces, which later he was to explore in electromagnetic waves and gravitation. At twenty-two, struggling with poverty as a private tutor, a friend obtained for him a position as examiner of patents in the Swiss Patent Office. Instead of repining at this job as five years enslavement, he made his experience in varied fields of invention interlock so widely with the solution of theoretical problems that before he left he published in quick succession the first series of his dissertations on the theory of relativity. To the inquiring mind, all experience is gathered into the solution of overmastering problems.

Nor need my illustrations be limited to the non-human sciences. Frederick William Maitland, the English legal historian, became interested in a German treatise on the political theories of the Middle Ages. What could be more alien to the Twentieth Century than medieval doctrines of the relation between the empire, the church, and the guilds? Yet Maitland's attitude was, "Today we study the day before yesterday, in order that yesterday may not paralyze today, and today may not paralyze tomorrow." He began to inquire into the nature of groups of human beings, incorporated and un-

incorporated. Is such a group merely an aggregation of human beings, or is it in itself a person? Facts accumulated in his mind, he cross-examined documents like a string of hostile witnesses, he talked about his problem, wrote for information to America, to men he had never seen for data about our corporations. And somehow the problem of the Middle Ages became the problem of the great unincorporated groups of today: the Roman Catholic Church; the trade unions—Chief Justice Taft's decision in the Coronado case on the possibility of suing the United Mine Workers of America is just this question; the New Jersey corporation doing business in States where it owes none of its legal existence to the local legislature—; the nature of that most powerful of all groups, the state itself. Is it only a sort of glorified public service company, as Maitland's followers would have it, that sells police protection and schooling to its citizens as a trolley company sells rides? Or is it, as the other side contends, a sort of ethical culture society to lead us onward and upward toward the light? Whichever of these two views we take of the state, whether it is an organization for specific business services to the community or an inspirer of souls, why does it haggle over the settlement of its contracts, impose double taxation, deny all responsibility when its mail-trucks run over us, refuse to be sued in its own courts, and in general fall far below the standards of fair dealing which it imposes upon every taxicab driver or keeper of a restaurant?

The old system of water-tight compartments into which knowledge was supposed to be divided, and each of which had to be entered separately, is breaking down.

The late Jacques Loeb, whose vital personality was hard to explain by his own mechanistic doctrines, once remarked; "People ask me, 'Why are you studying mathematics? Why are you learning physics? Aren't you a physiologist?' And I say; 'I don't know.' Then, 'Aren't you a chemist?' or 'Aren't you a biologist?' I don't understand these questions. I am preoccupied with problems." Problems—the material for solving them must be drawn from every available source! No place, then, for jealousy between workers in sharply demarcated fields. As H. G. Wells says in "Joan and Peter," "All good work is one."

III

It will probably be objected that all this is very well for the leaders of thought, but that few of us can hope to be ranked among them. What are the inquiries of the rest of us worth? On the contrary, I insist that this way of looking at life as a series of questions and answers is not for originators and specialists alone, but for every man and woman whose vision is not confined to the acquisition of a bare subsistence. Beyond the facts that immediately affect us are the problems of the world in which we find ourselves with no choice of our own, the solutions of which are bound to mould us in the end, however remote such problems seem. It has become a commonplace to remark, and yet it cannot be said too often or it will be forgotten, that a shot in Bosnia brought over a hundred thousand homes in this country into mourning. Financial disorganization in Central Europe means foreclosed mortgages in the

Dakotas. The time has long since passed when Dr. Johnson could say that he would not give half a guinea to live under one form of government rather than another, because it was of no moment to the happiness of the individual. The government of these days can decide what we shall think or what we shall drink, allow sugar to go up and the dollar to go down, tax us out of the income we meant to devote to travel or the education of our children, force our boys—by imperceptible extensions of the present training-camps—to spend one or two of the best years of their lives in barracks learning the art of killing, then send them out to be shot by some nation we happen to dislike at the moment, and afterwards dictate school-books to demonstrate how profitably they died.

Most of us are too busy contending with the effects of these obscure forces to probe long into their causes, but the undergraduates in our colleges have abundant leisure for acquiring an understanding of the obstacles to progress, and if they acquire it, may do much to remove those obstacles in after-life. Instead, they allow the leisure available for such inquiries to be filched from them by those who want them to use it up in the drudgery of managerships and committee meetings —just the sort of tasks on which they will have to spend all their lives after they leave the campus.

Why is it that the average undergraduate allows himself to be lured into thus anticipating the gradgrind monotony of his middle life and away from the pursuit of ideas, for which he now has opportunities that will never return? In large measure because such college activities seem a part of real life, while the reading and

thinking that he is asked to do appear unrelated to his own experience and expectations. Once this supposed want of relationship is shown to be a falsity, once the solution of a given problem is proved to be as intimate an influence upon his life as the choice of a room-mate, will not the natural human thirst for ideas assert itself? Learning, therefore, must be related to individual experience, but that experience may reach beyond the maintenance of bodily existence to the enjoyment of distant landscapes, of children at play, music, the converse of friends, the mind voyaging through strange seas of thought alone.

IV

A few illustrations will make clearer what I mean by the relationship between theory and our own experience, and the way in which the investigation of a problem draws in facts from several departments of knowledge.

The front page of every daily newspaper was occupied recently by the senatorial committees investigating the oil scandal and the Department of Justice. It is the fashion in many quarters to regard such investigations as annoying interruptions to legislation—an attitude somewhat inconsistent with the usual sigh of relief when Congress adjourns without inflicting any more legislation upon us. But this attitude of hostility toward the committees was vigorously combated by an editorial in a newspaper that can hardly be called radical—the Boston *Transcript*. It insisted that the investigative function of a legislature is just as impor-

tant as its lawmaking function. College undergraduates might well turn from their study of political science as an abstraction, and ascertain the limits of this investigative function. On what occasions did the English Parliament call Cabinet ministers to account? Is the punishment of impeachment a satisfactory remedy for official misconduct? What was the process in Parliament by which the removal of an official by impeachment became obsolete as too cumbersome, and was succeeded by the custom that he should resign on receiving a vote of want of confidence? What would happen to an English Minister if he did not resign? Did the vote of the Senate calling for Denby's resignation mark the beginning of a similar process in this country? Is the separation of the executive from the legislature an essential incident of democracy, as Mr. Coolidge told the Filipinos?

If so, why is it that England and France are not democracies? Under Washington and under Taft, proposals were nearly adopted for Cabinet officials to appear on the floor of Congress and answer questions. Should this be done? Would it be superior to investigating them long after they have acted? Does the great increase of Federal powers in the last few years necessitate the creation of more definite channels through which the representatives of the people may get at the conduct of officials who have acquired so much control over our daily lives? In such inquiries, history and political science would interlock.

Another interesting group of problems arises from the decision of our government not to recognize the government of Russia, which, in turn, has refused to

recognize us until we clean house. Adopted, as our decision has been, by a distinguished Secretary of State, the undergraduate must unquestioningly assume it to be based upon a valid reason. But let him inquire what that valid reason is. One day it is stated that the Russian Government is so weak that it is about to fall. A few days later, the same person or newspaper worries for fear that it is so strong that any day the red flag may be seen fluttering over the White House. Either of these reasons may be sound, or neither, but not both. Then the inquirer might consider other reasons. The Bolshevik atrocities would open the way to an historical consideration of the recognition of the French Republic by Washington's Cabinet during the Reign of Terror. Then the undergraduate could turn to the general question of the effect of moral ideas upon recognition. He could recall our relations with a massacring Czar; he could ask whether our attitude toward the Huerta administration in Mexico marked a departure from our previous policy, and whether that departure was proper. The suggested reason for non-recognition, that the Soviets have sent money into this country to overthrow our government, would lead to an inquiry into the amount of American loans to Admiral Kolchak. The repudiation of debts would furnish an economic topic, involving a study of the repudiation of State debts in this country, and of the difference between debts that are recognized but not paid and those that are neither recognized nor paid. Thus, in time, after surveying political science, international law, economics, and history, our inquirer will doubtless find the valid reason that makes it impossible for us to follow the

English course, so heartily endorsed by such conservative newspapers as the London *Spectator*.

An inquirer interested in economics will find plenty of material at hand in the income tax. Loud complaints have been made that most of this tax has been paid by the citizens of a few States,—New York, Pennsylvania and Massachusetts—whose representation in Congress is small compared with that of the citizens of States wherein little or no income taxes are paid. The basis of this resentment is plain. Taxes ought not to be imposed by those who do not pay them, and it is natural to assume that the man who gets the tax bill and sends in his check to the collector is the man who pays the tax. But now we find that the persons who are loudest in making this complaint have been the most eager advocates of the Mellon plan for the reduction of high surtaxes, on the ground that the man who gets the bill for the surtax does not really pay it at all, but collects it from his poor customers! In advocating its abolition, he is consequently acting for their advantage and from entirely disinterested motives!

Now, this may be true; if so, let the investigating undergraduate prove it. He could show, for instance, how, when the author of a very successful $2 novel, such as "Main Street," was obliged to pay a big surtax, he shifted it to the reading public by increasing the price of his novel, and selling it for more than another $2 novel that had fallen still born from the press. Or he might find even more telling examples for Mr. Mellon's argument. But how can it be that the 50% surtax is not paid by the man who pays it, when the total income taxes levied in New York, Pennsylvania

and Massachusetts are paid *entirely* by citizens of those three States? If the poor pay the surtax, why don't they pay *all* income taxes, and why do not the customers in the West and South who buy from those three States, pay a very large share of the taxes imposed there? Either theory may be right, or neither. But not both. An inquiry will show which is. A widely diffused knowledge of the principles of that very difficult subject, the shifting and incidence of taxation, would make it possible for the American people to criticize Mr. Mellon's next proposal with much greater discrimination.

I should like to go on with other problems: In history, whether the American Revolution was really, as some recent writers intimate, a combination of debtors and smugglers against the prosperous and law-abiding, and if so, how the participation of Franklin and Washington is to be explained; in literature, how much misfortune is necessary to stimulate an author to create without going so far as to kill him off; in classical studies, how far the conditions which brought about the flowering of Athenian culture are attainable in a modern factory city? But I hope that enough has been said to indicate the fruitfulness of the method of the inquiring mind.

V

Nor are such problems as these for undergraduates alone. The inquiring mind is not to be thrown aside with cap and gown, rolled up in a diploma with a ribbon of the appropriate color around it. Oxford was once

said to be a place of such great learning because so much was brought there and so little taken away. The value of a man's education cannot be determined until we see what books he is reading ten years after he has been graduated. Dallas Lore Sharp has said that the student passing through college is like the wind blowing through the orchard; it carries away some of the fragrance and none of the fruit. Unless the college man has enrolled in a fifty-year course, in a continuing education, his four-year course has failed of its purpose. And if my view of the nature of education be sound, this means that he must continue to preoccupy himself all his life with problems.

There is, indeed, no reason for limiting such investigations to college graduates. A very large amount of reading is now carried on by other persons, especially in public libraries, as will appear from a visit to one of their reading-rooms any Sunday afternoon. Desultory reading is a desirable recreation and even when carried to excess is probably harmless, but so is solitaire. Much of the time now spent on books leaves no trace in the reader's mind because it is directed to no continuous purpose. This energy and love of books could be profitably canalized into the pursuit of the solution of problems related to the life of our own time. Consider the value of such an inquiring attitude to the citizen! By continually asking and answering questions, he may gradually approach the qualities of that great teacher of whom it was said, "I sometimes think that the one and only prejudice he had was a prejudice against his own results." He will come to appreciate, too, the wisdom of DeTocqueville: "I am tempted to believe

that what we call necessary institutions are often no more than institutions to which we have grown accustomed, and that in matters of social constitution the field of possibilities is much more extensive than men living in their various societies are ready to imagine." Whether this citizen call himself conservative or radical, he will certainly not be ranked among those conservatives who, if they had been present on the first day of creation, would have exclaimed "Let us conserve Chaos!" nor yet among those radicals who account it so much a virtue to be ahead of the procession that they sometimes find that the line of march has been deflected into a side-street behind them, and that they are left stranded.

Only if there be an abundance of inquiring minds among the people can the leaders who are striving to answer the riddles of the time meet a sympathetic response from the masses whose support is essential to their success. The high-power broadcasting station would be futile if it were not for the low-power receiving sets, and they must be tuned to it. Elaborate schemes such as Walter Lippmann's for developing public opinion through experts will be useless if the public refuse to ask questions about the material which the experts and leaders supply. The want of such responsive inquiring minds has caused some of our most conspicuous national failures of recent years. We have insisted on propositions, and refused to consider problems. Before the war we accepted freedom of thought as a venerable tradition, and neglected to exert ourselves to define its scope. Freedom came to mean in practice the liberty to do what everybody else did, but not to

do anything different. We would not allow a man to be prevented from wearing his straw hat in July, but we saw no reason why he should be free from molestation if he wore it on a hot day in October. A conception of freedom which had been given no genuine content through general thinking quickly vanished with the advent of war, when free inquiry was most needed. We lapped up propositions like the War to End War, and an Association of Nations without caring to ask what they meant, and we shrank from unpalatable problems like the Secret Treaties in the same spirit that a man avoids going to the dentist's for fear that a bad cavity may be discovered. Consequently, when we had obtained the victory, we did not know what to do with it, and we patched up a separate peace which made no provision to secure any of the things for which we had so eagerly fought. The present administration swept triumphantly into office with another set of propositions which have recently acquired an unexpected significance—Government by the Best Minds, and More Business in Government. If we neglect to exert ourselves to define by arduous inquiry what we really want and expect to get, we can, at least, be sure of getting something that we do not want at all.

To men of inquiring mind a main concern is the universities, for they are the principal centres of systematic investigation among us. The government of a university by its graduates has been accepted for many years as an indubitable good. Yet Graham Wallas, in "Our Social Heritage," says of alumni control in England and America: "That expedient was devised from the mass meetings of resident teachers in the medieval

universities, and has, I believe, now ceased to have any but bad effects. The alumnus, as such, has neither the knowledge and interest of the teacher, nor the knowledge and interest of a well chosen representative of the community." Thus alumni control is still a problem for us to consider, though it is to be hoped that our eventual answer will be favorable to it. Certainly it is significant that the two most striking efforts of our time to transform colleges into real institutions of learning, Woodrow Wilson's at Princeton and Alexander Meiklejohn's at Amherst, both failed, and, despite the presence in each case of other factors, failed mainly because a large body of alumni did not want that kind of college. In the Harvard Law School the reform of Langdell, which revolutionized legal education, alienated permanently many influential graduates and could never have succeeded had not President Eliot supported the dean against both faculty and alumni.

VI

Not the least of the values of the preservation of the inquiring mind by the alumnus is that it renders him sympathetic to theoretical research with no visible practical value, to free investigation by the faculty and students of his university, and to experimentation in its administration. If, on the other hand, he has allowed his idealism to be worn away by the preoccupations of daily life, he is likely to adopt toward the aspirations of thoughtful and eager undergraduates the attitude described by Romain Rolland:

In the hostility, sullen or ridiculing, displayed by most persons towards the dreams of the young, there enters in large measure the bitter thought that they themselves were thus once upon time, that they too had these ambitions and did not realize them. All those who have denied their souls, all those who have had in them the possibility of achievement and have not brought it to pass, accepting instead the safety of an easy and honorable life, think: "Since I have not been able to do what I dreamed of doing, why should they do it, these boys? I do not want them to do it." How many Hedda Gablers among mankind! What a sullen struggle to annihilate new and free forces! What studiousness to kill them by silence, by irony, by the wearing down of daily life, by discouragement—and by some perfidious seduction, just at the right moment!

And so curious fears spring up among graduates that the students are learning higher ideals than are practicable in the rough and tumble of actual existence. A powerful group of Harvard alumni in New York City objected to the work of Professor Davison in training the Glee Club to sing songs of the first rank because its members would thus acquire a taste for a type of music which they would not find after graduation!

As one leaves youth behind, the problem of growing old well acquires unexpected importance. There is less to look forward to and more to lose by changes. For many of us, our college stands out as one of the few spots of idealism in our lives, and we resent the slightest possibility of alteration there lest that, too, be lost to us. Such a motive may account for the almost savage intensity with which alumni have at times opposed novel tendencies in teaching. There is much uneasiness abroad among them today over radical teachers. I believe

that this springs largely from the view which I opposed at the opening of this article, that the multiplication table is the type of knowledge, and that a teacher is assumed to hand out chunks of doctrine to his students which they accept unquestioningly. Elderly gentlemen easily exaggerate the immaturity of the undergraduate. A few months ago, President Cutten of Colgate stated in an address that one had to "talk to the little ones in words of one syllable." An effective statement of this multiplication table view may be quoted from President Elliot, president of railroads, not of a university:

> In giving young people their physical nourishment we do not spread before them every kind of food and say, "Eat what you like whether it agrees with you or not." We know that the physical machine can absorb only a certain amount and that all else is waste and trash, with the result that bodies are poisoned and weakened. In giving them mental nourishment, why lay before young and impressionable men and women un-American doctrines and ideas that take mental time and energy from the study and consideration of the great fundamental and eternal truths, and fill the mind with unprofitable mental trash? . . . After they get into the real world it takes them considerable time to become convinced that certain laws controlling social and material affairs are as unchangeable as the law of gravitation, and some never learn it.

Without pausing to ask what these unchangeable laws are, or to recall that even the law of gravitation is not so firmly settled as it used to be, I protest that this food analogy misses the duty of a teacher, and of every man of inquiring mind, who inevitably

(whether paid to do so or not) feels it one of his highest tasks to stimulate the same sort of mind in those younger than himself, whether his students, his children or his friends. It is the business of such a man, not to hand out rigid bodies of doctrine, whether Socialism, Home Market Club protectionism or anything else, but to train those to whom he speaks to think for themselves. He is not the gentleman behind the quick-lunch counter that Mr. Elliot's criticism suggests. He is more like the leader of a group of miners going into partially opened country. He has been there before; he knows more than they do about the technique of exploration and detecting the metal they seek, but he cannot give them definite directions which will enable them to go to this or that spot and strike it rich. He can only tell them what he knows of the lie of the land and the proper methods of search, leaving it to them to explore and map out for themselves regions which he has never visited or rivers whose course he has erroneously conceived.

VII

GETTING THE FACTS

THE ANGLO-SAXON MYTH

By Henry J. Ford

I

Nothing could be farther from the thought of the sort of people who are so fond of talking about our glorious Anglo-Saxon heritage than the fact that they are responding to a papal suggestion, but so it is. The starting point of it all was the mission which Pope Gregory I sent to the Angles, prompted by an incident famous in ecclesiastical history, although the record of it is remote in time and place from where it is said to have occurred. The story is told by Bede, a British monk, writing in the year 731, much over a century after Gregory's time. Familiar as it may be to some readers, the story must be told again here, for it has particulars bearing on the case now under consideration.

The story goes that Gregory, then abbot of St. Andrew's monastery at Rome, noticed some singularly handsome slaves offered for sale in the Forum, and inquired their nationality. "Angles," was the reply. "Good," said the abbot, "they have the faces of angels and should be co-heirs with the angels in heaven. From what province do they come?" "From Deira." "Deira! Yea, verily, they shall be saved from God's ire (*de ira*), and shall be called to the mercy of Christ! How is the king of that country named?" "Aella." "Then must Allelulia be sung in Aella's land."

This string of puns looks more like an artistic embroidery of pious narrative than veritable history, but it is certain that something happened to Abbot Gregory which moved him so strongly to set about the conversion of the Angles that he went on the mission himself. But he was over-taken by messengers recalling him to Rome and in the year 590 he was elected pope. For some years he was too busy to do anything for the Angles but he did not forget them, and in 596 he put the business in charge of one of the brothers of St. Andrew's monastery. Such was the inception of the famous mission of St. Augustine, which landed in Kent, was favorably received by its Saxon king, and settled in Canterbury, which thus became the metropolitan see of the Church of England.

Now, observe that Deira, from which province came the Angles noticed by Gregory, is in the northeast of England, the modern Yorkshire, whereas Canterbury is in the southeast, not far from the Strait of Dover. At the time of Augustine's landing it was known as the Saxon shore. His contact was thus with the Saxons, not with the Angles, and he restored Christianity in Britain by Saxon aid alone. None of the peoples who invaded Britain as the Roman power declined were less entitled, indeed, to give their name to the country than the Angles. The settlements ascribed to them were on the far northeast coast, and even there they had only a transient supremacy. They joined with later invaders in raiding the Saxon districts, and soon disappeared as a distinct tribe. There is nothing to show that Augustine had any dealings with the Angles as such, but the initial impression that his mission was

to the Angles persisted at Rome, and so the country got the name Angle-land throughout Christendom. The name has stuck just as the name Indian has stuck to the American aborigines, although it originated in the mistaken notion that a round-about way to India had been discovered by Columbus.

II

The first mention of the Angles was made by Tacitus in his "Germania," at the end of the First Century, but he gave no indication of their habitat further than to say that, with six other tribes, they worshipped a goddess named Nerthus, whose sanctuary was on "an island in the ocean." The geographer, Ptolemy, half a century later, speaks of them as a tribe in the interior of Germany, occupying the region between the Ems and the Elbe. But it is not likely that these Angles were the same as those that invaded Britain, for the invasion of Britain was the game, not of tribes in the interior, but of the maritime tribes on the coasts of the North Sea. The track of invasion for tribes living in the interior of Germany was toward Gaul or Italy.

Bede says that the Angles arriving in Britain came from a land called Angulus, and in the time of King Alfred, over a century after Bede's time, that place was identified with a district called Angel in Schleswig. According to Bede, the Angles set up their rule in Mercia, Northumbria and other northern regions, the Saxons in Essex, Sussex and Wessex, the Jutes in Kent and southern Hampshire. But when Augustine landed

in Kent the ruling people there were known as Saxons. According to Ptolemy, the original home of the Saxons was in the neck of the Cimbric peninsula—modern Denmark—but later chroniclers designate as Saxons certain tribes in northwest Germany, with whom the Franks were in frequent conflict, and who were eventually subdued by Charlemagne. It seems improbable that those interior tribes could have been identical with the Saxons whom Augustine found settled in Kent, and indeed specialists on this subject hold that the original home of these Saxons must have been in Schleswig, which agrees with Ptolemy's account. The original home of the Jutes, as their name implies, is held to have been Jutland, the northernmost province of Denmark.

According to these speculations, all the tribes whom Bede mentions as having made settlements in Britain came from regions included in modern Denmark. The term Anglo-Saxon, as a designation for them, first came into use on the Continent. It appears in the writings of the Lombard historian, Paul the Deacon (720–800), and perhaps originated as a combination of the known fact of Saxon rule in Britain with the customary designation of Augustine's mission. When King Alfred, nearly a century later, described himself as *rex Anglorum Saxonum,* he was using a term that had already become traditional.

III

These facts show that such names as England and Anglo-Saxon have no real descriptive value. A much more accurate designation for the invaders was the

term that became current in the Eighth and Ninth Centuries for the North Sea raiders, who were called vikings or creek-men, in allusion to their lairs. Attempts to trace racial antecedents by means of tribal names supplied by ancient chroniclers soon land one in a hopeless muddle. Data so vague and fluctuating can have but little scientific value. The actual situation among the barbarians was as Gibbon described it:

> The same territory often changed its inhabitants in the tide of conquest and emigration. The same communities, uniting in a plan of defense or invasion, bestowed a new title on their new confederacy. The dissolution of an ancient confederacy restored to the independent tribes their peculiar but long-forgotten appellation. A victorious state communicated its own name to a vanquished people. Sometimes crowds of volunteers flocked from all parts to the standards of a favorite leader; his camp became their country, and some circumstance of the enterprise soon gave a common denomination to the mixed multitude. The distinctions of the ferocious invaders were perpetually varied by themselves and confounded the astonished subjects of the Roman empire.

A glance at the map gives a better understanding of the case than the study of history. In ages of rapine an island so situated as Britain would be the natural prey of raiders across the North Sea, and the invasions recorded by history are probably but a few of those which took place. The only way of stopping them was by the erection of an authority too strong for them to cope with. Such an authority was provided by Roman rule for about 367 years—from A. D. 43 to 410, when the legions were withdrawn. That is to say, Britain was a Roman province for half a century longer

than the time that has elapsed since the first English settlement in our country at Jamestown. Britain, during this period, became as highly civilized as any other province of the Roman empire, but when the Romans left, the country again became the prey of invaders and remained so for about six centuries, or until the Norman conquest (A. D. 1066) put an end to tribal conflicts and again brought it under one strong, capable rule.

With such history as it has had—swept by wave after wave of invasion—a reasonable inference would be that there should be a great mixture of peoples in Britain; and that is what the ethnologists have always held. In an essay published in 1871, when the vogue of the Anglo-Saxon myth was at its height, T. H. Huxley pointed out that when Britain first became known to the Romans both blond and brunette strains were found among its people, and since then prehistoric burial places have yielded evidence that both long heads and broad heads figured among them. The same variety has been observed in the skulls of the ancient Gauls; and furthermore, the Gauls and the Germans did not differ in any important physical character.

Upon a survey of all the evidence Huxley reached the conclusion that "the people of Europe owe their national names, not to their physical characteristics, but to their languages, or to their political relations." As regards the bearing of the language of a people on their racial descent, Huxley laid down the principle that "community of language testifies to close contact between the peoples who speak the language and to nothing else." The fact that the British people have a speech that belongs to the Teutonic family of languages "af-

fords not the slightest justification for the common practice of speaking of the present inhabitants of Britain as an 'Anglo-Saxon' race."

IV

The position taken by Huxley was backed up by abundant data collected by antiquarian research as well as by ethnological investigation. The works of Thomas Wright, Thomas Nicholas, and Charles I. Elton, based on the study of British relics of every description, produced solid evidence that for the mass of the people the Anglo-Saxon invasions brought merely a change of rulers. Obviously, the invaders acted in their own interest, and that surely did not prompt them to inflict death and destruction beyond the overcoming of resistance to their will. In an able historical treatise published in 1861, C. H. Pearson pointed out that "the object of the races who broke up the Roman empire was not to settle in a desert, but to live at ease, as an aristocracy of soldiers, drawing rent from a peaceful population of tenants."

Indeed, when one considers all the circumstances it seems reasonable to infer that there was a smaller infusion of Teutonic blood in Britain than in other provinces of the western Roman empire. Ancient writers mention many more tribes as invaders of Gaul, Italy and Spain than figured in the invasions of Britain. The incompleteness of historical records in those times may be appealed to as lessening the significance of that fact, but here is a circumstance which it is impossible to explain away. The invasions of Britain were filibuster-

ing expeditions made in narrow skiffs. Such invasions were necessarily restricted in volume. But a barbarian invasion of Gaul or Italy might be the trek of a whole people—men, women, children and household goods.

There is plenty of historical evidence that emigrations of just that character took place on the Continent. Speaking of the Ostrogothic invasion of Italy led by Theodoric, Gibbon remarks that "his march must be considered as the emigration of an entire people; the wives and children of the Goths, their aged parents, and most precious effects were carefully transported." The Lombard invasion, which took place at a later period, was of the same character, and it was joined by a mixed host of barbarian allies, among whom there is a mention of the Saxons. A name so apt to pop up anywhere from the North Sea to the Adriatic can scarcely have had a fixed significance. Gibbons reckons that the Teutonic tribesmen who settled in Italy with their slaves and cattle amounted to two hundred thousand, enough to imply an emigrant population of about a million. No such extensive migration could take place to Britain. It follows that while Britain received a spatter of Teutonic blood, Gaul and Italy received a drench. If there is any distinctive virtue in Teutonic heredity, or any special aptitude in it for representative government, the scene of its development would more probably have been in France or Italy than in Britain.

V

But the facts brought forward by antiquaries, ethnologists and matter-of-fact historians were unavailing to

stay the victorious march of the Anglo-Saxon myth. Under the assiduous manipulation of Professor E. A. Freeman, who devoted his life to propagating it, it received embellishments that made it much more attractive than it was when it was grounded on the known facts of Anglo-Saxon history. German scholarship, meanwhile, elaborated the doctrine of the Mark as a characteristic Teutonic institution. Here is the account of it given by Bishop Stubbs in his "Constitutional History of England":

> The Mark has been formed by a primitive settlement of a family or kindred in one of the great plains or forests of the ancient world; and it is accordingly, like any other clearing, surrounded by a thick border of wood or waste, which supplies the place or increases the strength of a more effective natural boundary. In the centre of the clearing the primitive village is placed; each of the mark-men has there his homestead, his house, court-yard, and farm buildings. This possession, the exponent, as we may call it, of his character as a fully qualified freeman, entitles him to a share in the land of the community. . . . For every such mark becomes a political unit, every free mark-man has his place in the assembly of the Mark, which regulates all the internal business of the partnership and of the relations that arise from it.

This picture certainly does not fit very well into the known circumstances of the coast tribes or creek-men who harried Britain and the northern coast of Gaul. It is noticeable, indeed, that as the literary expansions of the Anglo-Saxon myth went on, the origin of the political institutions that it took in was shifted from the North Sea coasts to the interior forests of Germany. Professor Freeman declared:

In the Germany of Tacitus we have the picture of the institutions of the Teutonic race before our branch of the race sailed from the mouths of the Elbe and Weser to seek new homes by the Humber and the Thames. There, in the picture of our fathers and brethren, seventeen hundred years back, the free Teutonic assembly of the whole people is set before us.

This assembly was held by Freeman to contain "the germs out of which every free institution in the world has grown." Historical literature until recently has resounded with this opinion. Representative government was said to have originated in the delegation of the right of every freeman to attend the Mark assembly in person. The reader may get a grand view of the vast political consequences flowing from this Teutonic practice by consulting John Fiske's "Beginnings of New England." He traced the New England town-meeting, the British Parliament, the American Congress, and indeed, "all modern legislative bodies," to the primitive Teutonic assembly.

VI

A fact which gave trouble for Freeman and his adherents was that there is not the slightest evidence, either in historical record or popular tradition, that the Mark ever existed in England. Freeman had to admit this, but he contended that it was a fair presumption that the Anglo-Saxons brought it with them and implanted it in their new home. He went so far as to say that the land was cleared of the Celts and "the intruding nation altogether supplanted the elder nation." This was too steep to be accepted even by historians of his own

school, and he was subjected to a fire of criticism that caused him to admit that he had used "a hard word" in speaking of the Britons as having been "extirpated." In the end he rested his case mainly on the linguistic argument, saying:

> Here, then, is the great fact of all. The man of France still speaks the tongue which the Gaul learned from the Roman. The man of England still speaks the tongue which he learned from no man, the tongue which his fathers brought with them from their elder home.

But as Huxley pointed out, language is not a test of race. If it is, then the Negro who said that "we Anglo-Saxons will win the war," was right in the racial claim he made for himself. The way in which a Teutonic dialect fastened itself upon Britain, although the mass of the people remained Celts, is not hard to discern. When the barbarians settled in the fold of the church, as in Gaul, Italy and Spain, they experienced a change of speech in receiving Christianity, and the Romance languages thus arose on the basis of Latin. Whatever the language of parents may be, children adopt the language which presents itself as the organ of culture and the evidence of social respectability. After the Normans settled in the province which has ever since borne their name, linguistic change went on so rapidly that the second duke had to send his son away to learn Norse, for it was no longer spoken at Rouen, his capital city.

But the case was altogether different when the church had to send out missions to reach the barbarians. Then the barbarian speech had to be mastered and employed. Exactly the same process goes on in the missionary en-

terprises of our own times. The decisive circumstance in the case of Britain was that the ancient Celtic church had retreated before the invaders. Christianity had to make an entirely new start on the basis of the favor extended to it by Anglo-Saxon rulers. Hence the spread of Anglo-Saxon speech accompanied the spread of Christianity among the people. But at the same time a large infusion of Latin took place, a fact which etymological inquiry promptly discloses. Considered as an instrument of thought, Anglo-Saxon in its developed form was almost as much a Latin product as the Romance languages.

VII

As soon as one begins to check the facts one sees how slight is the evidence on which the Anglo-Saxon myth was built up. Big bubbles may be blown from little suds, and they get their brilliancy not from what they contain but from what they mirror. That was the way with the Anglo-Saxon myth; there was nothing in it, but it reflected in brilliant hues the pet ideas of the doctrinaire liberalism of the times. The theory that representative government was derived from Anglo-Saxon institutions held its ground against all historical criticism, and was brought down at last only by minute research into the origin of serfdom and villeinage.

Checking of the data on which German scholarship had founded the doctrine of the Mark showed that either they had been misinterpreted or they were merely fanciful conjectures. The Mark, as a community of freemen, never actually existed. The constitution of

barbarian society was not at all democratic. The common people were servile in their status, and authority was the possession of the military caste. Speaking of conditions in Gaul, Julius Cæsar observed that "the commonalty is held almost in the condition of slaves, and dares to undertake nothing of itself and is admitted to no deliberation." Research has shown that a like situation existed generally among the barbarians, whether classed as Celts or Teutons. The writings of specialists, such as P. G. Vinogradoff, F. Seebohm, and H. M. Chadwick, supply overwhelming evidence that servitude and not freedom was the condition of the mass of the people.

Freedom, whenever it exists, is a late acquirement and not a primitive possession. It is not a racial inheritance, but is a product of law and order, and those conditions appear only as they are imposed by competent authority. Representative institutions made their first appearance as an incident of monarchical rule in England because the Norman conquest made monarchical rule stronger there than elsewhere. The conversion of Parliament from an organ of the king's will into an organ of control over the king's will, and eventually into an instrument of democratic rule, is a result of political evolution in England, due to special circumstances. The subject is too big to be dealt with here, but it may be remarked that the result is attributable to historical accidents and not at all to racial antecedents or to national characteristics.

It has been only since the English have had the good fortune to arrive at orderly politics that they have obtained credit for having an orderly nature.

During the Seventeenth Century, English politics were so proverbial for turbulence and changefulness as to suggest that there was something in the climate that generated such characteristics. Milton took this theory so seriously that in a treatise published in 1660, he referred to "the fickleness which is attributed to us as islanders," and he remarked that "good education and acquisite wisdom ought to correct the fluxible fault, if any there be, of our watery situation." A somewhat similar argument is heard in these times from school teachers seeking to reach into the national treasury. They urge more schooling as the grand cure for corrupt politics, although it is obvious that more schooling may only enlarge the means of roguery.

VIII

Huxley held that the Anglo-Saxon myth had worked great "scientific and practical mischief." If so, then riddance of it ought to be a decided gain both for ethnology and for political science, but it is not at all clear wherein this gain will accrue. Nothing much is learned when it is found that the English stock which has set up its rule in so many parts of the world is really Celtic. As a racial designation the term has little value. In its Greek form, Keltoi, it was used by Herodotus for the inhabitants of the region between the Danube and the Western ocean. The barbarian neighbors of the Greek Colony on the site of modern Marseilles were also designated as Keltoi. In its Latinized form, Celtae, the name was applied to tribes later known as German or Teutonic.

The fact that ancient writers found Keltoi or Celtae both in the east and in the west of Europe has been utilized as evidence that an extensive Celtic empire once existed, but it yields no more proof of this than encounters with Indian tribes in widely separated places would supply of the existence of an extensive empire among the American aborigines. In fact, as it was used by ancient writers, Keltoi or Celtae appears to have been as vague a term as our word Indians. As a term of modern philology, however, the name is quite precise. It designates a group of languages found on the northwestern rim of Europe and the near-by islands. Although the Celtic group differs from the Teutonic family of languages, yet it has affinities which indicate that it belongs to the same linguistic stock. So then, about all that the difference implies is that Celtic speech and Teutonic speech originated in distinct culture areas, the two groups of peoples meanwhile remaining pretty much the same in race—which agrees with what Huxley says about their identity in physical character. Certainly the difference occasioned by the facts that the Franks adopted a Latin language while the tribes who remained east of the Rhine retained their Teutonic speech, is a fact of immensely greater historical importance than any physical difference between the peoples of France and Germany. The rise of nationality is simply a political phenomenon resulting from the break-up of the Roman empire and the Protestant Reformation.

The positive effects on political science of the bursting of the Anglo-Saxon myth are yet difficult to compute. The news will be slow in reaching klansmen and congress-

men, and it will take a long time before the deep stain made upon popular history fades away. But the effect in academic circles is already marked. The Anglo-Saxon myth no longer forms a part of the Ph.D.'s luggage. In all the schools of political science good government is now described in terms of organization and discipline, and not in terms of race. The realism that thus governs political science may be reasonably expected to have some practical results. Still, it must be owned that the taste for mythology is so active in politics, and the "peepul" are so fond of the shamans who practice on their credulity that it is extremely doubtful whether reason and choice will ever prevail over accident and force in giving shape to political arrangements.

THE LIBERTY BELL

By Henry J. Ford

I

The Continental Congress was a migratory body. It held sessions at Philadelphia, Baltimore, Lancaster, York, Princeton, Annapolis, Trenton and New York. In most of these places no memorial of its stay now remains, but in some of them sacred relics are preserved for patriotic worship. Philadelphia still has the old State-house in which the Declaration of Independence was adopted. Princeton has Nassau Hall, where Congress was in session when definite advices were received that the peace treaty had been signed which acknowledged

our national independence. Annapolis still cherishes the colonial State-house in which the end of the Revolution was formally proclaimed, and in which Washington resigned his commission.

All these places have sacramentalia making a strong appeal to popular veneration. Princeton is especially rich in them. Cannon that figured in the famous battle of January 3, 1777, still remain on the campus, and another memorial of that struggle, abounding in romantic interest, is the portrait of Washington hanging in Nassau Hall. Its frame originally held a portrait of George II, in whose reign the college got its charter. This portrait was ripped by shot from Alexander Hamilton's battery, trained on Nassau Hall to drive out the British garrison. While Washington was in attendance on Congress at Princeton in 1783, he was requested by the college trustees to sit for his portrait to the Philadelphia artist, Charles Wilson Peale, and the painting thereupon executed was substituted for that of George II. One would think that such a relic would be sure to catch the popular fancy and so be generally known, but visitors to Princeton are usually surprised when they are told about it. It is not among the sacred souvenirs of the people, despite the celebrity of the names associated with it.

Popular devotion, indeed, has passed by all the other relics of the Revolution to fasten on the Liberty Bell at Philadelphia. Everybody has heard about how it rang out its thrilling peals on the adoption of the Declaration of Independence. This information, unluckily, is not based on fact but on fancy. The story of the Liberty

Bell is the creation of a romancer who was not born until almost half a century after the Declaration of Independence. Nevertheless, he was able to set aside the plain records of history and substitute his own invention. It was a casual stroke done by his rapid pen in the course of the day's work, without thought of the consequences. He soon knew that he had made a hit, but he never knew how great and lasting it was. He was a voluminous writer and he thought himself assured of literary fame, but, by one of fate's curious turns, he has lost that altogether. I doubt whether anyone outside Philadelphia has ever heard of George Lippard, who originated the story of the Liberty Bell. The fable of Washington and the cherry tree has saved from oblivion the name of Parson Weems, but the far greater renown of the Liberty Bell legend has not availed to save George Lippard. Such is the caprice of fame.

In adopting the Declaration of Independence Congress followed the ordinary course of legislative procedure, which did not then, any more than it does now, provide for bell-ringing or the collection of signatures on taking an important vote. A resolution declaring "that these colonies are, and of right ought to be, free and independent States" was offered by Richard Henry Lee of Virginia on June 7, 1776, and adopted on July 2. That was the famous Declaration of Independence. Nothing was done about it at the time save to note the passage of the resolution in the journal. The Continental Congress held its sessions in private, which was the common practice of legislatures at that period. But word soon got out, of course, of any important transaction, and the *Pennsylvania Evening Post* of July 2

had an item about the Declaration. Alongside advertisements of "a few hogsheads of old Jamaica spirits" and of rewards for the capture of runaway servants, appeared this austere announcement: "This day the CONTINENTAL CONGRESS declared the UNITED COLONIES FREE and INDEPENDENT STATES." The *Pennsylvania Gazette* of July 3 had a similar item, along with an advertisement offering for sale "a Dutch servant Girl, healthy, strong and good-natured." Within the next week the news spread throughout the East. It was published in New York on July 8, in Boston on July 11, and so on. But everywhere the date of the Declaration was given as July 2, and everyone assumed that the event would be celebrated forever as of that date. Writing to his wife on July 3 John Adams said:

> The second Day of July, 1776, will be the most memorable Epoca in the History of America.—I am apt to believe that it will be celebrated, by succeeding Generations, as the great anniversary Festival. It ought to be commemorated as the Day of Deliverence by solemn Acts of Devotion to God Almighty. It ought to be solemnized with Pomp and Parade, with Shews, Games, Sports, Guns, Bells, Bonfires and Illuminations from one End of this Continent to the other from this Time forward forever more.

This was a pretty good anticipation of what eventually came to pass, but the date was shifted to July 4 by congressional proceedings which certainly did not contemplate that result. It was the practice of the Continental Congress to limit the range of controversy by dealing first with the naked proposition before it. If that was agreed to, the preamble or statement of

the reasons for such action came next in order. In anticipation of the adoption of the Declaration a committee had been appointed to draft the preamble, and this had been reported and was on the table. On July 2, the same day that Lee's resolution was adopted, the preamble was taken up for consideration in committee of the whole. Consideration of it lasted until July 4, when, after some tinkering and pruning, the preamble as drafted by Jefferson was adopted. The vote was taken by States as usual, and no record was made of the action of individual members.

On July 19 a resolution was adopted that the Declaration should be engrossed on parchment and signed by every member of Congress. This engrossed copy was ready on August 2, and the members then present appended their signatures. This was an exceptional proceeding. Thomas McKean wrote that it was done "to prevent traitors or spies from worming themselves among us." In other words, the formal signing was a sort of pledge of allegiance to what had already been done. This view accords with all the facts elicited by a thorough examination of the record. The list of signers includes some who were opposed to the Declaration when it was adopted on July 2, it omits some who then supported it, and it includes some who did not become members of Congress until after July 4. One of the signers did not take his seat until November 4, 1776. In fact, more than a fourth of those who signed the document of August 2 did not take part in the proceedings when the Declaration was adopted. But that document was headed: "In Congress, July 4, 1776," and hence it

became the general belief that the signing took place on July 4.

Adams, Franklin and Jefferson, in late years, when their recollections had become blurred, all said that that was the date. But the records of the Continental Congress, corroborated by letters and diaries of the period, fully establish these facts: The Declaration was adopted on July 2, and Richard Henry Lee was its author. The preamble to it was adopted on July 4, and Thomas Jefferson was its author. Signing did not take place until August 2, and the list of signers as it now stands was not completed until after January 18, 1777. On that date Congress ordered that an authenticated copy be sent to all the States, and that copy settled the date of the celebration everywhere as of July 4.

II

Neither on July 2 nor on July 4, 1776, was there any public demonstration in Philadelphia or anywhere else. So far all the proceedings of Congress had been kept private. But the journal for July 4 notes that after the preamble had been disposed of, it was resolved that copies should "be sent to the several assemblies, conventions & committees or councils of safety and to the several commanding officers of the continental troops, that it be proclaimed in each of the united states & at the head of the army." Some of the copies sent out in obedience to this order are still preserved. The only names they bear are those of John Hancock, the

president, and Charles Thomson, the secretary of the Continental Congress. The Committee of Safety of Pennsylvania received its copy on July 6, and on the same day issued an order fixing noon of July 8 as the time when it "should be read and proclaimed at the State-house." This was, in fact, the first public celebration of the Declaration of Independence. In a letter of July 9 John Adams gave this account of it:

> The Declaration was yesterday published and proclaimed from that awful Stage, in the Statehouse yard, by whom do you think? by the Committee of Safety! the Committee of Inspection, and a great Crowd of People. Three cheers rended the Welkin.—The Battalions paraded on the common, and gave Us the Feu de Joy, notwithstanding the Scarcity of Powder. The Bells rung all Day, and almost all night. Even the Chimers chimed away.

The stage referred to was a platform, about twenty feet high, originally erected as part of the arrangements by the American Philosophical Society for observing the transit of Venus. Charles Biddle's autobiography says that when the reading took place "there were very few respectable people present. General [name obliterated] spoke against it, and many of the citizens who were good Whigs were much opposed to it; however, they were soon reconciled to it."

The Philadelphia celebration was typical of what took place under the direction of the civic authorities elsewhere as the formal notification reached them, which in many cases was not until some time in August. The army celebrations seem to have been of a more convivial character. In Colonel Dayton's New Jersey command

at Fort Stanwix the Declaration was read, cannons were fired and huzzas given, and then "the battalion was formed in a circle with three barrels of grog in the center. The colonel took a cup and drank to the toast,—'God bless the United States of America.' The other officers followed, as did afterwards the battalion."

In all the proceedings in Philadelphia there was absolutely no mention of the Liberty Bell. The only reference to any particular bell was in the remark of John Adams about the "Chimers,"—an allusion to the chimes of Christ Church. Up to that time its rector had continued to pray for the King. Hence when the celebration of July 8 took place there was some curiosity to know what Christ Church would do, and there was much gratification when its bells rang out in company with all the other bells in town. No records of the time, none of the chronicles, have anything to say specifically about the Liberty Bell.

But lack of facts never inconvenienced George Lippard. He relied wholly on his florid style, even when writing what purported to be history. The school with which he ranged himself seems to have been founded by the Rev. Mason L. Weems, for a while rector of Mt. Vernon parish in Washington's life-time. When Parson Weems brought out his famous "Life of Washington" the guiding principle of elegant writing was that nothing of importance should be plainly told. The great aim was to make the style as much as possible like the letting off of fireworks, with a great blaze and crackle, and bombs bursting in air. In the hands of such expert practitioners as Patrick Henry, William Wirt and Daniel Webster this style produced some

grand effects. In the hands of their disciples and imitators it became what is known as highfalutin. Parson Weems appears to have been the first writer to apply the highfalutin style to anecdotal details not previously recognized as fit material for dignified biography. He gave this account of his scheme:

> Parents that are wise will listen well pleased while I relate how moved the steps of the youthful Washington, whose single worth far outweighs all the oaks of Bashan and the red spicy cedars of Lebanon. Yes, they will listen delighted, when I tell of their Washington in the days of his youth, when his little feet were swift towards the nests of the birds; or when, wearied of the chase of the butterfly, he laid him down on his grassy couch and slept, while ministering spirits, with their roseate wings, fanned his glowing cheeks, and kissed his lips of innocence with that fervent love which makes the Heaven!

This sort of thing was so much relished in those days that the book instantly had a large sale. Numerous editions were published in Philadelphia, where Weems himself became well known. He left the regular ministry and formed a connection with the Philadelphia publisher, Matthew Carey, for whom he traveled, selling editions of the Bible and preaching occasionally when he could get an opportunity. He died in 1825, but his "Washington" continued to rank as a best-seller and new editions of it kept on appearing. Doubtless it was the success of it that inspired Lippard to produce his "Washington and his Generals, or Legends of the Revolution." In his preface, dated March 15, 1847, Lippard said that he had used some of the material in the form of lectures during the previous five years. Examination of the contents suggests that he huddled

together for publication whatever material he had on hand at the time that could in any way be connected with the Revolution. He was terribly long-winded and extremely fond of digression. He gives elaborate word pictures of scenes in Nineveh, Judæa, and Rome on the pretense that they illustrate the character of the American Revolution.

His account of the ringing of the Liberty Bell exceeds the best efforts of Parson Weems in the highfalutin style. While Congress is debating the issue crowds of anxious people gather about the State-house. In the steeple is an old white-haired man and by his side "stands a flaxen-haired boy, with laughing eyes of Summer blue." The old man cannot read and the blue-eyed boy spells out for him the inscription on the bell. Then the old man sends the boy to the hall of Congress, where "a man with a velvet dress and a kind face will come out of that big door, and give you a word for me." Many minutes pass.

"Ah," groaned the old man, "he has forgotten me! These old limbs will have to totter down the State-house stairs and climb up again, and all on account of that child——"

As the word was on his lips, a merry ringing laugh broke on the ear. There, among the crowds on the pavement, stood the blue-eyed boy, clapping his tiny hands, while the breeze blowed his flaxen hair all about his face.

And then, swelling his little chest, he raised himself on tiptoe, and shouted the single word—

"RING!"

The account then goes on to tell how the crowd of people "burst forth in one long shout." "Old Delaware hears it, and gives it back in the hurrah of her thousand

sailors," and the city hears it and starts "as though an earthquake had spoken." And so on, with much more of the same kind.

That was the original account of the ringing of the Liberty Bell on July 4, 1776. The only element of truth in the story is that, like other buildings in which Congress held sessions, the Philadelphia State-house had a bell in its steeple. All else is fiction.

III

George Lippard got off this successful fake when he was about twenty-five years old. Before then he had published a novel, "The Ladye Annabel," and had contributed articles to local periodicals. He was born near Yellow Springs, Pa., on April 10, 1822, and he became a law student, but soon drifted into literature. He was an all-around literary hack, but his preference seems to have been for social and religious topics. His pen had its most congenial employment when it was portraying the wickedness of wealth, the sufferings of the poor, the blighting effects of religious dogma, the enlightening influence of liberalism. His thoughts on such subjects followed plain and simple lines.

His success in the field of historical romance was so great that he was led to produce a whole series of "Legends of the Revolution," which sold so well that rivals and imitators kept entering the field. Lippard complained that a New York publisher had pilfered the title and much of the contents of "Washington and his Generals." He himself made haste to work the

paying vein that he had opened, and his next work was entitled, "The Rose of Wissahikon, or The Fourth of July, 1776; a Romance Embracing the Secret History of the Declaration of Independence." This is a much shorter work than "Washington and his Generals," but it shows a still greater wealth of fancy. Deceived by false documents, Reginald Lansdowne, the hero, believed that a foul plot was going on in Congress on that memorable Fourth of July. Just as the State-house clock struck twelve, a curtain was dashed aside and "the gleam of swords" was seen. "Silently around that council table circled twenty gallant forms, surrounding Jefferson and his compatriots with a wall of glittering steel." Reginald then accused the leaders of meditating treachery to the cause of independence.

Jefferson stood aghast.

"Reginald, you are mad! Read this, aye read, and then hurl charges like these at our heads!"

He pointed to the Declaration of Independence, but Reginald was not convinced of his good faith and there was great alarm. "Franklin alone was calm." But just then Rose of Wissahikon arrived on the scene and rushed up to Reginald.

"Read!" she gasped, and forced a packet into his hand. "It is a plot—a scheme to lure you on to ruin!"

Rose fainted and would have fallen "but Franklin caught her in his arms."

Meanwhile Jefferson and Adams examined the papers, which Rose had scattered on the tables. "Forgeries" whispered the former. "Another trick of his Majesty's minions and by no means the weakest. These forgeries are excellently done." Reginald's sword clattered to the floor.

The interruption thus happily ended, Reginald was presented with credentials as a delegate to Congress, and Congress proceeded to adopt the Declaration of Independence, while outside a great crowd gathered. At last John Hancock appeared on the State-house steps holding a parchment in his right hand.

An old soldier, battered with cuts and scars, hobbles up to the foot of the steps, and with the marks of the Indian wars and Bunker Hill upon his face, gasps the words, "Well, President, is it all right?"

There is silence in that breathless crowd.

Every ear in the throng hears his reply, spoken in calm, conversational tones.

"It is! This day we have signed our Declaration of Independence."

. . . At this moment, a little boy, whose golden hair tosses about his rosy cheeks, steals up the steps and clutches the President by the knee and whispers—"The old man in the steeple sent me down to ask you whether he should ring the bell?"

At this point the account connects with the story as given in "Washington and his Generals," and this is now told again in even more luscious phrases than before.

These extracts are fair samples of Lippard's style. One who has that kind of literary talent is always a fluent writer. He does not have to stop to think but just lets his mind dribble. Lippard was only thirty-two when he died but he had produced a long string of works. Drake's "Biographical Dictionary" mentions fifteen titles, and Lippard wrote a great deal that did not appear in book form. He got into hot water through his liking for social censorship, which he gratified in

"The Quaker City," and in "New York; its Upper Ten and Lower Million." These works attracted much notice at the time because of their harsh allusions to actual persons and events. There was some denunciation of Lippard from the press and the pulpit, but champions also came forward. A liberal clergyman, the Rev. C. Chauncey Burr, published an essay on Lippard's writings, declaring his "Washington and his Generals" to be "the best book that has been written on this portion of our history."

Lippard died in Philadelphia, February 9, 1854. Drake mentions that an octavo volume on his life and writings was published in Philadelphia in 1855. It is not in the Congressional Library and I have not been able to find a copy anywhere else. His fame rapidly declined, and his name has dropped out of the books of reference. In recent years there has been a local revival of interest in his career in Philadelphia. The Historical Society of Pennsylvania has a sixteen page pamphlet biography by J. B. Elliot, 1894, and also a pamphlet, "Recollections of George Lippard," by J. M. W. Geist, 1900.

IV

Lippard's story of the ringing of the Liberty Bell would probably have gone into oblivion with his other writings if it had kept the form he gave it. The marks of the fake are too plain upon it for it to be received as serious history. Its present currency is chiefly due to Benson J. Lossing, an industrious researcher who gathered much material of genuine historical value. In

his "Pictorial Field Book of the Revolution," 1850, he gave this account:

Thousands of anxious citizens had gathered in the streets of Philadelphia, for it was known that the final decision was to be made on that day. From the hour when Congress convened in the morning the old bellman had been in the steeple. He placed a boy at the door below to give him notice when the announcement should be made. As hour succeeded hour, the gray-beard shook his head, and said, "They will never do it! they will never do it!" Suddenly a loud shout came up from below, and there stood the blue-eyed boy, clapping his hands and shouting, "Ring! ring!" Grasping the iron tongue of the old bell, backward and forward he hurled it a hundred times, its loud voice proclaiming, "Liberty throughout all the land, unto the inhabitants thereof." The excited multitude in the streets responded with loud acclamations, and with cannon-peals, bonfires and illuminations, and the patriots held a glorious carnival that night in the quiet city of Penn.

This is merely a boiling-down of Lippard's fable, reducing its exuberance but retaining all its incidents and personages, including the blue-eyed boy. It has been generally accepted as genuine history and is the source of the Liberty Bell item now appearing in standard books of reference. Even so sound and accurate a scholar as Professor J. F. Jameson somehow allowed it to get into his "Dictionary of United States History," which is a signal proof of the fact that an editor is not always able to control what goes into his publications. Most remarkable of all, Lossing's account is quoted at length in J. H. Hazelton's authoritative work on the "Declaration of Independence," which is fully documented otherwise, and contains fac-similes of im-

portant records. The facts which he gives demonstrate the falsity of Lossing's account, but his sole comment is that Lossing had "little, if any, warrant" for writing it. Comparison makes it perfectly clear that the source of Lossing's story was Lippard's story, and the source of Lippard's story was his own sky-scraping fancy.

But except among a small group of specialists the ringing of the Liberty Bell on July 4, 1776, is now everywhere accepted as authentic history. The bell itself has become a sacred relic. People have been known to faint from stress of emotion on beholding it. Great use of it was made by the government during the campaign for the selling of Liberty bonds. The most effective advertisement of those days was a placard with a picture of the Liberty Bell, and the motto: "Ring it again!"

VIII

ENLIVENING THE REMINISCENCE

SCHOOL DAYS IN THE SNOW

By Thomas J. LeBlanc

I

The air glittered with frost crystals. The morning sun sent long shafts of light through the woods, and in the distance a pale blue ribbon of smoke swayed above the pointed tops of the pines. It came from the schoolhouse. The feast of Thanksgiving had been celebrated during the previous week, and this was the first day of school. Ernie Trudeau and I stumbled over the frozen ground, breaking out the trail that had become overgrown during the Summer. We had both reached the eminence of seven years and our second year in school. This last placed us in a class of scholastic old-timers. Ernie lived farthest from the school and in the Winter he stopped at my house in the morning and we alternated in breaking a trail through the snow, the leader wallowing in the soft fresh flakes that sometimes reached his waist while the one behind stalked along in a superior way, trying to hide his impatience at the delay. Today we hurried, for unusual sights were to be seen on the opening day and we did not want to miss them.

We liked school. It was a place where teachers showed us something new every day. Even the teachers changed frequently, and they were very different from the other people that we knew. Before we ceased to won-

der at the strangeness of one, another took his place. They made us do strange things that entertained yet puzzled us, like punching holes in cardboard in the outline of an animal and then sewing through the holes with colored thread. Sometimes, when one was sweating and tugging one's way around the curve of a rabbit's back, one was suddenly called upon to tell what an island was. What queer people these teachers were! Anybody knew what an island was. Or maybe it would be something about a lake, as if anybody didn't know a lake when he saw one. But on the other hand, they could write long words on the blackboard without a book and they had whole boxes of crayons in brilliant and fascinating colors: reds, greens and purples that danced before our eyes. Ernie and I used to speculate on the enormous value of these crayons.

This was before the days of suppression, expression, and sublimation, and of the different grades of morons. A well-meaning government had decreed that the Indian youths of the vicinity should attend the white man's school and learn the lore of their white brothers, so that when Ernie and I wriggled through the underbrush into the clearing that surrounded the schoolhouse, we walked among the pick of the younger Indian bucks. They stood silent and straight, their arms folded and their eyes gazing off into the distance. Broad-shouldered, deep-chested and slim-hipped, they ranged in age from fifteen to twenty-two and were about equally divided between Chippewas and Ojibways. I recognized Chief Kukooche at one side of the clearing and Chief Shaganegi at the other. Ernie and I were the only

white boys. With two girls about our own age we made up the whole white enrollment.

Soon a bell clanged, the chiefs grunted a few words and we marched into the school-house. We entered through a long hall that opened into the school-room, a square room with windows on three sides and a blackboard across the front. It always smelled dusty and seemed unclean. At the front, on either side, were two long castiron stoves that were fueled with large pine logs brought in from the nearby woods. In mid-winter, with the wind whistling around the building and the draft roaring up the chimney, these stoves became red-hot and sent out an odor of scorching paint. I sat in the front seat, face flushed and gasping for breath, while the bucks in the back seats shivered in clouds of their own breath.

We filed to our seats, the white children in the first four and the Indians gathering in the back. The two chiefs shook hands with the teacher, and then turned and nodded to the bucks. Our eyes turned to the teacher. He was a handsome fellow, with greased hair that swept down over his forehead in a wave, a huge drooping moustache, a shiny collar and a necktie that rose in wondrous billows of color from his chest. Long white cuffs, suspended by metal clasps, hung from under his coat-sleeves. As if to stun us completely he wore button shoes, a kind of footgear that had never been heard of in that part of the North country. These shoes broke down the reserve of the Indians and they nudged one another and shot quick glances at the teacher's feet as he passed among them, assigning them to their seats.

The teacher took his place at the front of the room and read short sentences which we repeated after him. The Indians sat silent, their faces like masks. At noon we were dismissed and the Indians disappeared into the bush. An hour later the bell rang and they reappeared, swinging along silently in their soft buckskin moccasins. The afternoon's work consisted of weaving mats from colored strips of paper. The Indians refused to touch theirs, and when asked by the teacher for an explanation, one lean-jawed buck stiffened a little and grunted the single word—squaw. Later they took the same attitude toward sewing on cardboard and this attitude was the cause of no little trouble. The afternoon wore on and at three o'clock we were dismissed. The first day of school was over.

II

That teacher was the beginning. He lasted about a week and then left. Another took his place, and another, and so on. Some stayed only a day, while others stretched their stay into a week. Some whined, pleaded and cajoled. Others roared and threatened. Some read the lessons in a tired voice, beaten before they started. Others pounded on the desk and hurled the words at us like a challenge and then left at the end of one day. The one response that could be wrung from the Indians was *kaween*—their word for no. A typical recitation was as follows: The teacher fixed his gaze upon one of the bucks and asked him to spell cow. The answer came back *kaween*. The teacher insisted that the buck could spell the word. Again the *kaween*.

Another buck was appealed to, and the answer was likewise *kaween,* and so on down to the last one. No matter what was required, sewing cards, weaving mats, counting, spelling or repeating words—the inevitable answer was *kaween.*

With the passing weeks I came to know all my school-mates. Somewhere I had acquired the idea that as a white boy I was superior to injuns, but this soon gave way to a feeling of admiration. I admired those tall, easy moving fellows. I admired their strength and especially their ability to look at the teacher with level gaze and say *kaween.* Suspicions began to steal into my childish brain that, after all, maybe this weaving and sewing and reciting was not quite a man's work. I learned their names—curious names, neither English nor Indian, but rather words or syllables that may have been corruptions of English words, or nicknames that some white man had applied to them. There were Ton-ton, Beak, Bozhou, Ganog, Baulky-splits and others, each one a leader among his own people. The leader of them all, no matter whether Chippewa or Ojibway, was a lean, wiry brave, well over six feet in height, who went by the name of Kadow. He was the son of Chief Kukooche and looked every inch a prince.

A few weeks after the opening of school, the snow came and soon the ground was covered and great folds hung from the sloping branches of the trees. The Indians came to school on snowshoes from all directions, leaving broad trails behind them that lay like huge ribbons of lace on the surface of the snow. The shoes were of the graceful tapering Chippewa pattern and

were made on a basswood frame with the net woven from deer sinews. Some of the more vain among the youths had the border of their shoes decorated with tufts of brilliantly colored yarns. Arriving at the school, the snowshoes were stacked in the hall, where the temperature was low enough so that no thawing took place. Wetting was disastrous to the sinews in the net and the shoes were always kept at a freezing temperature. The dress of the Indians was quite uniform and consisted of a squirrel or rabbit skin headpiece, a heavy woolen shirt, muskrat mittens, buckskin trousers, knee-length woolen socks, and soft buckskin moccasins, usually embroidered in intricate designs with beads and vari-colored porcupine quills. The headpieces were left in the hall with the snowshoes. They wore the mittens in the class-room.

As the snow grew deeper, the bucks became more and more restless and increasingly harder to manage. Every fresh snowfall meant a fresh tracking snow and the time was ripe for running down deer on snowshoes. The sharp hoofs of the deer cut into the deep drifts and a swift young brave on snowshoes, stubbornly holding to the trail, soon overtook the laboring animal and with a quick thrust of the long knife carried at his belt, added another portion of venison to the family larder. These active fellows chafed at the business of sitting in a room and listening to a person who to their minds was neither chief nor squaw. Why sew on cards or weave mats or even try to learn the white man's writing when there were deer to be run and fish under the ice waiting to be speared? It all seemed so stupid. One couldn't eat mats or cardboard. Sometimes a soft

heavy snow would begin to fall early in the morning. During the classes the bucks sat gazing out of the windows and an hour or so later Kadow would grunt a few words, and half of the Indians would rise, stalk to the hall, lash on their snowshoes and disappear into the bush. The teacher stamped and blustered, but they paid no more attention to him than if he had been a chattering blue-jay.

III

In the meantime our teachers were as fitful as the winter winds. They came from unknown parts, remained a day or so, and then left for unknown parts again. In one month we had eight. Finally Mr. Bowles arrived. He wore no glorious tie nor button shoes, but a woolen shirt and shoepacs. We did not know it at the time, but his speciality was man-taming and he had been imported for the purpose of teaching these injuns how to sew and weave and making them say something beside *kaween.* Mr. Bowles immediately became "Bells" to us. He had a huge shock of hair streaked with gray, and a purple complexion which acted as a setting for eyes like two shiny beads that glittered behind a pair of nose glasses. Every morning he arrived with a package under his arm. He made frequent trips to the store-room and as the day wore on his breath took on an unmistakable bouquet and his voice grew husky. By three o'clock he was completely swizzled. He grew more mellow and tolerant with each trip to the store-room. Once he even volunteered the statement that he didn't give a damn if

these injuns *kaweened* for the rest of their lives. Thus for a while he was a triumph as a teacher. His stay stretched to the unheard-of-length of two weeks and one night at supper I heard my father thank God that there was somebody who could run that school.

But it did not last. One Monday morning Bells roared louder than ever and went to the store-room more often than usual and instead of growing more tolerant with each trip he began to swear at us and to pace up and down the aisles, swinging a heavy leather strap cut from a piece of belting. I sat in the front seat, afraid to turn around to watch him and yet afraid to let him go unwatched. Finally his pacing stopped. He planted himself beside Kadow and pointing to a crumpled wad of cardboard that lay on the floor he roared, "Pick that up." Kadow gazed straight ahead and in an even tone said "*Kaween.*"

"What did you say, you damn injun?"

This time the answer came back, "No."

Bell's face grew livid as he pointed with a shaky finger.

"Pick that up!"

The buck without a change of expression or tone answered,

"No put-um, no pick-um."

The man's voice rose to a maddened yell and he drew back the heavy piece of leather.

"Pick that up, er I'll break every bone in yer damn injun body," and the answer came, "No put-um, no pick-um." The strap whistled through the air and landed with a loud report across the buck's shoulders. Blow followed blow in rapid succession, while Kadow

sat with arms folded, head back, gazing straight ahead and apparently oblivious to the raining blows. How I admired him! How his character seemed to tower above that of the so-called teacher, who labored and puffed as he swung the strap. Finally Bells paused from exhaustion and the silence that fell was broken by Kadow's saying in a cold tone, "No put-um, no pick-um."

The teacher, in speechless fury, dropped his strap and seizing the Indian's hair in both hands began to rock his head from side to side. Then things happened. Kadow rose with the smooth, easy motion of a cat, spun the teacher around by one shoulder, seized him by the back of the coat and the mid-posterior portion of his trousers and swung him in an arc, clear of the floor. With a mighty heave, he sent Bells skittering along the floor, face down, the whole length of the room, to end up wedged under the red-hot stove, and helplessly stunned. Then all the Indians, as if by a signal, quietly left the room, led by Kadow, who hesitated long enough to grind into dust beneath his foot a pair of nose glasses that lay in the aisle. By this time the air was filled with the odor of scorching cloth. Ernie and I applied ourselves to the protruding legs of Bells and by dint of much pulling and weaving from side to side finally dragged him forth and beat out the smouldering places in the back of his shirt. We propped him up against his own desk and left him there. We never saw him again.

Bells was the beginning of a long line of man-tamers. Even as a child I felt nothing but scorn for their ignorance and bungling. Everyone failed to recognize that these braves were young men of dignity and in-

fluence among their own people and that they had certain ideas as to what was a man's work. Each one tried his particular method of man-taming. Some tried a club; some used a black-snake whip; and some used their fists. Each one lasted until he outraged the dignity of one of the bucks and then his term ended. The Indians attended school regularly, but simply would not be driven while there. Things went from bad to worse. One teacher lashed Ton-ton around the legs with a birch rod and had his head beaten against a door-frame for his pains. Finally during an attempt to make one of the bucks sing, there was the flash of a knife, a lurching fall, a stain on the floor and school was closed.

IV

A month later, the word was passed that it would reopen on the following Monday. Upon our arrival we found to our amazement that the new teacher was a woman, a Miss Hudson. She was small, with a little round face and puffy cheeks, and moved with quick jerky movements. She was soon known as Chipmunk. She wore a white shirtwaist with sleeves that rose in mounds over her shoulder, and a dark skirt. She smiled at us continually and her teeth were even and white. She earned our admiration on the first day by eating large pieces of charcoal that she plucked from the ash-pan of the stove. I tried it and found it to be tasteless stuff that gritted between one's teeth, and not half so pleasant as spruce gum. But Kadow chewed it stolidly and the bucks followed his example.

During the first week of her stay the new teacher gave her entire attention to the white children and ignored the Indians completely. This was an unexpected method of attack and the bucks were puzzled. Many things had happened to them since the opening of school but never had they been ignored. By the end of the week they began to gather in groups before school was called to discuss this new situation. One day in the middle of a recitation, Kadow walked boldly to the stove, brushed up a handful of charcoal and passed out pieces to the Indians, which they chewed solemnly, looking to Miss Hudson for approval. Apparently it had no effect, for she made no comment.

The first sign that the new teacher was aware of the existence of the Indians came in the second week of her term, during a whirling snowstorm with the temperature well below zero. The supply of wood for the great iron stoves had become low. Just after the first recitation in the morning Miss Hudson walked down the aisle between the rows of silent braves and stopped at the desk of Kadow, who stiffened at her approach. In a pleasant voice she asked him to stand and he rose and towered above her, arms folded and gazing over her head. Then in a manner of almost formal address, she said, "Kadow, your father is a brave man and does not lie. He has told me that you are the son of a chief and a man among your people. He has said that for a youth you are wise and that your people obey when you order. Tell me, Kadow, does your father lie?"

The answer came in a deep voice, "*Kaween.*"

"Very well, Kadow. We need wood. It is cold and snowing outside, but it would please me very much if

you would have some of *your men* fetch logs for the stoves so that we may be warm and *your men* may take off their mittens while they are inside."

The effect was like magic. Kadow, unfolding his arms, inclined his head to indicate that he understood, whirled on his heel, let fly a string of throaty syllables and every Indian in the room flew to the hall. There was a clatter of snowshoes and they were gone. A half hour later they marched in like soldiers, each carrying a pine log. The logs were heaped around the stoves and overflowed across the front of the room. Then each Indian solemnly placed his fur mittens in the hall with his snowshoes and returned to his seat. Kadow was the last to return and as he took his place Miss Hudson smiled at him and said, "Kadow, I thank you." The Indian looked pleased and bowed slightly as he answered, "It is well, Chipmunk." This was the first English sentence ever spoken by an Indian in that schoolroom.

The incident of the firewood marked the beginning of a new era. Bringing in the logs became an office of honor and Kadow and his braves turned it into a highly enjoyed ceremony. Next we were told to get a piece of cloth to be used in wiping our slates. The method in vogue up to that time was to apply an abundance of saliva and then polish the slate with the right shirtsleeve. The Indians had no slates, but the next morning they appeared with both slates and vari-colored pieces of cloth. Then Miss Hudson showed us a can filled with water and having a hole in the top, and told us that at the end of the slate lesson a little water was to be placed on each slate and then we were to use our

pieces of cloth. To his delight she designated Ton-ton to distribute the water and he placed the few drops on each slate as though he were conferring knighthood. The cardboard animals and the mats were left in the store-room and their place was taken by stories concerning the early history of the region or the life habits of familiar animals. These tales interested the Indians tremendously and they exchanged observations on certain points in an undertone.

Then Miss Hudson explained to Kadow that she would be pleased to hear the stories of his people, the deeds of his father and his father's father, of Ton-ton's father, of great hunts, and long winters, but that it was impossible because he and his people could not speak or write her language. This marked the beginning of a furious attack on English, and the braves, with brows knit and jaws set, repeated sentences or fashioned words on their slates. The place took on an air of intense work. Kadow was the vengeance that hung over the shirker, and woe unto the one who caused Miss Hudson to frown! Any misdemeanor by one of the bucks brought a swift and sure punishment from his fellows. This was accepted without a whimper by the culprit and he returned to work with a clearer idea of what to avoid in the future.

The Indians were quick to learn and it was not long before Kadow was able to tell in simple terms the story of the change in the course of the river as it had been related to him by his father. For this feat he received a celluloid flower, pinned to his shirt by Miss Hudson herself. No crimson-tipped eagle feather in his family's collection meant more to him. Later Bozhou told the

legend of Shewano, the great bowman who shattered a star with his arrow. The fragments fell to the ground among the trees, and in the Spring, when the Great Spirit rolled back the blanket of snow that covered the earth, the places where they fell were marked by the trailing arbutus.

Soon a strong friendship grew up between the teacher and her pupils, a friendship colored by staunch loyalty and a desire to please. The bucks who had successfully resisted all the different technics of the man-tamers were plastic in the hands of the little woman who ate charcoal. They seemed tense and ready to spring at her slightest command. Every morning her desk was piled with squirrel tails, muskrat and beaver skins; articles made of buckskin and embroidered with beads and quills; baskets made of basswood strips dyed with the juices from berries; mats woven from the fragrant sweet grass that grew in the clearings; or sometimes a quarter of young venison, or a delicately tinted rainbow trout stretched on a bed of moss. And when school closed there was a great feast held on the school grounds and the Chippewas and Ojibways came for miles around to join it. Chief Kukooche made a speech of farewell that Kadow proudly translated, and then the boat came to take Miss Hudson away. The braves stood in line and were silent as she shook each one by the hand. Her eyes were moist and her voice a little low as she called each one by name. As the boat drew away from the shore, Kadow stepped from the crowd and raising his hand in farewell, shouted across the water, "Good-bye, Chipmunk."

V

A short time ago I returned to the town of the little school-house. Kadow now owns a fleet of canoes manned by half-breeds who take squealing tourists for a plunging ride over the rapids. He recognized me immediately, and as we shook hands I said sternly, "Kadow, spell cow." His expression did not change, but his eyes flashed a smile as he answered, "*Kaween.*"

NOTES OF AN AMATEUR FATHER

By Chester T. Crowell

Nearly all the fathers I had met in books possessed an amazing assurance of their fitness for the responsibilities of fatherhood. Some even went so far as to yearn for a son, or sons, before marriage. Since my reading had covered about the usual range, I assume it will not be necessary to cite the volumes; the reader can scarcely have failed to encounter the same fathers.

Around me, however, were perplexed young men of about my own age who admitted quite frankly that their ideas on the subject—if they had any—were chaotic. They not only admitted that they were amateurs, but rather insisted upon their amateur standing, and wished to claim all the handicaps and immunities they might be entitled to under the circumstances. That was my own position precisely. I was a father. I was also twenty-three. Never since then have the years weighed upon

me so heavily. And classical literature brought me no light because, as I have said, I had nothing in common with the types of fathers therein presented.

So I turned to what was then current literature and made a most remarkable discovery: people no longer became parents! Young men and women were frequently shipwrecked and cast up by the waves upon desert—or at least deserted—islands, and there they were married according to various improvised rituals—all extremely poetic, with coconut trees for bridesmaids and storks for witnesses. But they invariably proved sterile, or the storks were lazy, I do not know which. The eternal triangle, in fiction, was just then a little more eternal than usual. Incredible things happened; murders were numerous; divorces not uncommon; but babies simply were not. Once in a great while I discovered a husband in fiction who was sad because no little fairy had come to brighten his home, but that was about as near the cradle as authors seemed to be venturing at the time. Wives never yearned for these little fairies.

So I turned to serious books on the subject of children—and discovered that all of them were written for mothers. This statement may not be absolutely true as to the books, but it is true as to my discovery. Thus my problem was still unsettled and it would not down. I was a father and I had to do something about it. Fortunately, during all this time, my wife was taking excellent care of the baby, and apparently had no difficulty in learning what to do; the baby's health was perfect. That, I meditated, was all right for the present, but what of the future? At twenty-three one simply has to borrow trouble.

Then I made a new discovery about fathers—the ones in books, I mean. Nearly all of them had very definite plans for their children; made sacrifices; inflicted tyranny, and in the end did more harm than good. There was, for example, old man Dombey of "Dombey and Son." I found myself confronted by a whole rogues' gallery of such fathers—men who had tried to make cobblers, wool-combers, merchants and tailors out of their gifted sons. About that time I met an old man who bewailed his fate because—so he said—he had sacrificed his all for three sons, hoping to be rewarded in some manner he did not explain—and there he was, unrewarded and miserable. But I was young enough to see two sides to the matter without argument from the sons, and so I resolved, then and there, not to make the error of regarding my children as an investment from which I should draw dividends at some remote time. Either they were to be enjoyed from the beginning or probably not at all.

Having thus disposed of the last remnant of expectation that light would come to me from some exterior source, I took the whole subject into the innermost recesses of my own mind, resolving that I would settle it there, just as though my children were the first ever born upon this planet. I decided that first of all I would fix upon a few facts. My theories—if any should be evolved—would have to rest upon these facts as I saw them. So I went back to the beginning and admitted all over again that I was an amateur father. I didn't know anything about the business at all and hadn't taken a wife in order to satisfy a yearning for sons. I married a girl whom I loved—because I loved

her. And I admitted that I was annoyed when the fact penetrated through our aura of happiness that we would have to accommodate ourselves to the presence of a third person.

After laborious thought I reached the conclusion that it is a great mistake for a father to make up his mind what his child is to be or do before the child is born or at any other time before the child's wishes can be determined. I decided that I would obtain all the pleasure possible from association with my children while I could, so that I would not feel cheated if fate decreed me little or no association with them in after-years. I decided that I would do for them all that I comfortably could without inflicting hardship upon my wife or myself; that we had our own lives to live, too, and that undue sacrifice would inevitably create in our minds an impression of debt. Debtors and creditors are seldom comfortable companions.

I decided that it was not necessary to exert any influence, at least consciously, upon children to mould their characters. They cannot avoid learning from their parents either for good or for ill, or for both. Whatever influence was to be exerted, I resolved, would be aimed at myself. Having done this much, if the children gave me cause for pride and rejoicing I should consider myself very fortunate, in view of all the uncertainties of this life. If they did not, I would return to my first premise, enter a plea of immunity, and assert solemnly before God and man that I didn't know a thing about the business in the first place. It is very unfortunate to be the sort of person who has to go through such a rigamarole in order to achieve internal peace—but that

was the sort of person then occupying my cuticle, and he has not yet entirely vacated it. A cat settles these problems with much greater facility; she plays with her kittens. After all my prayerful exercise, the net result might be summarized by saying that I decided to go to the cat for wisdom. However, I do not even now venture so far as to call it wisdom. *Modus vivendi* or an experimental program is better.

Nevertheless, it has brought me happiness beyond all my expectation and that is my sole excuse for setting down these impressions of twelve years of fatherhood.

II

Not knowing how to extend a welcome to the first of our five little pink and white visitors nor what entertainment would be most pleasing to her, I registered hospitality by means of a simple smile, and devoted my more serious efforts to observation. This led to several remarkable discoveries. First, she made me welcome! Secondly, babies prefer not to be fondled. Third, when not overwhelmed with entertainment, they will rise to the demands of the occasion and entertain their parents. Mary Elizabeth, our first born, did her full share of this entertaining, but I was not certain at the time whether to regard it as the rule or an exception. Being now the father of five, the youngest of whom is three years old, I feel safe in making the general declaration.

Also, I have learned something about the art of being entertained. The secret is not to laugh and not to participate beyond a necessary minimum of coöperation. Permit me to furnish an example. Cathleen, aged

three, clambers into a chair beside mine in the living-room, shortly before bedtime, and indicates by a number of general remarks that she wishes to engage me in conversation. Whereupon I say: "Young lady, you have but recently arrived from heaven, and it seems to me that you ought to know a great many things that other members of this family have forgotten. Couldn't you tell me something of interest?"

Cathleen responds: "I used to be a little boy. That was a long time ago. And before that I was a little Chinese baby. Chinese babies are very cute. I am being a little girl now because little girls are very cute. But after a while I will be a little boy again. And when I grow up I will be a man—a great big man. I will be a cowboy. I have four little children."

"Is that so? What are their names?"

"Their names are Betty and Boy. I must put them to bed now. They are sick. Good night. Kiss me good night."

I kiss Cathleen good night, and then remark, quite seriously: "That was a very interesting story. You must come to see me again." So she comes to see me nearly every evening in the living-room. Her four children have only two names, but these change frequently. Last night their names were Kit Carson and Alan. Kit Carson owns a pony, and he is going to give it to Cathleen.

Mary Elizabeth's entertainments ran more to mimicry. She would appear unexpectedly in a doorway, wearing a cast-off hat that had been stripped of its adornment, and carrying an old purse. She would then

address her mother in a voice and manner that left no doubt about the identity of the person she was imitating.

"Oh, I'm so glad to see you, Mrs. Crowell," she would carol, sweeping across the room to her mother's sewing chair. Then she would pick up a corner or end of the cloth in her mother's lap and say: "Did you make this, Mrs. Crowell?"

"Yes."

"Well, I think it is just beee-you-u-u-tiful!"

"I'm so glad you like it."

"Why, Mrs. Crowell, it is bee-you-u-u-tiful. I must be going now. Come to see me some time."

"Thank you. I will."

Then Mary Elizabeth would switch her starchy little dress across the room and exit into a closet for another transformation. Returning, she was some one else, but the voice and manner always made it clear who she was. No matter how funny such performances may be, one must never laugh aloud. That leads to self-consciousness or to no more shows. The correct procedure is to give attention when attention is requested—and only the amount necessary to the prima donna.

I owe to my three little girls the birth of my appreciation for what is called classical dancing. As a boy, I had never seen such dancing; therefore, when I encountered it for the first time, as a man, it seemed unnatural. The children, however, taught me otherwise. Give them a lawn, preferably with a tree in bloom, and they will oblige with improvised dances. It is the waltz and two-step that must be learned; the Russian ballet merely polished nature's own steps, especially by

perfecting the art of dancing without eventually falling down, and by restraining the natural impulse to turn an ode to Spring into a game of tag.

Also, I learned that if children are exposed to music they will sing without being commanded to do so. They prefer to make up their own songs. Cathleen has a song of which she is very proud. Its lines could scarcely fail to rhyme since four-fifths of them end with "tilo cat." This song is a lullaby for her chief possession, a black oil-cloth cat nearly as large as herself. The word tilo was for a long time one of the family mysteries, but we now have a translation vouched for by the other four children. Tilo, we are informed, means tail. This oil-cloth cat has a long black tail and therefore is anatomically more complete than any of its predecessors. Cathleen feels that this is a very superior cat; the others had painted tails.

Speaking of the tilo cat calls to mind two other facts which must be set down. One is that the older children apparently have no difficulty with the younger children's baby talk. In fact, ours are impatient sometimes because their parents do not instantly understand combinations of sound suggestive of Chinese. The other fact is that very young children are remarkably capable art critics. But this critical sense is corrupted much earlier than my artist friends had led me to believe. I recall an artist who valued highly the criticism of a ten-year-old boy. My own children's critical faculty begins to wane rapidly after the age of six. It seems to be at its best between the ages of four and six. I blame the billboard, but that, of course, is a mere surmise.

Confining myself to the bare facts I may testify that on visits to the Metropolitan Museum the youngest children go instinctively to the very best pictures and remain there until dragged away. They do not even notice the lesser paintings. The size of a canvas makes no difference nor does mere gaudiness of color. Later on, they begin to show enthusiasm for highly colored calendars and even for the funny paper.

But to return to the juvenile entertainments. Little Madeleine is both a clown and a flirt except when she chooses to tease or play pranks. Ted is a mimic like his eldest sister. Sometimes he comes into the living room, carrying a stick in a certain way to indicate that it is a cigar. He sits down, props his feet, and addresses me as Mr. Crowell. I am then to address him as Judge, which I do, and he discusses the news of the day and his law cases. I know the man he is imitating. To suppress my laughter is not always possible. Sometimes I have to leave the room for a few seconds. This leaving is important, for the children do not mimic persons they dislike; their burlesques are inspired by admiration.

Caution and fear of the unknown are born very early in the boys' minds, but only much later in the girls'. I shall cite two of the many observations upon which I base this statement. Last Spring Teddy, aged six, was chasing a robin across the snow-covered yard—the robin's wing was injured and it could not fly. Half a dozen times Teddy could have seized the bird, but he always managed to permit it to elude his grasp. Cathleen, aged three, standing beside me and watching this performance, finally said, impatiently: "He could have

it, but he don't want it." That was the truth. Moreover, if she had been chasing the robin she would have caught it.

The first thought of death that ever impressed itself upon any of the children found a victim in the elder boy, Chester, at the age of five; a neighbor's cat had been poisoned and the carcass was dragged out from under our house. Chester was terror-stricken. That night Madeleine, who was not yet four, went into a dark room just before bedtime, and said, in her best effort at sepulchral tones, "What do I hear? What do I hear? I hear that dead cat. That's what I hear." Chester wouldn't sleep alone that night. And Madeleine laughed until she fell down.

III

Among the delights of fatherhood I believe I should rank highest the observation of the first clear exhibition of reason and deduction on the part of a child. Balboa wading into the Pacific had no more thrilling experience than I had when Mary Elizabeth gave her first unmistakable evidence of grappling with the facts of life and drawing a conclusion.

It was during the World War. At the dinner table my wife and I were discussing a magazine article which told of some notable surgical operations performed in French hospitals. The children's interest was aroused when I mentioned the operation by which a soldier's lost nose was replaced.

"Did they make him a new nose?" Chester asked, addressing Mary Elizabeth.

"Yes," she replied.

"Did they make it out of wood?"

"Certainly not. If they had made it out of wood how could he smell? You can't smell with wood. They made it out of clay."

"Oh!" from Chester.

My wife and I looked at each other, mystified for a moment—until suddenly the great white light burst upon us. The surgeon, obviously, would have to use the same material out of which God originally fashioned us! Mary Elizabeth's scientific knowledge was somewhat shaky, but her exhibition of reason was entirely delightful.

On the subject of answering questions—which is one of the principal functions of parents—I wish to record a few observations, but in doing so I insist again upon my amateur standing, and decline all debates with experts. The inquiring child does not yearn for a lecture; he desires a simple and direct answer. After having tried all methods I now give the children simple and direct answers, no matter how absurdly inadequate they may be. Later the inquirer will ask more questions if the subject interests him. I am inclined to believe that depth of interest will usually be indicated by long intervals instead of short ones between these questions.

The business of playing guide, philosopher and oracle to children is full of fun. I endeavor to hark back to my first premise while discharging the responsibility—never to be cross-eyed with seriousness. Above all, I accept the children as equals and grown persons, so that they feel no embarrassment in telling me their own thoughts. What busy little cerebrums they have! And

how tireless in the search for information! Books merely whet their appetites—which calls to mind some observations on the subject of reading.

All children, I believe, read much more rapidly than grown persons. At first I supposed that they must skip about half the pages, but inquiry led me to the conclusion that they skip very little. They read at a rate somewhere between three and five times as rapidly as a normal grown person. I have no explanation to offer, but will vouch for the fact, especially as all the other fathers I know confirm it. Children are what I would call sloppy readers—they do not pronounce the words, in their minds, nor do they care whether they know how to pronounce them. Not long ago Chester fired at me the following question: "Do you know about Mulligan?"

"No, son. What about Mulligan?"

"Why, Daddy, you must know about Mulligan!"

"I don't recall ever having heard of him."

"He was the first man to sail all the way around the earth."

"That was Magellan, son."

"Well, something like that," and he dismissed the subject as though pronunciation were a matter of no importance.

For three years it was necessary for me to spend nearly half of my time traveling, and as these trips covered the greater part of the country, I very earnestly desired to give the two elder children the benefit of at least the more pleasant and instructive of them. The question was whether I could take care of a little girl, aged seven, or a boy of six, under such conditions.

My wife and I agreed upon a conspiracy and then an experiment. The conspiracy rested largely upon propaganda. It was represented to the children that when away from home I was inadequately cared for; that I needed some one to pack and unpack my bag, draw my bath, and order my meals. In other words, except for discharging certain appointed tasks, I was inconceivably helpless, a veritable jellyfish. Would any patriotic member of the family volunteer to lift this awful burden from *pater familias?* The response was unanimous and not entirely unselfish. I say that in justice to their intelligence.

The experiment proved a complete success. Never have I been so surfeited with service. I simply couldn't take care of the person commissioned to take care of me; my little valet measured up to every responsibility and was so full of prestige, on her return, that I fear the others found her difficult to live with. But quite by accident our experiment nearly came a cropper with the eldest boy. He happened to be my valet during a journey beset with entertainment, including two circuses; everything from blue lemonade to pink popcorn was showered upon him. On his return he faced his mother accusingly and issued the following proclamation: "Mother, I am never going anywhere with you again. You are stingy."

IV

Nowadays a family of five children is regarded as enormous—at least, so I judge from the comments of my friends. Our grandparents probably would have

considered us unpatriotic. Accepting current opinion, however, and granting that ours is a very large family, I wish to offer an observation on that subject. The observation, I hope, will be accepted as without bias or prejudice; certainly it is not made in defense of a chosen course—for we chose none. The children came and here they are. Sometimes my wife and I are a trifle astonished ourselves at the number of them. Nevertheless, we heartily agree in the opinion that even from a selfish point of view it is better either to have no children at all or to have at least three and preferably five. The parents of one child or two—and we know many of them —seem to work harder at the job than we do. Assuming that the necessary income is available, we vote five children just about the right number. I am speaking, now, solely from the point of view of the parents.

There are several advantages in having a family of that size, but one so far outweighs all the others that I shall mention only that one. Five children form a community that accepts its major opinions from the parents and then enforces obedience with relentless severity. Thus a large part of the task of maintaining discipline, demanding fairness, and teaching forbearance is lifted from the backs of mother and father. The children of a family of five know each other's open faults and secret weaknesses far better than their parents possibly could. They turn upon a whiner, a cheater, a wheedler or malingerer with relentless cruelty. In other words, they are merciless critics of each other and brook no guile. We seldom find their group opinion wrong. They seem to be that incredible thing, an intelligent mob, and woe to the wrongdoer!

Once children are accepted as associates rather than duties, living with them becomes a lot of fun—much more fun than grown people can supply. They are never depressed for more than a few minutes at a time. They harbor no grudges or envies, nor even resentment over actual injustice. They are eager to go not only half but nine-tenths of the way toward a companionship so beautiful that it comes close to perfection.

Some day, I know, my wife and I must stand silent before the bar of their adolescent judgment. They will eventually reach a conclusion as to the sort of parents we were. Since I shall not be permitted to speak when that court convenes I exercise such influence upon it as I may, now. The opinion I pray that court to hand down would read about as follows: "They never were parents in either the traditional or orthodox sense of the word. All of us just happened to be thrown together and we had an awfully good time. If they made any mistakes, and goodness knows all parents do, it was because they were married young and never did know much about the business anyway."

A BOY IN IDAHO

By James Stevens

I

Somewhere in a 1907 issue of *Hoard's Dairyman,* a widely-known farm journal in the Northwest, there was a communication from a boy of fourteen, reciting the pleasure and instruction he got out of his toil. The letter was written from a school in the wilds of Idaho,

two miles from a Snake River town, in a setting of sage-covered hills. The school had a thousand acres of land, and perhaps half of them were cultivated. Alfalfa was the main crop; it was grown as feed for the eight score cows of the dairy. There were poultry pens, blacksmith and carpenter shops, a laundry, a bakery, and a dressmaking establishment. In the fields, barns and shops the boy students could earn their board and tuition by working thirty hours each week. The girl students were offered the same opportunity in the gentler indoor work. No one attending the school was permitted to pay more than half the charges; work was compulsory for all. The institution was a great boon to the ambitious children of homesteaders and ranch laborers in the back country, for it gave them a chance to prepare for college which would have been denied to them otherwise because of the isolation of their homes and the poverty of their parents. "Think what a school like ours would have meant to Lincoln," was the faculty slogan.

Fifteen was the entrance age when I began attendance, but because of my size and my experience on a ranch I was admitted before my fourteenth birthday. I had lived most of my boyhood in a remote valley that was still new as a dwelling-place for men. I was familiar with the labor of clearing, seeding and harvesting; I had ridden in the round-ups and broken wild cayuses that were fresh from the free range; when I finished eighth grade in the country school I was brawny and tough, fit for a battle with a bucking colt or ten hours of sweaty labor in the hay field. My experience and my muscularity got me into the school, despite my years. I

was put in charge of a string of ten dairy cows and left to milk my way to the higher learning.

At half past three each morning the head of the Dairy Department walked softly down the dormitory hall and rapped on the doors behind which the boys in his charge slept. I had long been used to early rising, but I had never conquered a desire to snooze a little after waking, enjoying the blankets which seemed so caressing, so warm and sweet, burrowing my head into deeper darkness among the pillows, drowsing for one delightful moment. I never enjoyed a full minute of this, however, for when I dozed some cell in my brain lived only to alarm me, making me leap from bed. I was always a little astonished to find my bare feet on the floor, to feel shivers racing over my spine, when I should still be in the warm blankets. Then I would feel an envious hate for the boys who could go on sleeping while I was dressing hurriedly and stumbling down the dark stairs and over the graveled walk that led from the dormitory to the barn.

The first task of the morning was to toss down hay from the mows and spread it through the mangers; then each stanchioned Jersey was given her portion of chops and bran. After that they all had to be washed, curried and brushed. We boy milkers had been used to corral milking, and we thought the dairy chief, a Cornell graduate, an almost unendurable crank on cleanliness. We regarded the cow-scrubbing as a laborious ritual without sense, and the narrow-topped sanitary milk buckets as troublesome devices that had been made only to sell to college dairymen. Worse, we had to go with soft voices among the nervous Jerseys; a curse or a blow for one of

them brought a severe reprimand and sometimes dismissal to other work. We agreed to our chief's college notions for the sake of avoiding the duller tasks outside. The barn was warm in winter, and there was a drowsy pleasure in our morning work—a cheek resting against a warm, silky flank, the two milk streams making a rhythmic purr in the white foam, half-closed eyes seeing pleasing fancies in the dim lantern light.

We were done before six. Then came breakfast and prayers. Classes began at half past seven and ended at noon. In the afternoon most of the other boys worked from one to five. Those who were working out all their charges of board and tuition had to work ten hours on Saturday; those who were paying a half or a third were free on that day. We milkers were supposed to sleep an hour or more in the afternoon; at three-thirty we were called to the barn again. At eight o'clock the milkers were ordered to bed, an hour before the others.

II

Thus nine months passed. I thought myself a most fortunate youth. My Sunday work made five hours extra for me, and I had seventy-five cents for spending money every week. During the holidays I remained at the school; and at the end of two weeks I was loaded with wealth, having worked ten hours a day in the milk house all that time. My chief saw in me the promise of a great butter-maker and taught me the secrets of the milk room and creamery.

When the school term was over he put me in charge of the milk room, at man's pay. The school used hired

men then to carry on the work of the boys who had gone home; they were mostly wandering farm-hands. From them I heard gaudy tales of fleshly lures. The days of chapel and prayer were no more, and my soul had no anchor. So I came to drift with the spirit of these carnal men. My work was to cool the milk when it was brought from the barn in the morning, and then bottle it. After breakfast I would separate the remaining milk, wash the buckets, cans, tables and shelves, and feed skimmed milk to forty bawling, butting calves. When the driver returned with his stacks of empty bottles, they had to be washed and stored away. I had some leisure in the afternoons, but an hour's work after supper.

I was among the farm-hands for only an hour or so each evening, and I might not have succumbed to their influence had it not been for a notion that came to my chief. He got the idea that I should learn the milk route, so that I might serve, at need, as a substitute. I was ordered to go with the driver two days a week until I knew what houses he served. Thus I was hauled to the Island, where Big Mag kept her fearsome house. The driver warned me not to "go blattin' around out the school I'm deliverin' here. It's a good bill, an' we don' wanta lose it." But as amply built ladies came out of the kitchen and bantered our driver amiably, though indelicately, I concluded that he was not thinking only of the six quarts of milk which Big Mag took from him when he made his daily trip to the Island.

"I'm not such a backwoods sucker as you seem to think," I told him after our second trip.

And I went on to question him about the ladies, show-

ing him that I was more curious than indignant. He was reticent at first, but, being naturally a boastful fellow, he finally treated me to revelations that presented him as a great ladies' man. I had no more than two trips to the Island, for when the head of the school, a Presbyterian divine, returned from the East and was informed by the brethren in the town that his milk-wagon was to be seen each morning over there, with Big Mag's ladies grouped around it, both my chief and the driver came near to losing their heads.

Satan, of course, had not actually touched me, but he was not such a remote figure now. I became a listener among the farm-hands when they gossiped in their idle hours; I myself spoke mysteriously of romantic adventures. I remembered the swear-words of round-up days and used them freely again. I took up with the forbidden delights of the leaf and chewed it in secret. By the time the new school term began I had grown careless in my labor and idled about with a raffish air. My chief lectured me severely. I heard him in stubborn silence. Thereafter he regarded me sourly. One winter morning, when I got a kick from a prize heifer,—I was then milking again,—I gave her a sound cursing and hit her a mighty knock with my milk stool. I was allowed to enter the dairy barn no more, but was put among the meanest of the boys, who were shovelling gravel and sand for use in the construction of a cement building.

I made no effort then to halt my descent. With other unredeemed boys I began to sneak out of nights, going into town and returning at late hours. Once I was caught in a pool hall. I was prayed over and solemnly

warned. Next, the head of the student body himself caught me discharging the juice of the leaf. He had no soul for beauty, that fellow; the pretty sparkle of a thin amber cascade was lost on him. He confiscated my plug of Star and I was told that my next offense meant expulsion. The offense was committed and discovered; I was too far gone in hellishness, too deeply mired in sin to be saved.

On an afternoon of February, 1908, I boarded a freight that was bound East. My mind was full of a grand plan to go out among real working men, to toil as one of them and wander far. I should be a boy no longer. But at the first stop I was thrown off the train by a wrathful brakeman.

"Plague take yer!" he roared. "Why don't yer git home an' stay home? You kids a-ramblin' aroun' is what makes life mis'able for us railroad fellers. Don' lemme lay my han's on you agin!"

Feeling very small indeed, I set off up the dark street. No one looked at me as I tramped along; I saw no familiar faces in the warm pool rooms and saloons when I looked through the bright windows; and a disagreeable feeling came over me that now there was no place where I could go and see them. I stepped into a small, dingy restaurant and ordered some ham and eggs. Presently a fat, frowzy waitress slammed my order down on the counter and, without a word, returned to the kitchen. I ate in silence and solitude and went out into the darkness. I ventured into the yards again and stopped in the shelter of the water tank. The wind whistled through the telegraph wires above, its harsh cry making the darkness and cold most dismal.

The romance of my plan vanished, and it seemed imperfect and vain. Maybe I wasn't exactly ready to be a wild, burly adventurer yet, I admitted. Perhaps I had better become a boy again for a while. There wasn't any sense in being *too* wicked and tough all at once. I'd better go slowly and carefully. Anyway, I'd hoboed thirty miles.

III

I had a few dollars, so I rented a room for the night. The next morning I got a job of wood-chopping from a nurseryman who lived four miles from town. I was to receive fifteen dollars a month and board. When I was given my first month's pay my courage had returned to a degree; and I journeyed to town on a Saturday night, determined to be a man at last. But the racket of a skating rink was too strong a call for my new bravery to resist; and for three hours I rolled over the slick floor with other boys, the lusty pleasures of the working man forgotten. With six dime novels under my arm, a quarter's worth of chocolates, a half-pound of Star, and a package of cigarette tobacco in my pocket, I returned at midnight to my place of labor. I toiled quite happily then, and with such effect that the last of the stack of poles was in stove wood by the first of April. I was paid off; and I walked into town, thinking mainly of my cowardly failure to kiss the hired girl good-bye.

My employer had given me a letter to a sheep rancher twenty miles up the river, assuring me that I could get

boy's work from him. But twenty dollars jingled in my pocket; I felt the breath of Spring and smelled its sweet odors of wet earth; I saw the sunny April day as a bright message of romantic adventure. Again I rode for it on a rattling freight.

At Nampa, a division point, I was dragged down by the arm of the law. The officer shook me savagely and bumped my head against the side of the car. I jerked myself free and ran like a rabbit, dodging between piles of ties and around sheds. At every turn I was sure I could hear the officer's feet pounding behind me. I leaped around a corner and tumbled into a group of men who were sitting on the sunny side of a street that bordered the yards.

"Hey!" yelled one of the men. "What t'ell you runnin' from? What's all the big rush?"

He looked friendly, so I narrated my adventure. The gang was hilarious.

"Kid, when you ride into the Nampa yard, you're ridin' into dynamite," said the friendly man. "You're lucky Nampa Larry didn't take his sap to you. He tail-bones most ev'ry stiff he ketches, hey, Hardpan?"

I was now feeling some importance over my encounter with the terrible Nampa Larry; but when Hardpan Kelly, who seemed to be the leader of the crowd, told a story about what *he'd* done to Larry when the railroad bull attempted to sap *him*, my adventure seemed small and pitiful. Another man then boasted of the neat whipping he had given a hostile bull in Casey, a place I had not heard of before now, though it seemed to be large and important. Then a dark, chubby man

spoke modestly of a brawl in the great city of Shy, but he intimated that he emerged from this brawl unconquered.

I was curious about the city of Shy, but not so curious as to reveal my ignorance. I thought it a mighty strange name for a city and wondered how I had missed it and Casey in my study of geography. But there was more puzzlement ahead for me, for I soon heard of a great American city named Nawlins, and yet another called Sin See. It was many weeks before I learned that these names were hobo abbreviations for Kansas City, Chicago, New Orleans and Cincinnati. Such was the ignorance of a boy whose days had been lived in the sagebrush country! But learned city men, I found out later, have shown the same ignorance, for the railroaders' song, "K. C. [*i. e.*, Kansas City] Jones," was actually published in New York as "Casey Jones." As I listened to the gossip of these knowing men, I resolved to cast my lot in with them at once. I, too, should travel far and live bright and thrilling hours in those gorgeously wicked cities which the geographies had neglected, the cities of Casey, Nawlins, Sin See and Shy.

I was an ignored listener as the talk went on. By and by someone said he had the price of a snort, and the others said that a snort was what they needed more than anything else in the world just then. The hoboes got up and walked towards the main street, following Hardpan Kelly. I tagged along behind, feeling very much like a child again. I heard the two in front of me whispering that "Hardpan is sure alive; says he's only got a road-stake, but he's lousy with it." I won-

dered why anyone should insist that Hardpan was not dead, for the man looked and acted as if he'd never known a sick day; and I bothered my head trying to figure out what a road-stake might be, whether it was some kind of a surveyor's stake, or maybe a steak that he carried along to eat on the road; and how could he be lousy with any kind of stake or steak, anyway?

The gang went into a saloon. I did not dare to enter, but waited outside for a long time. At last I got hungry and went to a lunchroom to eat. Then I loafed around for a couple of hours, without meeting the gang. When I saw the hobos again they were around a three-wagon freighting outfit; and some of them were climbing on the loads. I moseyed over. A freckle-faced hobo sang out, "Here's the gaycat again! Better come take on some labor, fuzz-face; ol' Larry'll sap you silly if he spots you on the stem."

He and four others were on a wagon loaded with grain. I was eager to join them, but I looked doubtfully at the freighter.

"Shake a leg!" he yelled at me.

So I climbed to the top of the high row of sacks. The freighter cracked a twenty-foot lash over the eight-horse team and the wagons began to move. The five hobos paid no more attention to me. They got into an argument as to whether the grading camp they were going to was a "main" camp or a "gypo" camp; and the longer they argued the louder they bawled. Their talk delighted me, though I could not understand much of it. They spoke of rag houses, Jacks and Neds, walkers, stomach rubbers, tin pans, leather, scissor-bills, much sticks, barn dogs, and jug heads. I understood

only that we were going to a tent camp on a government ditch bossed by Bum Dowd, and that jobs as mule teamsters were to be sought. I began to doubt very much if I should be a hobo for a long time; it seemed that many months would be required to learn the new language.

At camp I was at once singled out and hailed as a gaycat and fuzz-face, the hobo terms for boys. Bum Dowd sneered when I asked for a team of mules and gave me a dish-washing job in the camp kitchen. I accepted it cheerfully and toiled with zeal. I thought that by earnest work I could rise to a higher estate. But after a month the adamantine Dowd was still deaf to my entreaties. I had heard considerable talk among the hobo team-hands of a new reclamation job at Shoshone; a big ditch was being dug to bring water to two hundred thousand acres of land on the north side of Snake River Canyon. I knew something of the hobo's language and customs now; I decided to go to this new scene, announce myself as an experienced team-hand, and be done for all time with boyhood.

IV

I crawled from a freight in the town of Shoshone at five-thirty on a May morning. I ate breakfast at a small restaurant and inquired the way to the camps. I was told that it was thirty miles to Grant & Company's headquarters. "Keep the left-hand road," the restaurant man told me. "There's a pump station sixteen miles out. Better let me fix you some sandwiches."

I told him to do so.

"Oughter wait an' go on a wagon," he said, as he wrapped up the lunch. "It's a long, dusty hike. Might as well ride."

But I was sure that if I struck one of the camps alone I should have a better chance of getting a man's job. So I started my long walk over the sagebrush.

The dust of the volcanic ash soil in that country drifts like snow in the winds; and the road was like a wide trail through the brush, having only a dim shape of wagon tracks. Tramping along at a fast pace, my mind afar in fancied adventure, I followed a road that branched to the left about four miles from town. Walking was little effort for me, as I had loped over the Idaho hills all my years. When it seemed that I had been going for several hours I got thirsty, and began to look for the water tower. But though I could see for miles up the road, nothing but a flat gray plain of sage and a dim ridge of mountains was in view.

I felt a little doubt as I walked on and on and the sun neared the center of its arch, but I only hastened my pace, looking always for the water tower. My thirst increased. My throat burned from alkali dust. I nibbled at one of the sandwiches, but it was so dry and bitter on my tongue that I threw both away. I tramped on for another hour, but the monotonous flat scene did not change. I had no watch, but a look at my shadow told me it was long past noon. Surely I had come more than sixteen miles. At last I knew that I had taken a wrong road. It was the old Shoshone-Milner stage road and had not been used since a railroad was built through the latter town. I did not know what road it was, but I was certain it led to some point near the Snake River.

I would not turn back to Shoshone. I tramped on.

I had no play with fancy now; I wanted only to glimpse some movement and color beside the listless, mournful swaying and dusty gray of the sagebrush leaves. The mountains seemed to get no nearer; and I was angry that they remained so remote, for I knew that on their slopes were cold springs, greenery, and restful shade. Frequently the skeletons of cattle and sheep glistened by the roadside, and I would have a horrid reminder of my fate, should I be crippled in a fall, or taken ill, or—I thought of a thousand terrors. Once I saw a kerosene can in the brush. I ran to it: but it was rotten with rust, had lain there for years. I repented of my desire for wicked wanderings and was tormented with the feeling that a divine hand had led me into this road for punishment, perhaps as a prelude to hell. Of all the hideous notions and visions that came to me on that afternoon I remember but a few, but I vividly recall the terror of all of them. Imagination is a devil.

Yet all the time I tramped on, and I was still walking hard at dusk, walking with a blind will, hardly conscious of my steps. Suddenly, to my right, I saw a faint glimmer. It was a shine of water! I had come to an irrigation ditch! I dropped on my belly and drank in great gulps until I was glutted. Then I drenched my face and my hair. I remember that I then sat up and sighed gustily, as one who awakens from a frightful nightmare. There was a field beyond the ditch, and a farmhouse. Infinitely weary, I plodded over there for supper and bed. I was five months past my fifteenth

birthday. Without water, I had walked thirteen hours and forty-one miles.

The nearest camp was only five miles from the farmhouse. The next morning I walked to this camp. Burly Hughes was the walking-boss. I asked him for a team.

"Ain't got no teams fer fuzz-faces!" he roared. "You'll make a fair flunkey, maybe. Git inter the kitchen!"

Thus it appeared that I was a boy still, though I had travelled so far, and with such thought, pain and effort for a man's job! But I submitted, though I was more determined than ever to become a real working man, sometime, somewhere, somehow.

In this cookhouse, as in the one at Nampa, the hours I worked were tedious and long. The cook, the other two flunkies and myself got up at four and had breakfast ready by six. When dish-washing and potato-peeling were done we had an hour before we prepared dinner. In the afternoon we were idle from two to four. At eight o'clock our day's work was done. A wearisome life in a desert land. Hot winds blew there all the summer days, and out on the works the teamsters plodded behind their mules in clouds of dust. For miles around there was a gray expanse of sage, its flatness broken only by occasional ridges of lava rock. But I was used to the lonely aspect of the sage, and it could not dull for me the charm of my short idle hours.

Each night I had an hour or two in the bunkhouse, and then I listened to grand and thrilling tales. Rough Rider Smiler was there; and he had fought by the side

of a national hero. There was Google Eye Murphy, who had once ruled a gang in the neighborhood of Hinky Dink's in Shy. There was Frisco Timmy, who had lived in the Chinese quarter of his native town and who could tell hair-raising stories about the mysterious life there. Finally, there was Burly Hughes, who, as a camp boss in the South, had murdered three Negroes, and had notches for these killings on the handle of his gun. I feared him greatly; and when he ordered me to wash his clothes I did so without question. Nor did I dare to quit while he was in camp, so savage was his treatment of some who left when he was in a state of displeasure. I stayed on until the first of August. Then Burly Hughes gave way to Kid Hogan; and in ten days I asked for my time-check. I had made up my mind to hobo to Portland, and then ride a boat to San Francisco, the city of my dreams.

V

But Burly Hughes was the first man I met when I reached Shoshone. His eyes were red and swollen; his thick hands were unsteady. He had been soaked in raw alcohol for more than a week. He was broke, but I did not know it. He greeted me with lavish friendliness, and I was immensely flattered. I must come and meet the gang, he said; fine bunch of stiffs in town now.

The gang welcomed me noisily and affectionately. I was brought a can of beer. And in a little while I was feeling that I had never mingled with such agreeable and friendly men. The hobo laborers had made me one

of them at last. I was very grateful to Burly Hughes and forgave him his harshness in camp. He reminded me that it was a custom of the team-hand tribe for a "live one" to pass out a dollar to each hand he met in town, and with some reluctance I took his hint, broke some bills, and passed the silver around. I then got so exhilarated with enjoyment of my new lofty state that I proposed buying a jungle feed and cases of beer. Two days later I had just thirty-five cents in my pocket; I was still in Shoshone; the hobos had no more comradeship for me, and I was a boy once more.

I found no new hope when I went back to the camps. Water boy in one, flunkey again in two others, barn helper in still another, I did not get a man's job until I went to the Wood River Project, thirty miles above Shoshone, in the last week of October.

I had started for the camp of Hales & Crane, the contractors who had the best fame among the hobo team-hands. Old Foster Crane had been a hobo for years himself, and he would employ none but genuine savages, true members of his tribe. But I stopped overnight at the camp of a gypo contractor, and the next morning I was offered a team for the first time—two bedraggled, scrawny old mules on a wheel scraper. I took this good chance to learn the occupation which I hoped to adorn. These weary, wise old camp mules were far different from the lively bronchos I had been used to at home. I had to ding-dong them with a heavy shag from morning till night. In a week I was sick of belaboring them constantly and with such little effect, and began to long for the simple tasks of a boy once more. But I persisted,

and I would no doubt have developed into a fair muleteer in that camp, had it not been for the attempted tyranny of a boss.

Jim Byrnes saw me as an easy victim for the persecution that was wine to his mean little soul. I never drove past him but he poured scorn and contempt upon me. His criticisms were embroidered with coarse and unimaginative profanity. One day I flung the lines in his face and fled to the camp office. Feeling a new bravery from my "walk-off," I ventured into the camp of Hales & Crane. I was given a job there, but as a boy again. It was a machine camp, and I was put to work greasing the dump wagons in which the dirt was hauled from the elevating grader. But I found some contentment in this place. Every man was something of a hero. Red Grabby, the foreman, had bossed camps in two dozen States; no walker in the West had higher renown. Slim Golden, the plowshaker, Blue Snyder, the machine skinner, Lord Baltimore, the cook, Rowdy Rapp, the blacksmith, Slats Davidson, the time-keeper—a civil engineer who had been downed by drink—Nitre Kennedy, the barn boss—everyone had wide fame among the team-hand tribe as a master of his occupation.

Beside, this was a gamblers' camp. There was a big poker tent with five tables, and there the games ran all Saturday night and throughout Sunday until ten o'clock. The contractors furnished lights, cards and chips and would give any man a poker order on his wages that could be cashed at the town office. Spot Evans, Poker Tom Davis, Black Hawk, Liver Lip Red, Paddy the Devil, Underwear Blackie, Slue Foot Niergaard, and other noted team-hand gamblers were then working in

this camp. The stars usually filled two tables; lesser gamblers played for smaller stakes at the other three.

Though I was still a boy, I had the best enjoyment of my life in this camp. In the bunkhouse there were a hundred heroes to worship; and each night I heard pleasurable and inspiring tales. When the poker games were running, I would stand and look on, fascinated by the glitter of bright cards, the rattle of chips, and the stoicism of men who would fling away two weeks' wages for a moment of daring; dreaming of the time when I, too, might sit gallantly in such a circle and bear a moniker and speak of my adventures. I was kindly noticed at times by my heroes. Some of them had received dollars from me when I had my first "blow-in." I knew their language now and could speak of a few camps. Once I overheard Paddy the Devil say to Spot Evans, "That fuzz-face'll be a real team-hand in a couple more years." I swelled with pride; but two years seemed a long time to wait.

And I did not wait so long. At Thanksgiving time there was a storm, and the work was shut down for the week. The poker games ran day and night. On Saturday I washed clothes for some of the gamblers and made seven dollars. I was paid in poker chips. I was about to cash them in, when Overland Slim, a minor player who had gone broke, asked me to stake him. I had little respect for his prowess at poker; if my seven dollars were to be lost, I might as well have the thrill of losing them myself. So I took a seat among the lesser players.

I won from the start. Luck favored me and I had not looked on at so many games in vain. At midnight I was a winner by fifty dollars. My eyes felt heavy, so I

cashed in and went to bed. I returned to the tent the next morning at ten o'clock. There was a vacant seat at one of the big tables, and I felt a wild notion to try my chances there.

"No," said Paddy the Devil. "Hang on to what you got, gazoony. Pork chops'll be hangin' high this winter."

"Let 'm come," growled Black Hawk. "W'en we start playin' pets roun' this game? Here's where frien'ship ceases."

Paddy the Devil shrugged his great shoulders. Somewhat timorously I sat down, directly across the table from Black Hawk. I played carefully, and luck still befriended me. Two hours after dinner the stack of chips in front of me was worth eighty dollars.

VI

Spot Evans dealt. I gathered up my five cards, shielded them in my hands, and squeezed down the corners, one at a time. The first card was the ten of hearts, the other four were—aces! I stifled a hot thrill of exultation. It was the first time four aces had appeared in a hand for long days and nights of play. My thoughts were leaping flames—"Four aces! I guess now they'll have to say that kid's a gamblin' devil, all right. Four aces! If I can only play 'em right the tribe won't forget this jack-pot for a while. Four aces for little Jimmy. Oh, golly, but I'll make 'em look!"

Black Hawk opened the jack-pot; Paddy the Devil and Poker Tom stayed. I fought down an impulse to raise them to the roof; I knew it wiser to simply call

and draw one card. The other three threw down. After the draw Black Hawk and the other two passed the bet. I studied my hand wisely, and then, trying to make the appearance of a bluff, I pushed out a ten-dollar bet. Black Hawk instantly raised me twenty dollars. Paddy and Poker Tom dropped their cards. I had a bad moment of stage fright then; it seemed that everyone of the forty-odd men in the tent was staring at me, and I felt ridicule in their stares. But I remembered that I held a practically unbeatable hand; for this moment I was lord of the blanketed table.

Had I made Black Hawk think I was bluffing, I wondered, as I forced my attention back to the cards? Or did he figure that I had drawn to two pair and made a full house, and then make his big bet to scare me out? Or did he think that he held a cinch hand and was really wanting a call? The awful thought struck me that he might have a straight flush, that Spot Evans, who had a reputation for trickiness, had cold-decked me for a share of the spoils. Maybe I'd better do no more than call him, my caution whispered. But a lustier spirit flamed up at the notion. What! Only call on four aces? The shame of it would have followed me forever among the tribe. There was only one thing for me, and that was to plunge into a grand play.

"I tap myself," I said.

For perhaps five minutes the tide of courage and hope ran high in me, while Black Hawk studied his cards. Then my ordeal began. Black Hawk carefully-counted my stacks, matched them from his own chips —and withdrew. He resumed his study of the cards. Now and again he would throw me a fierce, dark stare;

and when he did so my ears seemed to grow large and hot and to crawl up into my hair. There was a leaping among all my nerves, and I stiffened every muscle to control them. Again Black Hawk pushed in his chips, drew them out, shoved them slowly back, and—my heart jumped furiously—"I call," he said.

Trembling, I spread out my hand. For an instant his face flushed a dark red, then he stoically motioned for me to take the pot. The tent seemed filled with a monstrous roar; a dazzling brightness swam about the rough-clad forms of the spectators. As I raked in the chips I felt a heavy hand drop on my shoulder.

"Where you from, you ace-eatin' gambo-leer?"

I looked up into the moustachioed countenance of Red Grabby. The camp boss had been standing behind me these last minutes. I did not want to confess that my home was so near, so I gave him the name of my birthplace in Iowa.

"Appanoose County, hey? Well, you got a heister comin' to you. Lis'en, you savages!" he roared. "From now on we're a-callin' this gazoony Appanoose Jimmie, see! He's goin' to be a team-hand right."

Never will I have such a golden token from words again. I had my wreath now. I was a boy no longer, I was a man.

IX

CONSIDERING A HOBBY

JUNK

By Walter Prichard Eaton

I

A passion for American antiques has taken possession of the country. Possibly because we are skeptical about our present and pessimistic about our future, we have turned to our past and are gathering it literally into our arms. For block after block along Madison avenue in New York you pass antique-shops where the bottles grandpa took his bitters from stand proudly in the windows, and you can buy the hooked rugs grandma made, including the spots added by grandpa when he poured too much bitters from the bottle—that is, you can buy them if you have the price. A motor trip through "historic New England" has become a fascinating game, the game being to catch a glimpse of New England between the billboards, the filling stations, the hot-dog kennels, the tea-rooms, and the antique-shops. At present, to be sure, the hot-dog kennels outnumber the antique-shops six to four, but the latter are catching up. They already about equal the tea-rooms in number, and far surpass them in general interest.

Time was when, if your wife or some other female dragged you into a tea-room under the erroneous notion that enough food could be obtained there to nourish a canary and in less than one hour and a half, you passed the period of waiting in examining the strange objects

in the gift-shop (sometimes "ye gifte shoppe") conducted in the front parlor. These objects consisted of ugly Italian pottery offered at about double the price set on it in New York, painted birds on sticks which you were supposed to stand in your garden beds (I hope nobody ever did), home-made embroideries, and such-like gewgaws. They never seemed to evoke a smile from female patrons who laughed scornfully at mid-Victorian decorations. You generally had examined the entire stock twice, and had almost been tempted into purchasing a doll dressed as a ballet dancer, her skirt being composed of shaving papers to be pulled off one at a time, as the need arose, before the village beauty who acted as waitress announced that your repast of a cup of weak, cool tea and two lettuce sandwiches cut so thin they could be used as pages in the India paper edition of the Encyclopædia Britannica, was ready. Now all that is changed. While waiting for this repast, you can step into the next house, or across the highway, and examine the contents of the antique-shop. But if you are tempted into making any purchases there, you'd better step back to the tea-room first and cancel your order. You'll never be able to pay both bills!

And what are these antiques which we are all so busily buying, and for which we are paying such astonishing prices? Are they fine and beautiful things? They are. Are they poor and ugly things? They are. They are everything and anything old. We have gone quite mad, if not about our ancestors, certainly about every domestic object they made or employed. And, as a result, most of us are assembling collections of expensive and very nearly worthless junk. Two of the best (or worst) ex-

'amples, I suppose, are Currier and Ives lithographs and Bennington cottage ornaments, particularly those terrible brown crockery poodles, and the cow cream pitchers filled through a hole in the animal's back and emptied through its mouth, the tail serving as a handle. Neither the prints nor the pottery, of course, are particularly old; both belong to the Nineteenth Century. The Bennington pottery works were started in 1847, and were operated for a decade or more. The Currier, and Currier and Ives, prints were issued over a much longer period, and are consequently much easier to obtain. Besides, a picture was less easily broken than a cream pitcher.

But the wonder is with most of them that anybody should want to obtain them. Some, to be sure, which are dated views of definite places, have a certain historic interest—though one generally suspects the accuracy of anything so crude. And certain of the large ship pictures, particularly those of clippers, were quite evidently drawn, engraved and printed with care, probably by more skilful workers. A few of the clipper ship lithographs may be intrinsically worth a quarter of the price they are now fetching (which is close to $300). But the vast majority of Currier and Ives lithographs, crude in drawing, unspeakably gaudy and raw in color, often cased in ugly, flat mahogany frames, which the dealers have picked up in farmhouses and sell for ridiculous prices, are not intrinsically worth carting home. Our ancestors hung them on their walls because they didn't know any better. Now we are again hanging them on our walls—because we don't know any better. In the last year or two I have observed a good friend of

mine, a dealer, gathering in these prints, and selling them as fast as he could display them in his shop. Indeed, all our farmhouses for miles around are unable to meet the demand. I have seen not a few of the pictures he sold later hung in the bedrooms, even in the living rooms, of summer homes, their new owners proudly pointing them out. When I mildly suggest that they are quite worthless as art and hopelessly ugly as decoration, and that the same amount of money would have bought three or four lovely colored woodcuts by Rudolph Ruzicka and Ernest Watson, or even an etching or two by Ernest Haskell, the new owners look at me with a pitying superiority, as upon one who strangely and perversely cannot comprehend the beauty of antiquity.

As for Bennington dogs, I suppose they were without any exception the ugliest objects ever made and peddled around to farmers' wives. But they are now rare. So they must be had for one's "collection." They bring prices absurd as their ugliness, and those people who achieve them, instead of being satisfied with that, must also display them in full view. These same people also collect Staffordshire and other cottage ornaments, and display them, too. Should you suggest that one Rogers group is really worth the entire collection, they would put you down for a poor, soulless ignoramus. Yet such is the fact. John Rogers never made anything so ugly as a Bennington dog, nor (save for a grace of color now and then) as a hundred other cottage ornaments in pottery or porcelain. And, unlike the pottery craftsmen, he was a sculptor employing the actual life about him for the purposes of his art. He was pioneering in realism, and trying to put a consciousness of the possible con-

nection between life and art into the minds of his Victorian fellow Americans. I have a Rogers group of Jefferson as Rip with two children climbing over him, which is a delightful composition and a delightful reminder of what two generations laughed and wept at in our American playhouse. But I got it for one-twentieth the price of a Bennington dog.

II

The rage for early American glass doesn't result in the accumulation of quite so much junk, because any glass, being translucent, has a certain æsthetic charm. But you have to stand some distance away from a good deal of it, and have a pretty strong light streaming through, to make it worth a second glance. This is particularly true of some of the very earliest glass, and some of the later now collected, such as the brown, log-cabin bitters bottles of the Civil War era. These bitters bottles sell for three or four dollars. They are ugly in shape, the glass is as nearly without any charm as glass can possibly be, and intrinsically they aren't worth three or four cents. Neither are many of the little, crude whiskey flasks. But most absurd of all, perhaps, is the present demand for those green, yellow or blue glass inverted high hats used in my boyhood for tooth-pick receptacles out in the suburbs, and other odd dishes of the same color and material. This glass was pressed into a rough surface, often of diamond points. The color, most often yellow, was crude. The dishes were, when made, just about on a par, artistically, with the souvenir birchbark canoes, the burnt leather change

purses and the flannel banners sold at Saratoga, Coney Island, and similar resorts. They are still. They are junk. But I wish I had ten barrels of them. I could go to Palm Beach for the winter.

On the other hand, there is real beauty in a genuine Sandwich glass amber dolphin candlestick, though intrinsically a pair of them are not worth the $100 or so now demanded. And the old Persian blue glass is lovely beyond words—there being no words which can describe a color. Incidentally, though, you or I can take a set of modern glass tumblers, leave them out-doors in full sunlight for two or three years, and achieve a dozen amethyst jewels the equal in color of the finest old world products. It was sunlight which purpled the window panes on Beacon Hill, and sunlight which has made half the pied glory of Chartres Cathedral.

Years ago a cabinet-maker gave me a piece of advice which, had I followed it, would have made me rich. "Buy all the Windsor chairs you can lay your hands on," he said, "and store them in your barn." I could then have laid my hands on hundreds, for a dollar or two apiece, and I could sell them today at all the way from $30 up to $150. A Windsor chair isn't junk, unless it is a modern one carefully built of mahogany and trying to put on parlor airs. The style was achieved in a century when the sense of design was general, and even when the back frame was steamed and bent, the lines were almost always excellent. When the legs have a good, aggressive flare, when the wooden bottom has been nicely shaped and the spindles whittled and tapered by an old fellow who knew how to use a knife, the re-

sultant chair is a sturdy, honest, often an extremely graceful piece of furniture.

But it is a plebeian. It was never anything else. The wood was steamed and bent because that was a cheap way to make a chair. In the days when it was made, nobody bought it except those people who couldn't afford carved and joined mahogany or walnut. It was never designed to comport with walnut and mahogany, nor with panelled walls and crystal girandoles. It was a piece of furniture for humble cottages and farms. It is still—or for porches. To buy a Windsor chair, however good its lines may be, at an extravagant price and place it in a room designed for comfortable living on a scale of comparative luxury, is to commit an error of taste that would have amazed (or amused) our ancestors. In such a place the best Windsor chair ever made becomes junk, and a symbol of our helter-skelter antique collecting.

The farther back you go, as a rule, the better almost all the objects are which you can collect, because it is the more precious pieces which have been most cherished through the generations, and also because the farther back you go the less furniture of any sort the poorer classes possessed. In England, for example, when you get back of the Restoration, nearly all of the furniture you find is oak, and pretty good; it was carefully built, generally for the well-to-do. But the Pilgrim Fathers didn't bring much of that oak to America, if they possessed it at home. The earliest American furniture, of the Pilgrim period, is often crude, as you would expect. When little butterfly tables, so called, with

warped maple tops, sell for $575 apiece, it is their age and rarity which brings the extravagant price, not their artistic worth. The same is true of a Connecticut chest, selling for $2000.

But just as soon as the colonists got sufficient foothold on the new continent to think about the social graces, and sufficient economic surplus, they began to import from England, they began to develop genuine cabinet-makers, they began to ship in mahogany from San Domingo, and just as the graceful portico of Mount Vernon rose above the Potomac, and as McIntyre carved his exquisite mantels in Salem, just so the best rooms of the colonists began to fill up with works of art, with highboys and lowboys (was any piece of furniture ever made lovelier than a carved highboy by Savery of Philadelphia?), with "secretaries" (called bureaus in England), with chairs after Chippendale, and then Adam, and then Sheraton, and then the Directoire and the Empire with sofas, and fire screens—how slender and lovely those fire screens became as the Eighteenth Century waned!—and crystal pendant chandeliers and gilt mirrors, and lacquer and porcelain from the Orient; with tall four-post beds, and copper-printed chintz, and French wall-paper. All these things were beautiful, well made, enduring and desirable. To collect them is a joy, and the possession of them a lasting satisfaction to all the seven senses.

But not everyone, even in those blissful days, was able to afford such household furniture and decoration. The furniture of Savery and Duncan Phyfe cost a pretty penny even when it was new. Many a colonist had to put up with pine, pewter not porcelain was his portion,

and though his crude and simple furniture, by following prevailing modes, or else a sound tradition, was unquestionably much better to look upon than the modern products pictured in the mail order catalogues—was, indeed, often very good to look upon—it never was of any great intrinsic value from the craftsman's point of view, simply because the craftsman knew much better ways to make furniture. Consequently, from the same point of view, which is the point of view of art, it is of little value today. There are exceptions, of course, as for instance an early Eighteenth Century American ladder back chair with curved oak slats and turned finials, or a banister back chair with bulbous turned stretcher. Such pieces, while simple, gave so much opportunity for subtle, individual design, which is the trick of style, that a really good one can comport with any mahogany. However, the great bulk of the cruder furniture we collect is only valuable because it is old and a record of another day. That is a sentimental valuation, not an artistic one.

III

Artistically, when we go outside of the well-to-do (aristocratic, if you will) Eighteenth and early Nineteenth Century house, unless our knowledge is deep and our instinct for style acute, we begin to collect junk. And, of course, nine-tenths of us do go outside of such houses, and nine-tenths of us have small instinct for style. We have to go outside such houses. There weren't nearly enough such houses to supply one quarter of the present demand, and the prices for all really

fine pieces have become practically prohibitive. But we must have antiques, so the junk market flourishes, and many a Yankee farmer has found his attic more profitable of late than his cornfield. And by carrying our craze beyond the colonial and early Nineteenth Century periods, down into the period of the utter degeneration of taste, and gathering in Bennington dogs, glass hats, Currier and Ives lithographs, and the like, we have actually made it possible now for a truly inspired collector, one whose knowledge, impulse and money are alike new (not to mention, perhaps, his ancestors), to assemble a collection of antiques in which not a single article is intrinsically worth preservation, not a single article is, artistically, anything but junk.

If anyone who chances to know me should also chance to read this paper, I can fancy his derisive chuckles, remembering as he perhaps does the wide window sills of my living room, whereon are battalions of old bottles and flasks, including two of those very log cabin bitters. If I ever took him through the house, he will remember much besides bottles which can well be called junk, from long, thin wheat sickles to box cribs on rockers, copper and iron kettles, sap pail yokes, hooked rugs, Windsor chairs, pine hutch tables, yes, and even Currier and Ives prints! (Still, I have *not* got a Bennington dog.)

I, too, collect junk, I admit it. I collect it because it actually hurts me to see any object once made and used by my ancestors go to oblivion, and because to save it and to have it around reminds me constantly and pleasantly of the past. This is rank sentimentalism, of course, and it is the probable explanation of the present high prices for American antiques. Only a few people

will spend much money from any love of art. But nearly everyone will sacrifice to sentiment. The most I can say in self-defence is that except for the glass (and the best of that is in plainest view), our living-room contains very little which is not really good, our panelled dining-room contains nothing which is not good, and only the other day my wife, in a sudden fit of artistic sanity, gathered up the entire collection of old tongs, slices, bakers, toasters, skillets, which had rallied around the fireplace in the hall, and carried them into the garret. When I now wish to be reminded of how great-grandfather toasted his bread I have to climb two flights of stairs; but the nice little Georgian mantelpiece once more is visible in its chaste simplicity. Sometime we may have the courage to put all the junk into the attic, and leave nothing visible except the furniture and other objects which represent, not the makeshifts of our ancestors, but what they created when they were really able to achieve the best they knew how.

That, after all, is the only decent way to treat the old fellows. Why should we remember them for their junk, when they left us mahogany highboys? Why should a craze for antiques make us blind to all æsthetic values? Why should anybody ask such silly questions?

X

EXAMINING OUR LANGUAGE

THE ENGLISH OF THE NEGRO

By George Philip Krapp

I

The first Negroes were brought to Virginia twelve years after the settlement at Jamestown and one year before the Pilgrims landed at Plymouth. The three hundredth anniversary of their arrival is therefore but recently past. The occasion was not celebrated with pageant and rejoicing, but it was nevertheless an anniversary of no little significance. For the twenty black souls that became the chattels of Virginia planters in 1619 are now represented by ten millions of their kin—nearly a tenth of the total inhabitants of the country. Yet they are still outsiders, and time has done little to make them less alien than they were in the beginning. Great numbers of Frenchmen, Germans, Irishmen, and Dutchmen, and not a few Indians have been absorbed by the original stock so completely that only an expert genealogist can discover the fact of their foreign origin. But once a Negro, always a Negro. He is officially an American citizen; in many places he can even vote; but beyond that, let him insist never so violently, he can claim nothing.

In one very important respect, however, the Negro is not a foreigner and an outcast: his language is finally and completely English. Unlike the Indian, who has never been at home in our speech, he has for gen-

erations had but one language, and that one the English. Into this, the most intimate social possession of the American people, he has been taken without reservation or qualification. The physical, political and social differences between black and white have not closed the gate. The Negro speaks English of the same kind and, class for class, of the same degree as the English of the most authentic descendants of the first settlers at Jamestown and Plymouth.

The Negroes, indeed, in acquiring English have done their work so thoroughly that they have retained not a trace of any native African speech. Neither have they transferred anything of importance from their native tongues to the general language. A few words, such as *voodoo, hoodoo,* and *buckra,* may have come into English from some original African dialect, but most of the words commonly supposed to be of Negro origin, *e. g., tote, jazz,* and *mosey,* are really derived from ancient English or other European sources. The native African dialects have been completely lost. That this should happen is not surprising, for it is a linguistic axiom that when two groups of people with different languages come into contact, the one on a relatively high, the other on a relatively low cultural level, the latter adapts itself freely to the speech of the former, whereas the group on the higher cultural plane borrows little or nothing from that on the lower.

II

Many of the characteristics of Negro English which are assumed to be the peculiar property of the Negroes

are merely archaic survivals of good old English. Such survivals might reasonably be expected, for a people more or less isolated from the central developments in the life of a race always retain cultural characteristics that the main body loses. This isolation may be geographical, like that of the Tennessee mountaineers, or it may be social, as with the Negroes. The traditional Negro pronunciations are all of good English origin. The Negro's *watermillion* for *watermelon* was common English usage everywhere in America as late as the first quarter of the Nineteenth Century. When the Negro says *drap* for *drop*—which he now does only in dialect literature or on the vaudeville stage—he says what many a Yankee always said a hundred years ago. Even the Negro's *gwine* for *going* is good archaic American English. This pronunciation was current in New England in the Eighteenth Century, and it has lingered in the Negro speech simply because the Negro, being socially backward, has held on to many habits which the white world has left behind. As a phenomenon in language the pronunciation has an honored place in the history of English. The pronunciation of the word *choir* as though it were written *quire* is of the same category, and so is that old pronunciation of the family name *Burgoyne* which made it *Burgwyne*.

The construction *I is* and the use of the third singular present for all three persons and both numbers of the present tense of *to be* seem as characteristically Negro as anything in the language. But it is not abnormal or unparalled English. From the Thirteenth Century, forms like *I is, you is, we, you, they is,* are on

record in the northern dialect of English, and Wright's Dialect Dictionary contains numerous examples from remote localities in modern England. This usage seems practically to have disappeared in American English, except in Negro speech. But it is a common observation that even illiterate speech in America is less rustically dialect than similar speech in England. The construction *I is* has been levelled out of American white speech, but it still lingers on the tongues of illiterate Negro speakers. So with all similar or apparently similar forms. Generalizations are always dangerous but it is reasonably safe to say that not a single detail of Negro pronunciation or of Negro syntax can be proved to have any other than an English origin.

The statement is often made that something in the physical structure of the Negro's organs of speech gives to his English an unmistakable and distinctive quality. People say they can always tell a Negro by his voice, even on the telephone, or through ten feet of concrete. By the evidence of experiment, however, this is found to be simply not true. When the voices only are heard and the speakers are not seen, Negro speakers cannot be distinguished from white speakers merely by the quality of their voices. Of course they may be distinguished by other things, by vocabulary, by subject matter, or even by cadence and lilt, just as a Scotsman, an Irishman, a Londoner may be distinguished by his speech tunes. Every social group is likely to have more or less characteristic speech rhythms. But these are not strictly matters of tone quality in the voice. They are melodic variations of pitch and they must

be abstracted before one may profitably compare the voices of Negroes and of white speakers. Obviously another condition necessary to make this a fair experiment is that the speakers, black and white, must be on approximately the same cultural level. To compare the speech of an extravagantly illiterate Negro with that of a conventionally educated white person means nothing at all.

Negroes are supposed to have rich, melodious, easy voices, but this supposition is nothing more than a convention, and has no necessary connection with reality. By a similar convention the New Englander is supposed to have a drawling, whining and nasal pronunciation, and the Westerner to have a hard, flat pronunciation, whatever that may be. But all New Englanders do not drawl and dribble their words through the nose, all Westerners do not talk like a cart going over a cobble pavement, nor do all Negroes have soft and mellifluous voices. Joel Chandler Harris was remarkably painstaking in his use of dialect, both that of the Southern whites and that of the Negroes; nevertheless, the speech of Uncle Remus and the speech of rustic whites as Harris records them are so much alike that if one did not know what character was speaking, one would often be unable to tell from the record whether the words were those of a white man or of a Negro. Similar evidence from direct observation has been given by another competent Southern observer. "If one happened to be talking to a native with one's eyes shut," says Professor Harrison, "it would be impossible to tell whether a Negro or a white person were responding."

An exaggerated impression of the special character of Negro English is often produced by the methods employed in attempts at its literary transcription. After commenting on the impossibility of an exact reproduction, in a prefatory note to "In Ole Virginia," Thomas Nelson Page gives certain rules as aids in representing the Negro speech of eastern Virginia. "The final consonant," he says, "is rarely sounded. Adverbs, prepositions and short words are frequently slighted, as is the possessive. The letter *r* is not usually rolled except when used as a substitute for *th,* but is pronounced *ah.* For instance, the following is a fair representation of the peculiarities cited: The sentence, 'It was curious, he said, he wanted to go into the other army,' would sound: ' 'Twuz cu-yus, he say, he wan(t) (to) go in (to) 'turr ah-my.' "

English thus transcribed undoubtedly looks very different from the kind of English that ordinarily meets the eye. But it is a legitimate inquiry how far this difference is due merely to a completer carrying out of a phonetic method than is customary in transcriptions of the speech of cultivated or uncultivated whites. Thus *'twuz* for *it was* might be heard in any rapid colloquial speech, white or black, cultivated or uncultivated, and *ah-my* for *army* would not seem strange anywhere in the South or in New England. Even *cu-yus* for *curious* looks stranger than it sounds. The loss of the *r* in this word is a very natural development in the speech of all those persons who omit their *r's* finally and before other consonants. As for the pronunciation *wan(t) (to) go* for *want to go,* the record is certainly not quite adequate. For the Negro pronunciation *he wan go* is not merely

equivalent rhythmically to *a man go.* After *wan* a pause occurs, the position for *t* being formed and held momentarily, though no explosion is made. This pause therefore separates the word *want* from *go,* and in the Negro *wan* the final *n* may be said to be long. But under no circumstances in colloquial English would the phrase *want to go* be pronounced by anybody with more than one *t.* The natural pronunciation would be something like *wan̲ t go,* and the difference between this and the Negro *wan go* is much less than the apparent difference between *want to go,* the Negro's simplified grammar for *wanted to go,* and *wan go.*

In other words, literary transcriptions of Negro speech are likely to approach more nearly to scientific exactness in the recording of the shadings of pronunciation than literary transcriptions of other forms of English ordinarily do. The Uncle Remus stories, for example, are burdened with a mass of phonetic detail which is quite commonplace from the point of view of the scientific transcription of English speech, but which serves nevertheless to make the language of Uncle Remus seem very markedly different from other forms of familiar English speech. The phonetic spellings merely emphasize what ordinarily would pass unnoticed. One's ears are tuned differently for the hearing of Negro speech from the way they are tuned for the hearing of white speech. If one started without any anticipatory expectation, Negro English would seem like any other English. It would have its variations, but practically all of them would have their correspondences in white speech. For Negro English is not a peculiar species of English; it is only English spoken by Negroes.

III

The assimilation of the language of the Negroes to the language of the whites did not take place all at once. Though the historical evidence is not as full as might be wished, the stages can be followed with some certainty. When the Negroes were first brought to America they could have known no English. Their usefulness as servants, however, required that some means of communication between master and slave should be developed. There is little likelihood that any masters exerted themselves to understand or to acquire the native language of the Negroes in order to communicate with them. On the contrary, from the very beginning the white overlords addressed themselves in English to their black vassals. It is not difficult to imagine the kind of English this would be. It would be a very much simplified English—the kind of English some people employ when they talk to babies. It would probably have no tenses of the verb, no distinctions of case in nouns or pronouns, no marks of singular or plural. Difficult sounds would be eliminated, as they are in baby talk. Its vocabulary would be reduced to the lowest elements. In short, it would be a language of very much the same kind as those which have developed elsewhere under similar circumstances. It would have resemblances to the Beach-la-Mar of the Western Pacific, the Pidgin English of China, and the Chinook jargon of Western America. As the Negroes imported into America came from many unrelated tribes, speaking languages so different that one tribe could not understand the lan-

guage of another, they themselves were driven to the use of this infantile English in speaking to one another.

We are not left entirely to inference in this matter. In one group of Negroes, probably the most primitive alive today in their cultural development, clear traces of it still survive. These are the dwellers along the South Carolina coast known as Gullahs. The Gullah dialect is a very much simplified form of English, with cases, numbers, genders, tenses reduced almost to the vanishing point. Many of the grammatical and phonetic characteristics that appear in other jargons, Beach-la-Mar, Pidgin English and Chinook, are found also in Gullah. Very little of the dialect, however, perhaps none of it, is derived from sources other than English. In vocabulary, in syntax and in pronunciation, practically all of the forms of Gullah can be explained on the basis of English, and probably only a little deeper delving would be necessary to account for those characteristics that still seem strange and mysterious.

Two hundred years ago all the Negroes in America must have spoken a language very similar to Gullah. All the forms recorded, indeed, for the earlier periods bear its mark unmistakably. The written records do not begin, however, until the latter part of the Eighteenth Century, at which time Negroes speaking in character first appeared in American literature. As a literary achievement the Negro is exclusively an American invention. British literature possesses no successful Negro characters and very few unsuccessful ones. The Elizabethan drama has no Negroes speaking in character. Defoe has some passages of Negro speech in his

"Family Instructor," and in "Robinson Crusoe" Friday speaks the same kind of language as Defoe's Negro, though Friday must have been an Indian. But in Defoe's mind the proper speech for all savages, Negro or Indian, seems to have been merely an infantile English. One characteristic both of Defoe's Indian and his Negro speech is the adding of a vowel at the ends of words, particularly verbs, for example, *teachee* and *talkee* for *teach* and *talk*. Robinson Crusoe is made to comment on the difficulty he experienced in assisting Friday to get rid of this habit, and Defoe seems to have been of the opinion that this adding of a vowel at the end of words was an inherent weakness of the savage nature. The custom is still markedly present in Gullah dialect, and all early records of Negro English make a great deal of it. Perhaps it is older than its specifically Negro uses, and perhaps the whole or the greater part of the Negro jargon is older than the slave trade. It may have been in existence as the commercial language of English traders in their intercourse with Italians, Portuguese and other Continental peoples from very early times and thus have been ready at hand for use in the slave trade.

The earliest records of Negro speech appear in American plays of the period of the Revolution. The completeness and the success with which Negro English is employed in these plays naturally varies with the inclination and the ability of the authors of them. But there can be no doubt that the Negro characters of these early dramas are drawn from life. They share with the rustic Yankee the distinction of being the chief contributions of early American literature to the gallery of Eng-

lish literary characters. One of the earliest of these plays is John Leacock's "Fall of British Tyranny," published at Philadelphia in 1776; it contains a passage of Negro dialogue that may serve for purposes of illustration. The action takes place on a British man-of-war near Norfolk, Virginia, and Lord Kidnapper, who is enlisting Negroes in the British service, converses with Cudjo as follows:

Kidnapper—Well, my brave blacks, are you come to list?

Cudjo—Eas, massa Lord, you preazee (please).

Kidnapper—How many are there of you?

Cudjo—Twenty-two, massa.

Kidnapper—Very well, did you all run away from your masters?

Cudjo—Eas, massa Lord, eb'ry one, me too.

Kidnapper—That's clever; they have no right to make you slaves, I wish all the Negros would do the same, I'll make 'em free—what part did you come from?

Cudjo—Disse brack man, disse one, disse one, disse one, come from Hamton, disse one, disse one, come from Nawfok, me come from Nawfok too.

Kidnapper—Very well, what was your master's name?

Cudjo—Me massa name Cunney Tomsee.

Kidnapper—Colonel Thompson—eigh?

Cudjo—Eas, massa, Cunney Tomsee.

Kidnapper—Well, then, I'll make you a major—and what's your name?

Cudjo—Me massa cawra me Cudjo.

Kidnapper—Cudjo?—very good—was you ever christened, Cudjo?

Cudjo—No, massa, me no crissen.

Kidnapper—Well, then, I'll christen you—you shall be called Major Cudjo Thompson. . . .

Cudjo—Tankee, massa, gaw bresse, massa Kidnap.

Cudjo's English seems very different both from the actual speech of Negroes today, and from Negro speech as it would be used for literary characterization. The stages by which it was outgrown are clearly traceable. To the middle of the Nineteenth Century, the only kind of Negro English that was used in literature was English of the type of Cudjo's. But Irving, Cooper and other writers possessed of literary skill and discrimination used it very sparingly. Cooper's "Pioneers," published in 1823, might be described as an experiment in dialect, with its German English, French English, Irish English, British English, homespun American English —to say nothing of the impossible English of the genteel characters and of the Indian characters. But there is also Negro English in the speech of Agamemnon. Cooper speaks of Agamemnon's Guinea blood, therefore he was supposedly a Guinea Negro, though by the first quarter of the Nineteenth Century the local origins of a particular Negro must have been a matter of very uncertain inference. But whatever his origins, Agamemnon speaks a language akin to the Negro English jargon of the Eighteenth Century. His dialect is less elaborated, however, than the speech of Cooper's other dialect characters, a little of his outlandish English in Cooper's opinion apparently going a long way to supply all this kind of color that was needed.

It is interesting to note that Irving in the "Tales of a Traveler," published in 1824, avoided an obvious opportunity to employ Negro dialect. In "The Adventure of the Black Fisherman," the principal character is Black Sam, but he speaks no dialect, only conventional English. If one may hazard a guess to explain this

fact, it would be that the only Negro speech that had any literary tradition in Irving's day was the barbarous dialect that survives now in Gullah, and that this speech was so unlike the speech of Negroes as Irving knew them that he preferred avoiding dialect altogether to using an English so untrue and so outlandish. Jupiter in Poe's "Gold Bug," published in 1839, speaks a language which belongs to the older tradition, so far as it has any distinctive dialectal characteristics at all, but here again it is significant that Poe elaborated the speech of Jupiter but slightly.

In the decade before the Civil War a considerable body of slavery and anti-slavery imaginative literature was published, but very little of it has any realistic value, the world of nature having been lost for the time in the world of controversy. The most famous Negro character in fiction was presented to the public when Mrs. Stowe's "Uncle Tom's Cabin" appeared in 1852. But Uncle Tom expresses himself with very little dialectal color, hardly more than enough to enable the reader to place his speech on the level of colloquial English. Other Negro characters upon whom the weight of doctrine rests less heavily are allowed to speak more dialectally. Aunt Chloe makes use of as complete a Negro speech as Mrs. Stowe had at her command. But the illusion even of Aunt Chloe's speech is very imperfect. Assisted by a bandana turban and charcoal it might pass, but as literary workmanship it is crude. The significant thing about it, however, is that it is no longer the primitive jargon of Eighteenth Century Negro English. By the middle of the Nineteenth Century this older Negro English had ceased to be possible as a

generic representation of Negro speech. The newer tradition had not yet established itself, but when literary artists like Page and Harris put on record the contemporary Negro speaking, everyone recognized that Negro English was no longer a grotesque mutilation of the English language, but merely one of the colloquial forms of our many visaged mother tongue.

For this progress up from the barbarous and infantile English dialect first presented to them by their masters to fellowship in the genuine English language, the Negroes deserve much credit. They might very well have remained content to speak a special tongue; their acquisition of mature English proves that they have been eager to assimilate a higher culture when the way has been open. The white man likewise deserves credit for the black man's progress. In the three hundred years since the first Negroes reached America, the white man also has grown. One cannot quite say that the relations between the two races have become genial, but at least they have become more kindly and humane. Progress has been slow and the barriers to overcome have been great, but the Negro's achievement of the English language encourages hope for the future.

NOTES ON THE VERNACULAR

The Humorous "R"

By Louise Pound

The history of the English *r* down the centuries, of its various developments, insertions, omissions, and

transpositions, is one of the most interesting phases of the history of English sounds. Before the Norman Conquest, in some regions and in some positions, it was a type of gargled *r*, made in the back of the mouth. Since that period many varieties have been developed or handed down, from the trilled consonant of Chaucer's time to the various American *r*'s of our own period. These range from a light vowel-like *r* (which is lost before consonants and also finally, in some parts of New England and the South) to the "coronal" sound, made with the tip of the tongue turned back on the roof of the mouth, which appears in the Central West. It is this letter *r* which so annoys fastidious observers, such as cultured Britons touring the United States, and which is anathema to teachers of oral expression. On the whole, *r* is the most unstable of English consonants. It is often lost, often intrudes, and often shifts its position; and it has evoked more heated controversy than any other consonant.

The theme of the following brief discussion is the rôle played by it among humorists, for whom certain stock usages have arisen. The moment we encounter the added *r*'s of *purp* or *dorg* in our reading we know that we have to do with humor, and so with *school-marm*. The added consonants are supposed to be spoken, if the words are uttered, but, as a matter of fact, they are less often uttered than seen. The words are, indeed, largely visual forms; the humor is chiefly for the eye. The American humorist of the Civil War period, Artemus Ward (Charles Farrar Brown, 1834–1867) contributed a good deal toward giving currency to such added *r*'s. He liked to write *orfice, orf, orfullest, perlitical, poller-*

ticks and similar forms. Brown relied very largely for his jocular effects on such vagaries of writing. Like James Russell Lowell in "The Biglow Papers," he ran to ungrammatical forms and illiterate spellings, and his leading characters represented themselves as illiterates. We have gone far beyond his crude usages in our own time, especially since the days of O. Henry. A writer, seeking piquancy, may now deliberately re-spell in his own person, without pretense of illiteracy, as when columnists write "*chawmed,* I'm *suah,*" *thanx,* or "when this *crool* war is over." As for O. Henry, when his characters go wrong with words there is always something beyond mere misspelling. Witness his "Crow Knob—a kind of *dernier* resort in the mountains," or "I'm not a pre-ordained disciple of *S. Q. Lapius.* I never took a course in a medical college," or "It's time for Spelling Reform to butt in and *disenvowel* it."

To return to *r,* we have been educated in these days to recognize its omission as well as its addition to be humorous. For example, from the standard forms *burst* and *curse* have arisen *bust* and *cuss,* with the past participles *busted* and *cussed.* These have proved to be so useful that it is now unlikely that we shall ever give them up. Long before the Norman Conquest the ancestors of the forms *speak* and *speech* arose by omission of *r* from forms in which it had been present. Had it persisted, as in the related German *sprachen, spreak* and *spreech* would now be our normal forms. Perhaps *busted* and *cussed* will some day seem as dignified as *speak* and *speech.* On the omission of the *r* in humorous forms, as well as its addition, Artemus Ward, with his large reliance on spellings for jocular effects, had

much influence. His pages exhibit *nuss, nussin, scacely* for *scarcely,* and he writes "*putty* as an angel" where other humorists might have written *purty.* Josh Billings (Henry Wheeler Shaw, 1818–1885) and Petroleum V. Nasby (David Ross Locke, 1833-1888) venture *hoss* for *horse, fust* for *first, pusley* for *parsley, pussy* for *pursy,* and *puss* for *purse;* and every experienced reader detects at once from the omission of the *r* that the forms are intended to be funny.

In American humor, the added *r*'s of words like *marm, dorg, purp* are supposed to be spoken. In English humorous writing the story is otherwise. Weakened *r* after a vowel disappeared in the Eighteenth Century in England. Walker's Dictionary of 1775 admits its muteness. After the Eighteenth Century *-ar* popularly indicated the sound of the vowel in *father,* and written forms like *arnswer, marm, larf, harf, larst* and *blarst,* are to be read with the broad vowel but no uttered *r.* Similarly, says Alexander J. Ellis in his monumental work on English pronunciation, "when Dickens wrote Count *Smorl Tork,* he meant *Small Talk* and no ordinary reader would distinguish between them." Dickens's *Smorl Tork* appears in "The Pickwick Papers" and so do Brother *Mordlin* (maudlin) of the Ebenezer Temperance Association, and Sawyer, late *Knockemorf* (knock 'em off). British humorous writers place in the mouths of the uneducated many forms like *orter* (ought to), *warter, darter, gorn, orsepittle;* but these are not to be read with the *r* sounded.

When Britons wish to indicate *r*'s that are unmistakably sounded they have to double them. Here is a passage from Henry James' "The Question of Our Speech"

showing how he was affected after his years in England by our Mid-Western *r*'s:

> The letter, I grant, gets terribly little rest among those great masses of our population who strike up, in the boundless West perhaps especially, as, under some strange impulse received toward consonantal recovery of balance, making it present even in words from which it is absent, bringing it in everywhere as with the small vulgar effect of a sort of morose grinding of the back teeth. There are, you see, sounds of a mysterious intrinsic meanness, and there are sounds of a mysterious intrinsic frankness and sweetness; and I think the recurrent note I have indicated—*fatherr,* and *motherr* and *otherr, waterr,* and *matterr* and *scatterr, harrd* and *barrd, parrt, starrt* and (dreadful to say) *arrt* (the repetition it is that drives home the ugliness)—are signal specimens of what becomes of a custom of utterance out of which the principle of taste has been dropped.

Final *r* has its significance also. When American humorists write *feller, otter* (ought to), *Mariar, Ednar, popper, mommer, holler* (from halloo), we know that we have to do with the facetious, even though the speakers may not be downright illiterates. *Winder* may also belong here; although there is a folk-etymological origin for the *-r* which might be taken into account. In the "Hudibras" of Samuel Butler (1663) occurs—

> Love is a burglarer, a felon
> That at the *windore-eie* does steal in.

But historically *window* means eye of the wind; the *-ow* is cognate with *eye* and no door is involved, as in Butler's extended form.

There is also a final added *r* in better usage in Britain and the United States which sometimes goes by the name

of hiatus *r*. When New Englanders, be they social characters or academic, who like British ways say *idear*, or "see the future of *Americar* as in a *vistar*," or speak of *Louisar* Alcott, we are not to take their usage to be humorous, for it has considerable standing in these instances. Phonetically, there is little difference between the unlettered *feller* or *winder* and the cultured *idear;* but the added *r* has little standing in the one usage, while it has the authority of many reputable speakers in the other. This interesting hiatus *r* had its origin in the confusion arising through the practice of British speakers of dropping final *r* before a consonant and keeping it before a vowel, as in *Westminster* Abbey and *Westminste* (*r*), or in "*better* and *bette* (*r*)." The word *better* has two forms in this phrase as it is spoken by most of those who drop their *r*'s—one retaining the sound before a vowel and the other dropping it. Out of the confusion thus arising many *r*'s came to be added after final vowels, where none was historically justified, as "a *Chinar* ornament" or "the great actress *Modjeskar*" or "Queen *Henriettar Mariar.*"

The humor is unconscious, not a device of authors, in those who omit *r* in the telescoped *vetinery, itinery, labatory, contempory* and *deteriate.* An *r* is often dropped by unacademic speakers in weak syllables where there is repetition. In the *littery* of the columnists, as in references to the "*Littery* Review" or "us *litry* fellers," yet another usage is represented. These are mainly forms employed for flippancy.

The differences in the mode of handling *r,* in the phonetic shades of its formation, in what is happening to it, and in how it influences neighboring vowels, are bring-

ing in their wake some of the chief divergences between British and American English. Not individual words here and there but whole tracts of words which are part of the essential fabric of the language are being affected by changes in the utterance of *r* or by its weakening and loss. In Britain an *o* before an *r* is open, while in the United States it is prevailingly closed. Thus an American who omits final *r* might rhyme *bore* and *Noah,* but to Britons *bore* and *gnawer* would be more exact rhymes, or *more* and *maw, door* and *daw.* Keats rhymed *crosses* and *horses;* Kipling rhymed *court, wrought,* and *report;* and a recent British laureate rhymed *vase* and *Mars.* Across the Atlantic *vista* and *sister* make good rhymes to the ear, while on this side they bring the same type of smile that is brought to the faces of contemporary Britons by Whittier's well-remembered rhymes of *swarthy* and *Martha* and *pen* and *been.*

II

NOVEL COMPARISON OF ADJECTIVES

A love of the exaggerated use of terminational comparative forms seems to be shared by poets and humorists. We are accustomed to the formation of the comparatives of *patient* and *wretched* with *more* and *most;* yet Swinburne writes *patienter, wretcheder* and *splendider* without seeming conspicuous. Among humorists and dialect writers the terminational comparison of unexpected adjectives has come to be a staple device for producing humorous effect. For a first example, take the comparison of the present participle. There was

novelty in the form for print when Dickens wrote *leakingest* or Walt Whitman *lovingest,* but such comparatives are now frequent. A casual examination of current magazine fiction brings to light, "the *fightingest* man I ever saw," "the *toppingest* morning of the year," "the *leakingest* old boat I was ever in," "the *highsteppingest* chorus girl of them all," and "the *kissingest* kid I ever knew." " 'Treat 'Em Rough,' the latest and *laughingest* book by the author of 'Four Weeks in France,' " is from a publisher's advertisement. An automobile racer announced last year in advance of an international competition, "My car will be the *goingest* hack I ever had." William Hard, writing in a recent number of the *Nation,* pronounces Senator Burton K. Wheeler, the tail of the La Follette national ticket . . . "the *stingingest* of all this year's stinging tails."

To revert to Dickens, we find him placing *naturalest, seasonablest, crookedest* and *delightfulest* in the mouths of his comic characters. Lewis Carroll makes Alice in Wonderland use the form *curiouser.* These seem tame enough beside our present "the *orphantest* child in the asylum," "the *womanishest* of the lot," "the *lunaticest* of them all," "I feel *resteder* now," "the *outlandishest* hat," "the *spindliest* legs." A magazine story has its dialect characters say *consaiteder, unjustest,* and *modheratest.* A newspaper remarks of the passing of Fourth of July celebrations in the big cities that "the scene grows more pathetic and *patheticker.*"

Sometimes words already superlative in meaning show a superlative termination: "She is the *onliest* girl I ever loved," "He is the *allrightest* man I know."

Double comparative forms like *nicerer, betterer,* and *moreder,* are heard from children, but they are also often placed in these days in the mouths of grown-ups. In the way of double superlatives one finds examples like, "He did the *bestest* he could while his opponent did the *worstest.*" The form *worser,* which was in good usage in the days of Elizabeth, is still to be found. Montague Glass, who wrote of Potash and Perlmutter, makes a character say, "things go from bad to *worst,*" and "He would got *worser* than a cold." Indeed the form *worse* merits treatment by itself. In the current facetious "not so *worse,*" *worse* is moved from the comparative degree into the positive.

American dialect speech makes free usage of the superlative suffix *-most.* Here are to be recorded forms like *oldermost* and *bettermost,* which are superlatives built from comparatives, and *ablemost, farmost,* and *newmost.* Some similar British forms are *backermost, toppermost,* and *bottommost.* A recent whimsical usage from the titles of films is illustrated by the following examples, in which pronouns assume comparative forms for the first time in linguistic history: "She is a Wilmot, than which none are *whicher,*" "She is a Van Alstyne, one of the *whomest* of the whom." The motto of the clergyman who exhorted his audience to "get on, get *(h)onor,* get *(h)onest,*" was meant seriously. So were the pleonastic forms of "the *more outer* trenches of the enemy," in a newspaper article from the pen of a war correspondent, and the amusing "these formations are said to be *far more superior* than the Garden of the Gods," in an advertising circular.

III

AMERICAN INDEFINITE NAMES

Do other races show the same love for indefinite names and the same resourcefulness in coining them that is shown by Americans? The typical American, at least the fairly youthful American, would apparently rather call something a *thingumbob,* or a *dingus,* or a *doodad* than speak out the exact name. It seems more attractive to him to employ some indefinite term in current vogue than to go to the trouble to utter the specific word. If he fails to recall the latter instantly, or if he does not know it, his employment of some whimsical indefinite substitute is nearly inevitable. This device is supposed to provide the informal or non-serious touch which we go to such lengths in these days to secure.

Following is a list of indefinite names recently collected in the Central West. It might easily be increased by a canvass of other regions, or by going through the volumes of *Dialect Notes,* the journal of the American Dialect Society, which endeavors to record deviations from standard English in all parts of the United States. One doubts whether the English Dialect Dictionary, that scholarly and valuable work compiled by Joseph and Mary Wright of Oxford, contains so long a list of such terms as a similar American dictionary would show if it existed. One suspects that a liking for coinages of this type is characteristically American. The topic of the relation of peculiarities or grotesqueries of language to race characteristics has been given little attention by

philologists; yet our curious linguistic creations are usually interesting for their own sake, and they often have a certain social or psychological influence as well. The list of Central Western indefinite terms—many or most of which may be general over the United States—reads like this:—

Thingumbob, thingumabob, thingumajig, thingumajiggen, thingumadoodle, dingus, dingbat, doofunny, doojumfunny, doodad, doodaddle, doogood, dooflickus, dooflicker, doojohn, doojohnny, dooflinkus, doohickey, doobobbus, doobobble, doohinkey, doobiddy, doowhackey, gadget, whatyoumaycallit, fumadiddle, thinkumthankum, dinktum, jigger, fakus, kadigin, thumadoodle, optriculum, ringumajig, ringumajing, ringumajiggen, hoopendaddy, dibbie.

IV

ABRIDGED WRITING

Artemus Ward employed a form of abridged writing, utilizing numerals, when he wrote "jest *be*4 elecshun" and "*There*4 I made bold to visit old Abe." Similar writings were popular with other humorists of his period. Petroleum V. Nasby wrote, "I wood reed 2 yoo the passij," and spoke of "sending a mishunary 2 Massychusits." Abridged writing is now frequently used as a device to catch the eye in advertising. A humorous or unconventional touch is designed, yet there is no pretense that the manipulated words come from illiterates. Some examples of the ingenious forms given to words or to commercial names in order to get public attention for them are these: "*Xlent* Brand of Salmon,"

"*Xtra* Fine Twilled Tape," "Phone Us *B*4 *U* Buy," "*P-Cans* and *P-Nuts* for Sale," "*E. Z. Walker* Shoes," Sherman *T* and Coffee House," "Call *Tel-U-Where* for our nearest distributor," "*Fits-U* Eyeglasses," "*U All Kno* After Dinner Mints," "Oysters *R* Now in Season," "*Uneeda* Biscuit," "*Uneedme* Chair Pad," "*U-Rub-It-In* Ointment." The trade slogan "Will *U C* Smith for Paper Hanging?" is used by a man named William C. Smith. To the same category belong signs like these:— "*R U* Interested in a Rummage Sale?" "*R U* Going to the Party at the Beach?"

A number of devices for simplified writing are current among children and young people. Since they concern language some of them deserve recording among notes on language, as well as in the collectanea of children's lore or folk-lore. The figures of a square preceding the word *deal* stands for a square deal. A letter *B* in the center of a square exhorts the reader to be on the square, and may either express a sentiment or fix a rendezvous. A *B* at the corner of a square is also easily interpreted. Capital letters are utilized in "He *XL's*," or "the State of *X-S-E*" or "10-*S-E*" (Tennessee), and here may be noted sentiments at the end of letters like "Yours as *b*4," and "Yours 10*derly*." A rhyme popular among youngsters reads:

Y Y U R	Too wise you are,
Y Y U B	Too wise you be,
I C U R	I see you are
Y Y 4 *Me*	Too wise for me.

A popular abridged writing for "I understand you undertake to overthrow my undertaking" is—

2
stand take throw taking
I U my

Musical notation is also made use of for abbreviated writing in popular lore, *e. g.*, "Just a little ♩ to you." Some well-known mottoes for musicians run "B², but don't ," (Be square, be sharp, but don't be flat). Or "Always , never , always ," (Always be sharp, never be flat, always be natural).

XI

APPRAISING A MAGAZINE AND ITS READERS

GODEY'S LADY'S BOOK

By Richard Fay Warner

I

Louis Antoine Godey was born in New York City on June 6, 1804, and died in Philadelphia on November 29, 1878. He left a fortune of more than $1,000,000, no mean one for those innocent days, and every cent of it came from the revenues of his refined and moral publications: *The Daily Chronicle, Jarvis's Musical Library,* and *Godey's Lady's Book.* The last, his pride and Bible, as it was for years of every right-thinking American woman, he published in Philadelphia from 1830 to 1877, when it was sold to a stock company. In all those years, in the words of Mr. Godey himself, it never printed an immoral thought or a profane word. It was, indeed, "the guiding star of female education, the beacon light of refined taste, pure morals and practical wisdom," and a whole generation of American women took color from it. Is there an American attic, which, at one time or another, has not had its piles of old *Godey's?* Every month it arrived, and every month there were the same sweet and uplifting stories, worded a little differently each time, to be sure, but still always the same, with their pious sermons on correct behavior, on the joys of the domestic hearth, on a mother's love, a sister's sorrow—all decorously phrased, never offending the most delicate sensibilities, always commending the humbler and more Chris-

tian virtues—and flattering the magazine's subscribers.

Certain ribald American men of letters, even before the Civil War, ridiculed its fashion plates, laughed at its wishy-washy morals, and mocked its verses, written chiefly by the ladies themselves, but *Godey's* continued to flourish. Lowell referred to it as "thrice diluted trash in the shape of namby-pamby love tales and sketches," and in 1860 Howells declared that its love tales gagged him. The more austere publications of those days scorned "this business of pampering to the ladies." But the lower intellect won the circulation—50,000 in the early forties and 150,000 in the sixties—and the piles of *Godey's* in the attics grew. Its only rival was *Graham's,* which had as its editor, for a time, Edgar Allan Poe. Both magazines received enduring fame in Hawthorne's "House of the Seven Gables." Side by side they lay on the parlor table. Only *Godey's* lay on the table longer. In fact, the life of *Graham's* was comparatively short. In 1842, Poe resigned the editorship, asserting that he "hated the fashion plates and love tales." But it should be remembered that he also wrote for *Godey's*—in fact, he wrote some of his best stories for it: "The Cask of Amontillado," "The Oblong Box," and "A Tale of the Ragged Mountains," as well as his famous series on the New York literati.

Between 1741 and 1800 forty-five magazines were started in America, including a German and a children's magazine. The first, which frankly catered to women, was the *Gentleman and Lady's Town and County,* set up in Boston in 1784. It was designed "to please rather than to wound women, the noblest work of God," but despite this laudable program it lasted for only nine

numbers. Its successor was the *Lady's Magazine and Repository of Entertaining Knowledge,* published in Philadelphia in 1792. Its avowed object was to make a "good wife" and it announced that "every lover of the ladies will stand forth as a champion in defense of a work calculated for the instruction and amusement of the lovely." From then on, ladies' magazines became fairly common. The *Boston Miscellany,* edited by Nathan Hale, Jr., shocked the academicians by featuring fashions, but soon even the *Athenæum* was printing fashion plates. In many ways the most interesting of all these primeval *Delineators* was the *Lowell Offering,* published in the early half of the century by the mill girls of Lowell. The first number said, "This number is wholly written by females employed in the mills." Its motto at first was "The Worm on Earth May Look Up to the Star," but this was later changed to "Is Saul among the Prophets?" The *Lowell Offering* even made itself felt in Europe. Dickens praised it, as did the ever optimistic George Sand, while Thiers proudly carried it into the Chamber of Deputies to show what working women were able to accomplish under a Republic.

But the *Lowell Offering,* after all, was only a brilliant flash, and the girls were soon back in the mills. *Godey's,* on the other hand, lasted for more than half a century. Its success was due wholly to Louis Antoine Godey. If Godey knew the meaning of the word modesty, he kept it a secret. He talked only in superlatives. In each number he promised his readers that the next number would surpass all previous ones and when the next number came he declared that he had been right in his pre-

diction, and then went ahead and predicted the same for the coming issue. It was an endless chain. Here are some of his titbits:

> We have not space to describe the new and beautiful things which are preparing for the next volume. We can only say that arrangements have been made which will insure a richer excellence in the literary department and that the pictorial illustrations will be of the most perfect color. . . .
>
> We have no hesitation in pronouncing this plate by Ellis the best line engraving ever published in an American magazine. . . .
>
> The publisher has, at great expense, engaged an artist of taste and celebrity to reform the foreign fashions, so far as health and delicacy require; and we shall try the experiment of exhibiting the mode in accordance with that system of improvement in the moral character of women which our own *Book* is pledged to sustain.

This campaign to reform foreign fashions was begun in 1843. Godey, at the conclusion of his announcement, printed a letter from Harriet Beecher Stowe, in which that worthy declared that his stand was a very "courageous" one. "But as our dear sex," she wrote, "are so extremely disinterested that considerations of life and health are altogether secondary in their view, the most hopeful mode of attack is on the score of grace and beauty, and if Mr. Godey's artist can represent ladies beautiful and perfect, who yet appear to have room to breathe, the battle may be said to be half won."

Godey gave the women plenty of entertainment. In addition to his fiction and fashion plates and engravings, he established a number of special departments—The Arm Chair, Literary Notices, Centre-Table Gossip,

Health and Fashions, and so on. He published instructions in drawing and, for a small consideration, agreed to furnish the necessary pencils. He gave friendly advice to girls attaining womanhood, cautioning them against frivolous and wicked men and advising them to wait until they were at least twenty before making the connubial plunge. He printed brief reviews of books, such as the following on a drawing book published in Boston: "Mr. Mudge died, unfortunately, before he could complete the designs, which might have made his name as widely known as those of our greatest painters." He also published songs, both words and music, and they were all on the same level as "The Heart of Thy Norah Is Breaking for Thee," printed in 1844. Model houses, with the architect's designs, were graphically portrayed, and what horrible houses they were! Godey once advised the erection of thatched cottages for poor farmers. He did not include a barn, arguing that during the summer the family cow would be in the pasture and in winter it could live under the same roof with the family and help keep the house warm. The Chit-Chat of Fashions in 1844 contained the following:

Within the past week an invoice of bonnets has arrived from Paris and on Sunday the congregations of the fashionable churches looked like beds of lilies and roses. The latest style is really very beautiful, or, as the ladies say, sweet. The one I have been most pleased with is a perfect flower. The material is white figured muslin, delicately trimmed with ribbons and roses, and in form like the cup of a morning glory. If the humming birds and honey bees don't light upon it in Broadway, I shall think they show a great want of taste.

For dresses, chameleon silks are much worn—three distinct colors, by some magic of art, being thrown on a plain ground, looking as if "Iris dipt the wool." A new style of evening dress appeared at the last hop at the Astor, which attracted the attention of connoisseurs as something quite original and beautiful: a white muslin with two broad and richly colored borders, looking like an illuminated title page.

II

It was Godey's business acumen and his absolute confidence in himself and in his magazine that made its huge success, but another person was really "the guiding star of female education." This was the literary editor, Mrs. Sarah J. Hale, who was born in Newport, N. H., and who died, after long years of devoted service, in Philadelphia, on April 30, 1879. She was first the editor of the *Ladies' Magazine* of Boston, which united with Godey's in 1837, and when the union was solemnized she moved to Philadelphia. In many ways so different, Mrs. Hale and Godey shared the same deep affection for the magazine. Mrs. Hale did not bluster. She shrank from the bitter controversies which so delighted the heart of Godey. She told her readers that they must be ladies. She was a lady herself, and she took her office as director of the female morals of America very seriously. She loved good causes. She was interested in the observance of Thanksgiving Day, she was the originator of the Seaman's Aid Society, and it was due to her energy that funds were raised for the completion of Bunker Hill Monument. She also wrote cook books, and on all occasions meant well.

Little lessons in history could do her charges no harm,

and so she often gave them homeopathic doses, slightly coated. In an 1844 number the fashions of that day and of 1798 were contrasted in pictures, and Mrs. Hale wrote under them:

Fashions of 1798—the year in which American commerce suffered so much by the depredations of the French cruisers—the year of Commodore Truxton's gallant and important victory, when his frigate, the *Constellation,* of thirty-eight guns, captured after a desperate action, the French frigate *L'Insurgente,* of forty guns! May the men of America be always thus true, noble and brave, and the women be worthy of their love and esteem and protection! Look on these pictures and then turn to our Fashion Plate, and thank the Publisher of the *Lady's Book* for thus showing, by contrast, the beauty and becomingness of our present costumes.

Mrs. Hale published considerable poetry, always of the same tenor, sad and sweet, but hopeful. No matter what time of the day it might be, God was in His Heaven and all was well with the world. Here is a sample:

The Dying Girl

Haste then—and bring the flowers
And place them gently in her golden hair,
For few will be the hours,
They'll flourish there.
Stand back—uncovered stand—for lo!
The parents have lost their child.
Bow to the majesty of woe.

Occasionally Mrs. Hale indulged in facetious flights and in 1844 there actually appeared a series of somewhat ribald poems, by men and women, giving the respective authors' qualifications for marriage.

Julia, who gave her address as Concord, contributed:

> In dancing and morals I trip it along
> Quite free from all sin—if a waltz is not wrong.
> Your offer I take, and will say in a trice,
> For a husband like you I will give a fair price.

Mrs. Hale always told aspiring writers that they should not expect financial remuneration for their verses and stories. How dared they even think of it! With all her kindness, and there is no doubt that she was kind, she exhibited a streak of cruelty in rejecting manuscripts. In her Editor's Book Table she often printed, between parentheses, caustic comments on them. For example:

> We have been very busy since last month unrolling MSS. and searching for pearls among the shells thrown so profusely from the ocean of literature on the shore of the *Lady's Book*. We have been obliged to throw aside the following: "There is Something I Love"—(very little in this)—" 'Tis Night"—(and dark enough)—"Life in Perspective"—(a long one it must be)—"The Children in the Wood"—(where they had best remain). We think those whose articles are declined will thank us for this duty "in kindness done" and that even our long delay cannot extinguish the fire poetical in our correspondents.

Mrs. Hale had another lamentable habit. In her Editor's Table she would cull the best crumbs from rejected contributors and print them without mentioning their names! The fiction she printed was mainly very sentimental stuff. Although Godey was forever declaiming that the services of the best English writers had been engaged for the *Book*, its 150,000 readers were

never entertained by the confessions of Mr. Fitz-Boodle, or the experiences of Mr. Charles J. Yellowplush, "some time footman in many genteel families." Both Mr. Fitz-Boodle and Mr. Yellowplush were very much alive in the *Book's* early days, but it knew them not. On the other hand, T. S. Arthur, author of "Ten Nights in a Bar-room," a favorite, and one of his moral stories, "The Minister and the Merchant," made a great stir. A minister whose salary was $1000 a year had five children. Efforts were made by friends to raise it to $1500, but Mr. Wayland, a rich merchant who had an only daughter, aged sixteen, refused to contribute. Then, of course, the daughter became ill. The minister paid her many visits, which the girl "loved." Finally the daughter died and her death is described as follows: "We need not linger with the reader about the dying pillow of one who ere the morning was the guest of the angels." Thereafter, it took Arthur only a page or two to tell how the minister and the merchant became united. An aged woman called upon the divine to tell him that her intoxicated husband complained of seeing snakes. The minister dashed to the rescue. Meanwhile the merchant was in search of the minister. He was directed to the old woman's house, and there found the holy man bravely struggling with the drunkard, who was attempting to hurl himself from a window with a "cry of wild terror." Naturally the merchant concluded that the minister was a he-man after all, and so he agreed to the rise in salary.

Another typical *Godey's* story, "The College Boy,"

by Miss C. M. Sedgwick, is interesting chiefly because of the letter that the boy, a sophomore, wrote home when he was suspended. Here it is:

I am wretched beyond description. I have been publicly reprimanded and am suspended for the next term. Oh, that I had minded the ringing of the bell to morning prayers! Oh, that I had done what I ought to have done, and had left undone what I ought not to have done! Oh, that I had left in the chambers of my imagination those villainous caricatures of our grotesque tutor which brought me into disgrace!

Then Miss Sedgwick says:

Oh, love—domestic love—who can measure its height or its depth? It breathes music into the voice—into the footsteps; —it gives worth and beauty to the commonest office;—it surrounds home with an atmosphere of moral health;—it gives power to effort, and wings to progress. It is omnipotent—God is love!

The question of woman suffrage was dealt with at length in an article by Park Benjamin in the June number, 1884. The article, apparently inspired by a bill that had just been introduced into the New York legislature to extend the rights of women, said:

But—let me ask of my lady readers,—suppose the Congress should, at its present session, enact a law by which every female of a certain age might enjoy these privileges. How many are there possessing the modesty, the delicacy, the withdrawing spirit, the gentleness of the sex, who would not rather delegate to their husbands, their fathers, their brothers, those arduous and disagreeable duties? How many who, in addition

to the duties of love, of friendship, of education, of charity, of all which society imposes, would willingly assume the burden of politics? I believe, I HOPE, there are very few.

Naturally, Mrs. Hale and Godey felt that the *Book* should print articles on etiquette. Here is a good sample from 1846.

Punning is now decidedly out of date. Never take your hat into the drawing room. Never talk literature on a visit of condolence. . . .

If the lady be something of a gourmande, and, in overzealous pursuit of the aroma of the wing of a pigeon, should raise an unmanageable portion to her mouth, you should cease all conversation with her and look steadfastly into the opposite part of the room. Never talk politics at a dinner table nor in a drawing room. . . .

If you remove your hat, you need not at the same time bend the dorsal vertebrae of your body, unless you wish to be very reverential. If you have remarkably fine teeth, you may smile affectionately upon the bowee without speaking.

If you have bad squinting eyes, which have lost their lashes and are bordered with red, you should wear spectacles; if the defect be great, your glasses should be coloured. In such cases emulate the sky rather than the sea. Green spectacles are an abomination, fitted only for students in divinity.

Europe already had its lure in those days, and Paris especially, but Mrs. Hale took care to see that her articles describing foreign cities and customs should not be too voluptuous for the American hearth. In the forties the magazine printed a series entitled "Sketches of Paris" which discussed false hair and its mysteries, and the simple life of grisettes, and concluded

thus: "The Parisian ladies go to market; this is praiseworthy, as it proves that they are occupied with their housekeeping and domestic duties."

III

There was one contributor to the *Book,* however, whose vitriolic pen must have made Mrs. Hale pray a few minutes longer each evening, and that was Edgar Allan Poe. In 1846 he published in it his series on "The Literati of New York City," which he described as being "some honest opinions at random respecting their authorial merits, with occasional words of personality." Just how honest some of these opinions were is a question, but there is no doubt about the "occasional words of personality," as Thomas Dunn English was destined to discover. In the very first number Poe spoke baldly of the quacks in current American literature who won the praise of the press and the applause of the best society, while writers of talent, if not of genius, were lucky if they were received in the back yard. He went on:

> For example, Mr. Hawthorne, the author of "Twice-Told Tales," is scarcely recognized by the press or by the public, and when noticed at all, is noticed merely to be damned by faint praise. Now, my opinion of him is, that although his walk is limited and he is fairly to be charged with mannerism, treating all subjects in a similar tone of dreamy innuendo, yet in this walk he evinces extraordinary genius, having no rival either in America or elsewhere—and this opinion I have never heard gainsaid by any one literary person in the country.

Again, of Mr. Longfellow, who, although a little quacky *per se,* has, through his social and literary position as a man of property and a professor at Harvard, a whole legion of active quacks at his control—of him what is the apparent popular opinion? Of course, that he is a poetical phenomenon, is entirely without fault, as is the luxurious paper upon which his poems are invariably borne to the public eye. In private society he is regarded with one voice as a poet of far more than usual ability, a skillful artist and a well-read man, but as less remarkable in either capacity than as a determined imitator and a dexterous adaptor of the ideas of other people. For years I have conversed with no literary person who did not entertain precisely these ideas of Professor L.

Poe greatly relished the Thomas Dunn English episode. "I place Mr. English," he said, "on my list of New York literati, not on account of his poetry (which I presume he is not weak enough to estimate very highly), but on the score of his having edited for several months, 'with the aid of numerous collaborators,' a monthly magazine called the *Aristidean.*" Poe then suggested that English should apply himself to study, as he wrote "lay" for "lie," and when his attention was called to the mistake, attributed it to the printer. "Nobody," said Poe, "is so stupid as to suppose for a moment that there exists in New York a single proof-reader—or even a printer's devil—who would have permitted such errors to escape." And then: "No one of any generosity would think the worse of him for getting private instruction. . . . About his personal appearance there is nothing very observable. I cannot say whether he is married or not."

The author of "Sweet Alice Ben Bolt" retaliated in the New York *Mirror,* damning Poe's character and recounting several personal episodes, among them a thrashing which he claimed to have given Poe, and which, he intimated, was responsible for Poe's criticism. Poe's answer to this appeared in the *Spirit of the Times,* published in Philadelphia. Many new grievances against English were listed in the most bitter phraseology. He summoned all manner of nouns and adjectives to his assistance and compared English to "the most unprincipal of Mr. Barnum's baboons." Nor did he forget to maintain that it was Edgar Allan Poe and not Thomas Dunn English who administered the thrashing.

In his rejoinder English took satisfaction in pointing out that Poe's answer had been printed in a publication of small circulation. The fact that Godey had refused to print that answer greatly angered Poe. The document surely pleased Godey's combative spirit, but his shrewdness made him realize that the *Lady's Book* would not benefit by being embroiled in such a very unlady-like brawl. Poe complained of the rejection in a personal letter to Godey, but his feelings were temporarily pacified by a court of justice. English brought charges of obtaining money under false pretences and of forgery against him and the suit was decided by a verdict of $225 in Poe's favor, with costs, the whole amounting to $492. Nevertheless, Poe felt that he had a genuine grudge against Godey, and several years later, in a letter to a friend, he wrote: "As for Godey, he is a good little man and means as well as he knows how."

IV

"The good little man," with Mrs. Hale as his crew and refined taste as his beacon light, brought the *Lady's Book* safely through the storm. In that long stretch of years, from 1830 to 1877, many a rival magazine was born with a flourish and died without a requiem. But the respectable steel engravings, executed by "the greatest artists"; the colored fashion plates, and Mrs. Hale's little sermons continued, and the piles of back numbers in the family attics of a Christian people grew to tremendous heights. The solid position held by *Godey's* in the households of "the better moral class" is reflected in the scores of complimentary references to it in contemporary newspapers. Godey always reprinted these, modestly announcing that he "couldn't resist the following."

In 1846 even the sedate *North American Review* said: "*Godey's* and *Graham's*—we have had these two rival magazines for April upon our table for some days, and we should be remiss if we omitted to notice the improvements in *Godey's.* We have an admirable number before us, and contributions from some of our best writers. No man has better taste than Godey, or knows so well how to be generous in all things to his patrons and friends." The same *North American,* nearly thirty years later, in referring to a recent number, said: "It condemns idle gossip in one story, social malice in another; commends improvement in dress, cookery and house decoration as worthy of woman's ambition; continues the drawing lessons, work department and recipes and furnishes a number of sprightly tales.

The eighty-sixth volume commences with more merit and more vigor than the first and promises to continue the advance by which this point has been reached."

In 1870 the Philadelphia *Bulletin* offered this: "It is very appropriate that the fortieth year of this favorite old companion should be signalized by the publication of a portrait of its worthy founder. The gay old litterateur is represented sitting at his editor's table, examining manuscripts, and the magazine is filled with a wonderful Christmas-stockingful of fashions, work-table models, recipes and all the specialties which have earned its two-score years' success." The Philadelphia *City Item* followed with: "It has been well remarked that where *Godey's* is taken there is domestic neatness, comfort, elegance, virtue, which, we think, is saying a good deal for American women. God bless *Godey's* and keep it with us for many years!"

Nor did Godey scorn to print the notices of small town papers. East and West, South and North, not to mention the Sandwich Islands, vied in their glorification of him. The *Commercial Advertiser* of Honolulu, in the seventies, declared that his fashions were light and leading to the islanders. The *News* of Los Angeles said: "*Godey's Lady's Book* is without exception the best ladies' magazine in the world." The *Advertiser* of Savannah, said: "Like old wine, *Godey's* improves by age," while the *Herald* of Dallas, Tex., declared: "No lady should be without the peerless queen of all magazines for women," which had, "reached beyond the reach of successful competition." Finally, this gem was in the *Expositor* of Greenville, N. C., and, better than all the rest, better even than the words of

Godey himself, it showed what "the book" meant to its readers:

The December number of this unprecedented periodical is before us, rich in beauty, grace and fashion. We will not pause to enumerate its varied contents, for we wish to have a chat with dear old Godey. Do you know, dear Mr. Godey, that the first remembrance of our childhood is of a lovely young mother with your beautiful book upon her lap, pointing out its matchless engravings to our enchanted vision? Twenty years have passed since then and now a little five-year-old darling stands beside us and clasps her tiny hands in ecstatic admiration of your book. And in all these years your dear delightful book has been growing better and better.

In the issue for December, 1876, Godey and Mrs. Hale sang their swan song:

This number will close the ninety-third volume of the *Lady's Book*—558 monthly numbers! Forty-six years and six months of editorial labor! During all these years there has never been a single failure or delay. We feel proud of its age, we feel proud of its success, we feel proud of its prospects for continued prosperity, and today, as we send forth the last editorial of the centennial year, we feel that, with the union we have formed with the younger branch of our establishment, the hopes and the wishes of many of our exchanges will be fully realized.

The magazine continued for several years under the same name and in an 1877 number I find: "It is proposed to make the *Lady's Book* for 1878 far better than ever before. The steel engravings will be manifestly improved." It was the ghost of Godey writing. But not even his ghost was destined to live. Frank A. Munsey, the journalistic knacker, saw to that. The

name was changed to *Godey's Magazine* and almost immediately it lost its character. In 1898 the last number was published. Then Mr. Munsey drove up his dead wagon and interred the remains in the *Puritan.* Gone were the crinoline days and gone was Godey's subscription list!

NOTES

Richard Burton is a Johns Hopkins man, and was head of the Department of English of the University of Minnesota, with a short interval, from 1898 until 1925. His books include *Forces in Fiction, Literary Leaders of America,* and *Masters of the English Novel.* He also writes poetry and spends much time lecturing throughout the country. If Professor Burton's essay stimulates you to opposition, look up the literature of controversy growing out of President Meiklejohn's retirement from Amherst. This affair, alluded to in the essay, provoked active discussion in magazines and newspapers.

Zechariah Chaffee, Jr., is a graduate of Brown University and the Harvard Law School. He has been a professor in the latter since 1919. His *Freedom of Speech* is a standard work, and he has done much other writing. He was one of the twelve lawyers who signed the report on the illegal activities of the Department of Justice during and after the war with the Central Powers.

Samuel Chew is Professor of English Literature at Bryn Mawr. He is the author of important studies of Byron and Thomas Hardy. The characterization of George Moore is cleverly done; from the first words you should, whether or not you have read any of the Irishman's fiction, begin to sense his personality. Acquaintance with Moore's *Confessions of a Young Man* and his novels will add much to your enjoyment of Professor Chew's dialogue.

Eldridge Colby, a captain in the United States Army, has served on the General Staff in Washington. He is a graduate

of the Infantry School at Fort Benning, Georgia, and the author of *The Profession of Arms* and *Education and the Army.*

Chester T. Crowell has engaged in journalism in Texas, New York, and Mexico. In the latter he was news editor of the *Mexican Herald.* He gave up an editorial position with the New York *Evening Post* in order to devote himself to literature.

George E. De Mille was at the time of writing the essay included in this volume a member of the Faculty of English at Westminster College in Pennsylvania. "Major Jack Downing" was the character assumed by Seba Smith in some political sketches.

R. F. Dibble, an instructor in English at Columbia University, displays in his writings a very human interest in certain picturesque characters in our national life—prize-fighters, fakirs, and ruffians. Instead of employing the "psychograph" method now so much in vogue, he refuses to take his exceptional subjects too seriously; he handles them with a spiced, if obvious, irony that is unusual in biographical sketches. His just-published life of John L. Sullivan has been reviewed with much commendation.

Walter Prichard Eaton graduated from reporting to authorship and has proved a prolific writer. He is a member of the National Institute of Arts and Letters and an instructor in journalism at Columbia University. A purist would object to the first sentence of his *Nantucket.*

Henry J. Ford is emeritus Professor of Political Science at Princeton University. His books include *The Natural History of the State, Washington and his colleagues, The Cleveland Era, Alexander Hamilton, and Representative Government.*

A. E. Hamilton was formerly a fellow in Psychology at Clark University and assistant to President G. Stanley Hall. He has had a varied career in the United States and Mexico, having been among other things an automobile salesman, secre-

tary to a bishop, a teacher of history, and a newspaper editorial writer. He is now the director of a camp in Maine.

George P. Krapp is Professor of English at Columbia University. Besides editing the *Oxford English Series* and the *American College and University Series* he is the author of half a dozen works on English, notably *Pronunciation of Standard English in America.*

Thomas J. Le Blanc is a former fellow of the Rockefeller Institute and has been engaged of late in public health researches. He is now an associate professor of Preventive Medicine at the University of Cincinnati. The school he describes in *School Days in the Snow* was in Chippewa County, Michigan, on the Canadian border.

H. L. Mencken is the editor of the *American Mercury.* After attracting attention by his journalistic work he became, as leader of a group of vigorous critics, a national figure. His views on literature and American social phenomena are always stimulating, if not always palatable. In addition to his scholarly *American Language* he has to his credit four series of *Prejudices, A Book of Prejudices, In Defense of Women,* and other collections of essays.

George Jean Nathan collaborated with Mr. Mencken in writing *The American Credo* and in editing the *American Mercury* for the first year and a half of its existence. Mr. Nathan, extremely unconventional in the expression of his opinions of the theatre, is probably doing more than any other American to rid our drama of artificiality and mere pandering to a public too easily satisfied. When he praises a play we can be sure it possesses vitality or art or both. Among his books are *Comedians All, The Critic and the Drama, The World in Falseface, Materia Critica,* and *The Autobiography of an Attitude.*

Louise Pound is Professor of English Literature at the University of Nebraska and editor of *American Speech.* She is the foremost living student of the American vulgate and

has written many pages upon its vagaries. Incidentally, she has won western championships in tennis and is the sister of Dean Roscoe Pound, of the Harvard Law School.

James Stevens, not to be confused with the Irish poet and tale-teller, has worked as a laborer in the Northwest for fifteen years. His experiences permit him to write with unrivalled authority of the lumbermen, tramps, mule-drivers, cooks, gamblers, and general population of a country rapidly disappearing. *Paul Bunyan,* recently published, marks him a promising man of letters.

Carl Van Doren is one of the most popular of the teachers of English at Columbia University and the literary editor of the *Century Magazine.* He was the Managing Editor of the *Cambridge History of American Literature.* A frequent contributor to magazines, he has published a standard work in *The American Novel.* His paper on Stephen Crane should send you to read an author too much neglected.

Richard Fay Warner, formerly on the staff of the Boston *Evening Transcript,* is now with the *New York Evening Post.*

THE END

A NOTE ON THE TYPE IN WHICH THIS BOOK IS SET

This book is set on the Linotype in DeVinne, a Modern type face. The Modern faces are sharply drawn with an almost mathematical exactness and are designed for use on hard, smooth-surfaced papers in contrast with the Old Style faces which are more freely drawn and were originally designed for use on the softer hand-made sheets. DeVinne, alone among the Moderns, has a most interesting character when used on antique papers, and is frequently used with them. The Modern types were first made about 1790 and, becoming immensely popular, were soon grossly distorted, each typefounder trying to outdo his competitors by exaggerating the Modern characteristics. It was not until late in the nineteenth century that the Modern type was brought back to a useful sanity of design, largely through the influence of the great American printer Theodore Low DeVinne, in whose honor this type face was named.

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